The Outlook

VOLUME 94 MARCH 26, 1910 NUMBER 13

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY
REGULAR WEEKLY NUMBERS, FIVE CENTS. MAGAZINE NUMBERS (FOURTH ISSUE OF EACH MONTH) FIFTEEN CENTS. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION — FIFTY-TWO ISSUES — THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

CONTENTS

Copyright, 1910, by the Outlook Company

The Attack upon Cannonism 635
The Proposed Court of Commerce 640
The Pinchot-Ballinger Hearing 641
Secretary Ballinger on Conservation ... 643
The Standard Oil Case 644
The Ethical Standards of a Legislator .. 647
A Measure to Prevent Strikes 648
Sunday Docentry in Boston 649
The Spring Academy Exhibition 650
The Lords to Reform Themselves 651
Mr. Roosevelt in Khartum 651
The Way to Peace 653
A Living Personality 654
The Shakespeare Discoveries 655
The Spectator 656
The Water Savers 659
By Walter V. Woehlke
Spirits—or Telepathy? 668
By H. Addington Bruce
Music of the Marshes (Poem) 681
By *Clara Griffith Gazzam*
Conquering a Nation with Bread 682
By Frederic C. Howe
William Hobart Hare (Poem) 690
By Elaine Goodale Eastman
Following the Fur Trail 692
By Arthur Heming
Docentry: A New Profession 701
By Mary Bronson Hartt
Ecstasy (Poem) 708
By Harold T. Pulsifer
Jan, the Polish Miner 709
By Walter E. Weyl
To "Dearest Dimpling" (Poem) 718
By George Meredith
Miss Melissa's Miracle 720
By Harriet Prescott Spofford
The Ethical Teachings of Jesus—IV. The Blessed Hope 726
By Lyman Abbott
The New Books 730

POSTAGE is prepaid on subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 to the regular subscription price for postage.

HOW TO REMIT. Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express Order, or Postal Money Order, payable to the Outlook Company. Currency, unless mailed in a registered letter, is at the sender's risk.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS. Notice of change in address should be sent Two Weeks before the date of issue on which the change is to take effect. The change cannot be made unless the subscriber's Old Address is clearly indicated in addition to the New Address.

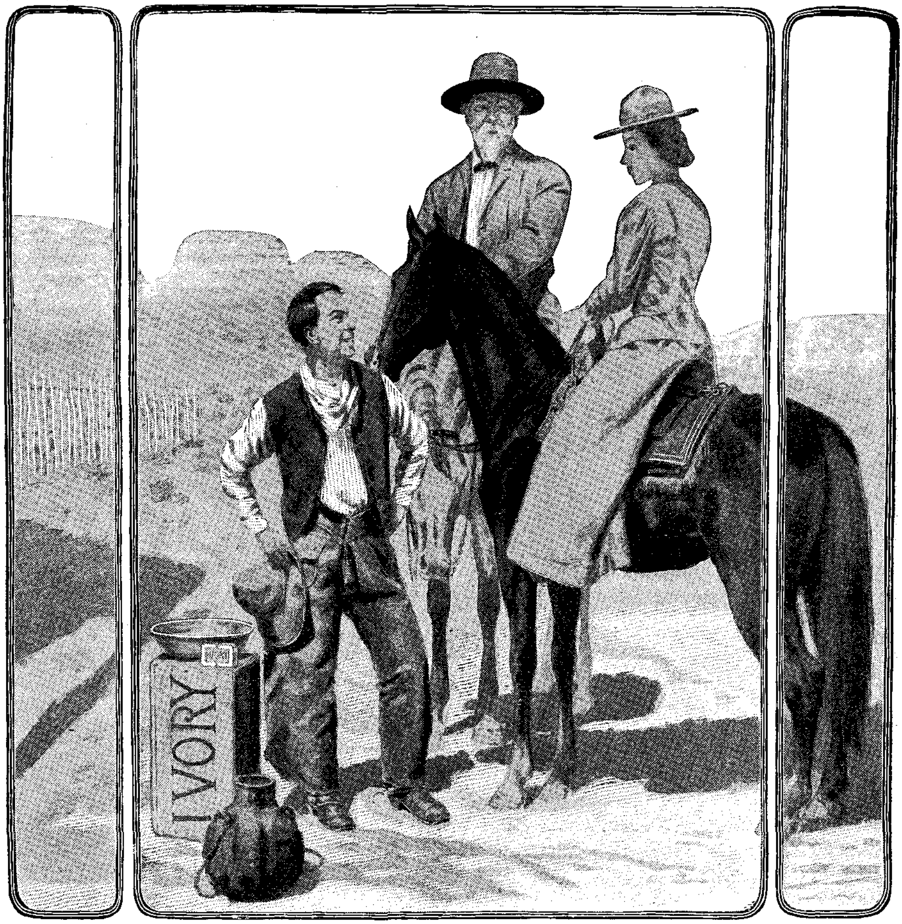
RENEWALS. The date opposite your name on the yellow label which appears on your copy of The Outlook shows to what date your subscription has been paid. Your renewal should be received two weeks before the date of expiration thus indicated, to prevent any interruption in your receipt of The Outlook.

COPYRIGHT. All the contributions and illustrations of this number are fully protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without special permission. The editorial contributions of Theodore Roosevelt are fully protected by copyright, domestic and international, and are not to be reprinted in full except by arrangement in specific cases with the Outlook Company. Extracts from any of Mr. Roosevelt's articles, however, not exceeding one-third of the total, may be made, provided full credit to The Outlook is given.

ADVERTISING. Orders, final instructions, and cuts for advertising must be received two weeks before the Saturday on which the advertisement is intended to appear.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for their loss or injury while in their possession or in transit. Return postage should be inclosed with each manuscript submitted, and a copy should be retained by its author.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
287 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Chicago Office, Marquette Building
London Office, 3 Regent Street



The Colonel's Daughter: "Dear me, it does seem home-like to see you using Ivory Soap. I'm never without it. Even in hard water, it will not harm the tenderest complexion."

The Foreman: "We all aren't much on complexions, Miss, but we shore find that Ivory 'll get away with the dirt, slick and pronto."

The popularity of Ivory Soap is due to two things—its purity and its availability for so many different purposes.

You will find Ivory Soap in the lady's toilet, the baby's bath, and the tub of the exacting laundress; in the crowded cities of the East and on the limitless plains of the West. It is always at the top, for—it floats.

Ivory Soap . . . . . . It Floats.

The Outlook

MARCH 26, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. **HAMILTON W. MABIE**, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

⁂

THE ATTACK ON CANNONISM

Wednesday of last week witnessed the sudden beginning of a dramatic conflict in the House of Representatives. Its object was to bring about the change in the rules long desired by an increasing number of members who are weary of the autocratic government of the House made possible by the present system. On any Wednesday any bill on the calendar may be called up, free debate upon it cannot be shut off, and no new measure not upon the calendar can be considered except by a two-thirds vote of the House. Judge Crumpacker, of Indiana, Chairman of the Committee on the Census, introduced a resolution to amend the Census Law by providing for a separate classification of persons of Slavic origin. Objection was instantly raised to the consideration of the resolution on the ground that to allow matters not on the calendar to come before the House is against the rules; but Speaker Cannon ruled that the resolution was privileged under the Constitution, because the Constitution made the census mandatory. There was a prompt appeal from the decision of the Chair, and after a struggle the Cannon forces were defeated by a considerable majority. Further consideration of the resolution was deferred until the following day. On that day the Insurgents and Democrats made successful use of the Speaker's ruling. When Mr. Crumpacker again called up his resolution, they voted for it and won, thus practically reversing their previous vote and catching the Speaker in a trap of his own setting. Judge Norris, of Nebraska, a trusted Insurgent leader, pulled out of his pocket a yellow-looking paper, frayed at the edges and pocket-worn. He said that it was a resolution which also might be proposed as "privileged under the Constitution." As the Speaker had ruled that, under the Constitution, the rules of the House to the contrary notwithstanding, the Crumpacker resolution was in order, his resolution, which was of the same nature, was no less in order. Speaker Cannon ordered the resolution to be read. Its importance was at once realized when the Clerk read it. It provided for an amendment to the rules of the House by which the Committee on Rules is to be enlarged from five to fifteen members, is to be selected by the House itself instead of appointed by the Speaker, and is to choose its own chairman, the Speaker not being eligible to membership upon it. The Rules Committee has been the citadel of the oligarchy which controls with arbitrary power the course of legislation in the House. It now consists of the Speaker and four other members, appointed by him. Through this power of appointment, combined with his position as Chairman, *ex officio*, of the Committee, the Speaker has been enabled to keep the control almost absolutely in his own hands. This resolution, which embodies the plan of those members of the House who are opposed to the present oligarchy, has been awaiting the psychological moment; it was no surprise to them, though it both surprised and bewildered the Cannon forces. Its consideration was immediately opposed by Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, who raised a point of order against the consideration of the resolution. He declared that the Constitution did not make it mandatory on the House to adopt rules, but that it did make it mandatory on the House to consider census legislation. In the text of the Constitution the latter was a "shall," the former merely a "may."

❖

THE END OF CANNONISM

The House then launched into a remarkable debate. Mr. Clark, of Missouri, Democratic floor leader, said: "It is competent for a majority of the House to do whatever it wants to do. . . . I remember hearing the Speaker say that a majority could pass an elephant through the House!" Mr. Payne, author of the present tariff law, and Republican floor leader, appealed to the members to stand together and uphold the hands of President Taft in the effort to carry out legislation recommended by the Administration, which would be endangered by chaos regarding the rules. But Representative Fish, of New York, immediately scored Mr. Payne for bringing the President's name into the discussion, declaring that the proposed reform was not a menace to the Administration programme, and adding: "If any man can say that the President is opposed to a change in the rules, let him rise in his place." No one accepted the invitation! At the close of the day the Cannon forces thought the situation well enough in hand to move that the House take a recess until the following morning. But the Insurgents and Democrats won by five votes, and the session was continued throughout the night. In order to give time for the regulars to get their forces together, Speaker Cannon had refused to rule on Mr. Dalzell's point of order, on the ground that he must have time to consult precedents, and the regulars made every effort to marshal a majority to sustain his decision when it should come and get rid of Mr. Norris's resolution. During Thursday night scores of members went home. But Speaker Cannon remained at the Capitol, from time to time surrendering the Chair to a trusted lieutenant. The House could do nothing until the Speaker should rule on the pending point of order, and the House could not compel him to rule. Toward morning enough regulars disappeared to break the quorum, and no efforts of the temporary majority could bring enough of these back to make a quorum. The long night's fight was continued throughout the next day. During the day conferences were held between leaders of the insurgent and regular forces. At four o'clock on Friday the Speaker announced that he was prepared to rule on the point of order, but the House thereupon adjourned until Saturday noon, in order to allow further time for conference. The event recalls Mr. Randall's filibuster, when he was Democratic Speaker, against the Force Bill, and also the Democratic contests with Mr. Reed, the Republican Speaker and the author of some of the rules under which the House does business. Congress is now mindful of Mr. Reed's words, as found in one of his rulings: "If the House thinks that any occupant of the Chair is not carrying out its wishes and is not acting as its representative, the remedy is in the hands of the House." When the House convened on Saturday afternoon, the Speaker ruled that Mr. Dalzell's point of order against the Norris resolution was well taken and that the resolution could not be considered. An appeal was immediately taken from this decision, and on the vote upon it the Insurgent-Democratic forces were victorious by a majority of about twenty. A motion to lay the resolution upon the table was also lost by the same majority; and another motion to proceed with the consideration of the resolution was passed by a vote of 182 to 160. As we go to press, the result of this long and carefully prepared, but at the moment unexpected, attack upon Cannonism seems to be a complete victory. It only remains to be seen what concessions the allied forces may make for the sake of party harmony or of allowing the Speaker to "save his face."

❖

THE PROPOSED COURT OF COMMERCE

The Administration bill for the further regulation of railways was last week still before the Committee in the House of Representatives, and, having been reported by the Senate Committee, was under discussion on the floor of the Senate. In an editorial article two weeks ago The Outlook gave a summary of the provisions of this bill, and raised certain questions regarding them. One point, however, which has been mentioned by the minority report on this bill, signed by Senators Cummins and Clapp, and since then emphasized in the debate in the Senate, The Outlook did not refer to specifically. This is the question as to the extent of the court review. In brief, the question may be put thus: Will the Court of Commerce, if established by this bill, have larger powers in reviewing the acts of the Inter-State Commerce Commission than those exercised by the courts as now constituted? In other words, is the Court of Commerce merely to be an instrument for the segregation of inter-State commerce cases, so that they may be decided expeditiously and expertly, and thus relieve the Circuit Courts of such cases, or is it to be a court with new and enlarged powers which can annul and set aside the administrative orders of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, as the Circuit Courts, except on constitutional grounds, cannot now do? This question is of great importance. It virtually is the question that was discussed in another form in 1906, and then, apparently, definitely decided. At that time there was an attempt on the part of those who were especially concerned for the interests of the railways to secure in the Railway Rate Regulation Bill a provision for a broad court review. Such a provision would have deprived the Inter-State Commerce Commission of a great deal of its power, and would have burdened the courts with a multitude of administrative questions which they would have had to decide, not on administrative, but on judicial grounds and in accordance with judicial theories. Although there was a court review provision enacted, it has had the practical effect of assuring to the railways only the right to bring before the courts the question whether their property had, by the ruling of the Commission, been confiscated. This right the railway would have had in any case under the Constitution. To give to the courts any greater power over inter-State commerce than this would be to lay upon judges the burden of going into the merits of the decisions rendered by the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and would therefore make of the judges administrative officers. Now is presented this Administration measure which materially increases the power of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. It is presented in response to a great popular demand that the Government shall exercise greater control than it now has over the National highways. Incidentally it establishes a Court of Commerce. If in the establishment of this new court the bill provides for the broad court review which was rejected four years ago, that fact ought to be known. That there is ground for believing that it does so is indicated by what is said in the minority report. There it is declared that when the draft of the bill was revised there was a provision which stated explicitly that nothing in the bill should be construed as enlarging the jurisdiction now possessed by the Circuit Courts and in the bill transferred to the Court of Commerce; but that in the later revision of the bill reported by the Committee to the Senate this provision was omitted. We cannot understand why such a provision should be omitted except on the ground that the bill intends to provide for a broad court review. The Senate should not leave this an open question. The bill should at all hazard be amended by the re-insertion of the omitted provision, distinctly limiting the jurisdiction of the Court of Commerce to that now exercised by the Circuit Courts. Greater latitude of appeal from administrative decisions of the Inter-State Commerce Commission than now exists would be detrimental to the public interest.

◆

THE PINCHOT-BALLINGER HEARING: MR. GARFIELD'S TESTIMONY

Following Mr. Pinchot, Mr. James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior in Mr. Roosevelt's administration and immediate predecessor of Mr. Ballinger, testified at the so-called Pinchot-Ballinger hearing. After Mr. Garfield had been questioned by Mr. Pinchot's counsel and cross-examined by Mr. Ballinger's counsel, Mr. A. P. Davis, Chief Engineer of the Reclamation Service, was called as witness. The testimony of Mr. Garfield and Mr. Davis occupied more than three days, and the record of it, with the documents read and offered in evidence, occupies over four hundred closely printed pages. The testimony which these two experienced men gave was mainly in corroboration and elucidation, reinforced by documents, of the points that Mr. Pinchot offered; but it also was productive of some points brought forth virtually for the first time. Mr. Garfield began by explaining the withdrawal of power sites. The public land is ordinarily subject to entry, for one purpose or another, by private citizens, who, after they have established certain claims, gain title to a specified area. Throughout the public domain, however, there are valuable water sites. Land containing these water sites have, under Mr. Garfield, been withdrawn from entry under three classes. First, some land in or near National Forests has been withdrawn for the purpose of establishing stations for the Government forest rangers. Mr. Garfield, in withdrawing these ranger stations, often chose land containing water power. Second, land is withdrawn for the use of the Reclamation Service, which is building great irrigation plants. In such plants water power is used. Mr. Garfield withdrew great areas containing water power to conserve the power for present or prospective reclamation projects. Third, Mr. Garfield withdrew land under what he termed the supervisory power of the Secretary of the Interior, as guardian of the public domain. Withdrawals under this power were made in order to prevent illegal acquisition. For example, a man might take land by entry under the pretense of obtaining a homestead, but really for the purpose of getting control of a valuable water power. Now the only way, Mr. Garfield held, of effectually preventing such illegal acquisition was to withdraw from entry land that was liable to such danger. In order to make sure of this Mr. Garfield withdrew land bordering on streams and extending for some distance on each side; for if a man acquired land at some distance from a stream, yet within an area that might be flooded by a water power reservoir, he would control that site. Mr. Garfield's policy had been to make these withdrawals large in order to include, if possible, all water powers within the area, and later to restore to entry such land as subsequent investigation showed to be unnecessary. It was this policy regarding withdrawals that Mr. Ballinger, upon becoming Secretary of the Interior, reversed. This testimony of Mr. Garfield's, as introduced, threw light upon the views expressed and the actions taken by Mr. Ballinger when he succeeded Mr. Garfield. By means of documents, Mr. Pinchot's counsel represented Mr. Ballinger as objecting to Mr. Garfield's withdrawals on two grounds: first, that they were made under the guise of reclamation but not for reclamation purposes; and, secondly, that the Secretary of the Interior had no such supervisory power; and he therefore restored withdrawn lands *in toto.* Later, Mr. Ballinger re-withdrew them, explaining that the restoration had been made because Mr. Garfield's withdrawals had been made without due investigation and that since then he had obtained proper information, and had done so by legal means, because he had transferred the duty of planning the re-withdrawal from the Reclamation Service to the Geological Survey. This subject was reverted to later in Mr. Davis's testimony. Mr. Garfield spent a large proportion of the time in testifying as to the Alaska coal cases. He explained various bills that had been before Congress and adduced evidence to show that the bill which Mr. Ballinger had advocated would have validated coal claims not made in good faith, and would have made legal the Cunningham coal claims. Mr. Garfield also testified that Mr. Ballinger had presented to him, as Secretary of the Interior, an affidavit of Clarence Cunningham, bearing the indorsement of Mr. Ballinger's law firm dated the 6th day of March, 1908, declaring that the entrymen in the Cunningham group had no contractual obligation with the Guggenheim syndicate and that the syndicate had "nothing to say regarding our coal lands." This was placed in contrast with the acceptance of the option in the Cunningham claims by Daniel Guggenheim, dated December 7, 1907. These two documents appear wholly inconsistent. The other important point on which Mr. Garfield testified was with regard to the certificates issued by which associations of water users could co-operate with the Government in hastening the building of reclamation projects. As Mr. Garfield explained it, it appears that these certificates were issued not by the Government but by the associations, that they were designed partly to apportion work among the members, and partly to save the Government from the necessity of advancing money to the builders. They were not issued, Mr. Garfield testified, except when the Government had ample funds in hand for the project under construction. Mr. Ballinger upon becoming Secretary quickly discontinued their use. He submitted to the Attorney-General a question as to the legality of these certificates, and received an answer declaring such a plan as Mr. Ballinger outlined to be illegal. Mr. Garfield in his testimony apparently made it clear that Mr. Ballinger's description of the certificate arrangement on which this opinion was based did not accord with that plan in fact.

❖

THE PINCHOT-BALLINGER HEARING: MR. DAVIS'S TESTIMONY

When Mr. Davis was called to the stand, he made it evident that he came as a reluctant witness. Indeed, throughout his testimony, which lasted more than two days, he repeatedly insisted that he desired to make no criticism upon Mr. Ballinger or his associates in the Interior Department. What he had to say, therefore, bore the more weight. He declared in answer to questions that Mr. Ballinger's attitude towards the Reclamation Service was critical and distrustful. He testified that prior to April 23, 1909, Mr. Ballinger in his conversations with him made no distinction between Mr. Garfield's reclamation withdrawals and Mr. Garfield's withdrawals under the general supervisory power; in fact, that Mr. Ballinger had told him many times that they were all illegal. In relation to Mr. Ballinger's statement that the restorations which he had made of lands withdrawn from public entry had been made on the recommendation of the Reclamation Service, Mr. Davis testified that that recommendation had been made pursuant to Mr. Ballinger's explicit instructions, and in face of the protest of the director of the Reclamation Service. In relation to Mr. Ballinger's statement that the restorations were made because of the need for further investigation, and the re-withdrawals were made thereafter as a result of information secured by the Geological Survey, Mr. Davis furthermore testified that there had been no further investigation, and in the intervening time there could have been no such investigation as could warrant a change of plan. Mr. Davis, moreover, explained that the re-withdrawals were of a narrower strip than the original withdrawals, and that in some cases sites were not suitably protected. He apparently, furthermore, made it clear that there could be no other legal basis for Mr. Ballinger's re-withdrawals than for Mr. Garfield's original withdrawals which Mr. Ballinger declared to be illegal. Mr. Davis confirmed Mr. Garfield's testimony concerning the water users' certificates. The one new point raised in the examination of Mr. Davis that was not mainly corroborative of Mr. Garfield's testimony concerned the administration of the Reclamation Service under Mr. Ballinger. Mr. Davis's testimony in this respect, unless refuted, shows that Mr. Ballinger's attitude has created an atmosphere of uncertainty and apprehension throughout the service, and that in one case it has resulted in virtually exonerating a man in charge of an important branch of the service although he had received what amounted to a retainer from a railway company while he was yet in the Government employ. Neither Mr. Garfield nor Mr. Davis was on cross-examination shaken with regard to any material point. The principal service which Mr. Vertrees, Mr. Ballinger's counsel, rendered to his client was, by means of his questions, to suggest explanations for Mr. Ballinger's conduct. It is not necessary to go into them here, for it is reasonable to expect that these explanations will be more effectively expressed when Mr. Ballinger himself is called as a witness. Mr. Ballinger in an interview last week is reported to have said that nothing had been brought to light but "suspicions, innuendoes, and intimations," and that these he should dissipate as soon as his evidence is in. The country awaits this evidence with interest.

❖

SECRETARY BALLINGER ON CONSERVATION

There are four questions respecting Secretary Ballinger which are somewhat confused in the public mind, but which ought to be sharply distinguished: Has Mr. Ballinger acted contrary to law? Has he acted contrary to the highest moral standards? Has he been in any respect untrustworthy as a guardian of the public domain? These three questions a Congressional Committee is now investigating, and we reserve our judgment upon them until the investigation is concluded. But there is a fourth question in which the people are equally interested: Is Mr. Ballinger an enthusiastic believer in the Conservation policy to which the country is committed by the public utterances of both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft and by the platforms of both the great political parties? To this question Mr. Ballinger has himself given a negative reply in his speech before the State Conservation Convention at Minnesota last week, if that speech is correctly reported in the press despatches. We quote two paragraphs:

> The doctrinaires figure that the coal deposits of the United States and Alaska will be exhausted in a period of about one hundred years; the fact is that, according to the production of coal in the United States at the close of 1908, only four-tenths of one per cent of the original supply of coal had been exhausted, leaving as the apparent supply still available 99.6 per cent of the original supply, or coal enough to last, as some claim, for a period of 7,000 years.
>
> . . . .
>
> It seems to me that we should not try to impose the whole burden of Conservation on the General Government, but leave it to the States and to the municipalities to work out, except in so far as National interference is necessary to protect National interests; and I want to be understood as opposed to the theory that because the State has not exercised to the full its powers in the matter of reforms, *ipso facto* the National Government must exercise them.

The whole speech, as reported, is conceived in the spirit of one who believes in continuing the past policy of the United States—giving away its public lands in the faith that private enterprise is the best reliance of the country for the development of its public resources—and that this policy is only to be modified to a limited degree, and only in so far as modification is compelled by irresistible public opinion. The contrast between his speech and that of President Taft in the Chicago Auditorium last week is significant and striking. "There are persons in Congress," said the President—"conscientious, hard-working, prominent statesmen—who look at the question of Conservation as it might have been looked at twenty or thirty years ago. They are still in favor of letting out the land and getting the settlers on it, not in favor of a careful method of conservation and preservation." Mr. Ballinger's speech in Minnesota, as reported, might have been made by one of these Congressmen. In the judgment of The Outlook, the Interior Department, to which is intrusted the preservation of the public domain and the protection of the people's interests, should be under the control of a man who is an enthusiastic believer in the policy of keeping *all* the timber, coal, and mineral lands, and *all* the water power sites, which are not already disposed of, under the control of the Government, to be administered subject to its supervision and for the benefit of all the people. Nor do we think that Mr. Ballinger's optimistic statement respecting the adequacy of our National resources to withstand the present wasteful expenditure of them will do much to neutralize the public impression produced by the National Conservation Conventions, the papers and addresses of Mr. Pinchot, and the remarkable series of papers and addresses of James J. Hill.

◆

THE DEFENSE OF THE STANDARD

The Standard Oil case is before the United States Supreme Court. It will be remembered that last November the United States Circuit Court declared that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, seven individuals—John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, Henry H. Rogers, Henry M. Flagler, John D. Archbold, Oliver H. Payne, and Charles M. Pratt—and thirty-six other corporations and partnerships, were engaged in a combination in restraint of inter-State trade and commerce, and were monopolizing a substantial part of the inter-State commerce in petroleum and its products. The Court ordered that the defendants should dissolve such combination and refrain from entering into any similar combination by any method whatever. From this decree the defendants appealed, and last week the appeal was argued before the Supreme Court. The argument of the Standard lawyers was voluminous and involved, but through it all ran a single thread of defense. This plea was based upon broad, general grounds; and seems to us to be the strongest argument that can be made upon the Standard's behalf. All too severely compressed, the plea is this: The Standard Oil Company (using the phrase to signify the whole group of corporations, businesses, refineries, pipe lines, gathering, manufacturing, and distributing agencies built up by the seven individual defendants and headed by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey) is not a combination of hitherto competing organizations. It is the natural outgrowth and development of the business organized in 1862 by the Rockefellers. This business dealt with a hitherto unknown product—crude oil—the facts about the production and occurrence of which were not only unknown but shrouded in mystery. The uses to which the crude product could be put were also unknown. The two founders of the business soon associated with themselves the other five individual defendants, and, to quote from the brief, "by untiring energy, with infinite skill, with abundant capital and the steady reinvestment of early profits, these men and their associates created out of an entirely new, unique, and unprecedented production of crude oil, a new, universally used, and cheapest illuminant the world has known. By creative skill they secured from refuse oil valuable by-products. They invented the huge reservoirs for storing oil—the combined pipe-line system which gathers up and carries the natural products—the tank cars which carry the refined product. They created the export trade in oil, transporting it in ships of their own construction, and selling it in Asia, India, China, Japan, Russia, and all Europe. They devised the trading stations, the tank delivery wagons, and used every means to cheapen the product and improve the quality. From 1862 to 1906 (forty-four years) the work went on. They took the risk of the failure in production, of destruction by fire and tempest, besides all the ordinary risks of trade. They met all emergencies with competent skill and sufficient funds. The unexpected, enormous increase in production greatly increased their business and added to its importance and profits." They acquired from time to time, by purchase, additional refineries, and created new agencies and instruments for the production, gathering, shipping, manufacturing, distributing and selling of the crude oil and its products, as the exigencies of the growth of the business and their own foresight and business skill dictated. As their business developed in extent and in complexity they found it advisable to create new corporations for the immediate control and management of its distinct branches; they created producing companies, pipe line and tank car companies, refining companies, selling companies. But the ownership and ultimate control of all these different organizations remained, as they always had been, in the hands of the seven men who were practically the founders of the business. These subordinate organizations were never competitors of each other, but were merely the instruments or agencies by which the one undivided ownership or rather control was put into practical operation. The two trusts of 1879 and 1882, and the reorganization in 1889, by which the control of the subordinate companies was vested in the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, were all merely methods for practically adjusting the continuously existing relation between the heads of the system and its component parts. The question whether in the development of their business fraudulent and illegal methods were used is not pertinent in the present action, the Standard's lawyers maintain, for the reason that the Circuit Court deliberately set this question aside and decided the case upon entirely other grounds.

◆

THE STANDARD A PRIVATE TRADING ENTERPRISE

In the transaction of its business the Standard is engaged in a private trading enterprise, its advocates declare, and is not to be classed with railway companies, gas companies, and the like, whose public privileges subject them to public regulation. "As such private traders," says the brief, "we could sell to whom we chose, and refuse to sell to others; could sell to one man at one price, to another at a greater or less price; we could unite what businesses we chose; could refuse to sell to any one; could buy our crude product from whom we chose and for what price we chose, more or less than the market price. . . . We could lawfully compete for and seek to monopolize all or any part of the inter-State or international trade in oil. We could make that competition fierce, aggressive, and unrelenting. Could depress prices to drive out competitors and raise them afterwards. Could give away oil to drive out a competitor. We could buy out a competitor to get rid of him. We could join the competitor with us in our business. We could use all the shifts and devices of traders to succeed, except that we could not, by unlawful, fraudulent means, deprive any competitor of his equal, lawful right to fight for the trade. We could not, by unlawful, fraudulent means, exclude him from the trade." In brief, then, the Standard Oil Company claims that it is and always has been a unit, built up by a group of men who have worked together almost from the very start; that it is not a union of previously competing businesses; that the decree of the lower court is inherently vicious in that "it seeks to create an artificial division which never existed before; it does not seek to compel members who were formerly independent to resume that independence, but it seeks to compel different sub-companies, which have never been independent, which have never been more than mere agencies created for certain purposes, to sever their allegiance with their principal, and to stand apart, independent and hostile to that principal and to each other."

◆

THE GOVERNMENT'S PLEA AGAINST THE STANDARD

To the argument of the Standard Oil Company's lawyers the Government attorneys replied substantially as follows: Mr. Rockefeller and his associates started out with the determination to control the petroleum trade. Aided by enormous rebates and unfair contracts with railways which crushed out their competitors, they started on their course, either acquiring and dismantling plants, or combining them into one great aggregation. Competition between the refiners was strong during the early years of the oil business, and it appears beyond question that the object of this competition was to crush out the competitors, and that this was so effectually done that in 1879 nearly all the independent refineries had been driven out of business or had been bought and dismantled. It was claimed by the defendants, in the Circuit Court, that the acquisitions of stocks of other oil companies from 1872 to 1882 were in the nature of purchases of properties and plants in the usual course of business, and that the suppression of competition was only such as would be incident to a legal acquisition of property. "But," answer the Government attorneys, "many circumstances and conditions surrounding the business at that time point with irresistible force to the conclusion that the sole object in acquiring these stocks was to suppress competition and to obtain a monopoly." The trust agreements of 1879 and 1882, devices by means of which all the properties and plants that had been gathered together or created for the purpose of controlling the oil business could be united under one control and carried on as a unit, were void under the common law because they were combinations in restraint of trade and tended toward monopoly. The corporation (the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey) which took the place of the latter trust continued identically the same business, exercised the same powers, was controlled by the same men, and restrained and monopolized commerce in exactly the same manner. "In fact, except by the exchange of the corporation's certificates for the trustee certificates upon the market, the world knew no difference." The combination was a continuing one, and when the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was passed in 1900 the continuance of the combination became illegal. There is no authority in the decisions of the Supreme Court for the proposition that combination by stock ownership or purchase of competing properties is invalid as to railways, but valid as to trading and manufacturing companies. The Sherman Act and the decisions of the Court, so far as the principle goes, place them upon the same plane. The Standard Oil Company is not only a combination in restraint of trade, which is forbidden by section one of the Sherman Law, but monopolizes or attempts to monopolize inter-State commerce in petroleum and its products, in violation of section two of the Sherman Law. This monopoly has been fostered by unfair methods of competition and oppression—"a system of lowering the prices, where competitors are doing business, below the cost of the product, while keeping up or raising the prices in other parts of the country until the competitor is either eliminated or his business brought within a compass so that the Standard Oil Company can control it; of obtaining secret information as to competitive business, largely through bribing railway employees, and using said secret information to procure countermanding of orders of independents and to facilitate their system of price-cutting and oppression; of the use of so-called bogus independent companies—that is, companies held out by the Standard Oil Company as independent—whose operations are predatory and oppressive, principally used to drive out competitors." The brief goes on to say: "We do not wish to be understood as discouraging enterprise or as taking a position against legitimate competition, but if the Sherman Act means anything in this country, it means a monopoly acquired by such methods of competition as this. Unless it is enforced, the small corporation or individual who wishes to engage in business will have absolutely no opportunity at all. This testimony is valuable as showing the intention of the Standard Oil Company to monopolize the commerce in oil throughout the United States. In many districts it has an absolute monopoly. We mean by absolute monopoly that in those districts it does all of the business and has eliminated every competitor. Practically this is the case throughout the Rocky Mountain country and most of the Pacific Coast States. The percentage of independent business throughout the entire Southern States is very small. Moreover, where there is competition the competitors are usually strictly under the control of the Standard, in that they must, in order to be allowed to do business, sell oil at practically the price the Standard dictates, and confine themselves to a small percentage of the trade." This statement of the arguments of the two sides in this great legal battle is compressed from the printed briefs of hundreds of pages each; but this outline indicates the main lines of division between the contentions of the Government and the Standard Oil Company.

⁂

THE ETHICAL STANDARDS OF A LEGISLATOR

One of the most striking pieces of evidence in the Allds inquiry in the New York Senate last week was Mr. Allds's admission that he received a fee of from six to eight thousand dollars (he could not remember the amount within a thousand dollars), paid in bank bills, to act as attorney for a firm of printers which had a claim against the State. The company finally received $21,000, so that this casual cash payment to Mr. Allds was about a third of the sum recovered. The claim was in such shape that legislation was necessary before it could be paid, and the same man who took pay as an attorney could and did vote on the bill. The question was asked of Mr. Allds, "Do you think that it is ethical in a Senator to be present in the Legislature and acting on legislation which affects claims in which he is a counsel?" With at least equal pertinence it might be asked whether it is ethical for a legislator to accept a fee as attorney in a matter the decision of which depends partly upon his vote as a legislator. In Congress such a course would be not only unethical but criminal, for it is forbidden under pains and penalties. It is true that, as evidence on the charges now being investigated, this revelation of a transaction in which Mr. Allds took part only last year is only inferential in its character, but it is an astonishing disclosure of the low standard of legislative morality in vogue at Albany only a year ago. Mr. Allds admitted that he never had a retainer as counsel in this case, never rendered a bill, never appeared in court, and apparently never did anything but urge the case before the Attorney-General orally. As the hearings at Albany proceed, it is increasingly evident that the action of the Senate must depend upon the opinion of the Senators as to which side is guilty of perjury. Ultimately the question is whether Mr. Allds did or did not receive a thousand-dollar bribe; but if the statements of Mr. Conger and Mr. Moe are true, they amount to an admission of bribe-giving on their part as well as an accusation of bribe-taking by Mr. Allds. Whether the bribe was or was not blackmail paid, so to speak, at the point of the pistol, does not affect the criminal aspect of the case, although it ought to be recorded that there is quite as much evidence that the bridge company interests were paying money to prevent sound and desirable legislation as that they were being "held up" by blackmailers.

*

A MEASURE TO PREVENT STRIKES Mr. Robert Luce has introduced a bill in the Massachusetts Legislature designed to prevent the constant disturbance of society by strikes and lockouts. The recent strike at Ludlow and the street railway strike in Philadelphia have served to call public attention to the need of such legislation. Massachusetts has averaged nearly two hundred strikes a year, and in the United States for the twenty-five years ending in 1906 there were 36,757 strikes and 1,546 lockouts. Less than five per cent of these, it is stated, were settled by arbitration. Mr. Luce's bill proposes that investigation shall be mandatory upon the application of either party, and that until such an investigation has taken place, and pending such an investigation, it shall be illegal to strike or lockout. He has taken the idea from the Canadian law which has been in operation since 1907. It differs from the New Zealand law in that its findings are not enforced by law, but, as in Canada, by public opinion. The experience of three years in Canada indicates that neither capital nor labor is willing to run the risk of offending public opinion when public opinion is based upon an unprejudiced statement of the facts made after a careful investigation. Under arbitration in Canada about three per cent of the cases were settled by peaceful processes without cessation of work. Under the new law ninety-seven per cent have been settled peacefully without cessation of work. Mr. Luce's bill retains the present Massachusetts Board of Arbitration and Conciliation, with all its powers, and simply adds this new element of strength. The bill was drawn after an extensive correspondence with Canadian employers, employees, and members of investigating boards, and with the advice and approval of the Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, the author of the Canadian law. The Canadian law applies only to public utilities and to mines, but it is about to be extended to all labor disputes affecting fifty or more employees. The Massachusetts bill applies to all labor disputes affecting twenty-five or more employees. Employers and employees alike must give at least thirty days' notice of any intended change affecting conditions of employment or with respect to wages or hours. The Canadian law has no provision preventing employers from bringing in strike-breakers during the investigation. As this does not seem fair to labor, Mr. Luce has incorporated in his bill a clause to prevent it, suggested by Mr. John G. O'Donaghue, of Toronto, who has served as a labor representative on many of the Canadian boards of investigation. Under the Canadian law, before the application for a board of investigation is made, it is necessary for the employees to pass a vote authorizing a strike. As this tends to increase hostilities, Mr. Luce has provided that the applicant shall merely declare that it is his belief that a strike is seriously threatened. Another improvement upon the Canadian law is the provision for a more speedy investigation. The board must be organized within fifteen days of the receipt of the application, and a statement of the findings must be made within ten days of the conclusion of the investigation. The applicant may call for either the permanent board or a special board of three constituted in the usual way. The hearings need not take place in public, and the board may decline to allow attorneys to appear. Both of these provisions seem to have made it easier in Canada for the parties to agree. Penalties have been provided for violations of the law either by employers or employees, but not so much dependence is placed upon penalties as upon respect for law.

*

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED A meeting of about two hundred delegates of the labor unions of Massachusetts was held to discuss the bill, and it was voted to oppose it. A substitute bill proposed by them provides that all strikes shall be investigated by the State Board of Arbitration and Conciliation, and that their findings shall be made public. It simply makes the present powers of the Board mandatory instead of permissive. The effective feature of the present Canadian law is entirely omitted. It does not eliminate the element of heat and haste, and therefore cannot be expected to stop strikes and lockouts. A similar law in Canada was a failure. President Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, sent a letter to this meeting of labor delegates denouncing the bill drawn by Mr. Luce. On the other hand, many labor leaders have signified their approval of the bill, and apparently the rank and file of the employees would welcome its passage. Many employers are also offering their support. The two principal objections raised to it by the labor delegates were, first, that in the building trades in some cases the work would be finished before the findings could be published; and, secondly, that the advantage of the right to strike suddenly was one which they could not afford to give up. The answer to the first objection is that it applies to only a very small number of cases; that if their cause is a just one, the finding will be in their favor; that it will establish a precedent for the next job; and that while the employer in subsequent contracts may disregard the finding for a time, public opinion will finally force him to comply with it. The answer to the second is, that the hours of labor, the wages, and the general conditions are such to-day that there is no justifiable excuse for disturbing the community by strikes, except as a last desperate resort. This right is preserved by the bill. The substitute bill proposed by the labor delegates reserves to them the right to strike first and reason afterward, a position which is manifestly untenable. The best answer to the Massachusetts labor delegates is the action of the labor organizations of Canada. After a three years' trial of the law, both the Canadian Federation of Labor and the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress have passed resolutions approving the Canadian law and asking for its extension to all industries. They have even gone so far as to send labor delegations to Ottawa requesting that this be done. The Grand President of the Canadian Brotherhood of Railroad Employees writes: "The law as it stands is, in my opinion, a good one. The only change I would suggest which would be of advantage would be to widen its scope to take in all classes of employment." The Secretaire General of the Parti Ouvrier du Canada writes in a similar vein, and the Grand Secretary of the Provincial Workmen's Association also approves the present law. The opinion of the Canadian labor leaders, based on actual experience, ought to outweigh the opinion of some labor leaders based on surmise and suspicion. We have treated this whole subject of the relative rights of laborers, capitalists, and the general public on another page.

SUNDAY DOCENTRY IN BOSTON

Sunday docentry at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is the freshest advance in a movement described at length in another part of this issue of The Outlook. It is not week-day docentry extended to Sunday. Absolutely informal, it is preceded by no appointments; as many listen as can get within sound of the docent's voice, the crowd swelling or dropping away at will. And the docents are not museum attachés but enthusiasts, experts, different ones each Sunday, each speaking on his own particular hobby, showing off to all who follow him his particular museum pets. These spring Sunday afternoons, when between four and five thousand people pass through the doors of the Museum, three distinct forms of docentry are offered free as air. On March 15, for example, there was a talk to a standing audience in the Early American Picture Gallery, a professor from the Institute of Technology speaking on John Singleton Copley, illustrating his talk by the pictures hanging on the walls about, and lingering for an hour after his address to discuss Copley with any who had questions to ask. That same afternoon another Technology man led an ever-growing group through a circuit of the Classical rooms, delivering a masterly running commentary which held a mixed audience representing Boston society in cross-section—laboring men, art-loving Italians, Sunday strollers, teachers, small clerks with their families, society leaders drawn by the reputation of the speaker, Harvard men, financiers, specialists, and a few children. Meanwhile, in the section of Western Art, still a third docent, distinguished by a blue badge, patrolled the rooms simply to answer questions. And it was surprising to note how many the questions were. One lecture has already been given in Italian with a fair attendance from the North End, and it is confidently expected that others, better advertised in advance, will draw much larger Italian audiences. It is intended that these three types of docentry—the formal talk in some one gallery based on the work of a single artist, the circuit of some one department as a whole, and the ready answering of casual questions in some other series of rooms, shifted every week—shall be regular features of Sunday at the Museum. That there may always be quiet rooms for those who wish, not instruction, but to "loaf and invite their souls," the talks will never cover more than three departments on any given Sunday. Something like fifteen specialists, professors from Technology or Tufts College, Boston artists, connoisseurs, and collectors in some single field, literary folk, travelers, etc., have so far consented to be enrolled for Sunday docent service. They show a generous public spirit; for the small honorarium offered from a fund raised by friends of the Museum can scarcely be called compensation for the strain of addressing the shifting crowds in the galleries. It is the ambition of the promoters of the plan to have a corps of twenty-five Sunday docents, all men who count. The weeks since the opening of the new building have seen an amazing increase in the demand for week-day docentry. Mr. Rowe, the present official docent, has appointments as far ahead as the middle of May, and three or four other members of the Museum staff have been pressed into service. It is a cardinal feature of the Boston plan, one not copied at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, that no one man shall give his entire time to the task of teaching in the galleries. An hour and a half a day is held to be as much as a man can give without becoming stereotyped. There must be time for the reservoir to fill up. Therefore in Boston the docentship is not an office, but a function. The man who explains tapestries to class or club at nine o'clock, at eleven lapses into the active Curator of Textiles, say.

THE SPRING ACADEMY EXHIBITION

Last week an interesting exhibition of art was opened in New York City. It was the spring "show" of the National Academy of Design in Fifty-seventh Street. The exhibition consists of over four hundred canvases and of thirty pieces of sculpture, the survivors of many hundred candidates for fame. Yet this year many more canvases are hung than is usual. The "hanging committee" has yielded to the pressure to show as many pictures as possible. The result is an undesirable overcrowding of the walls. In entering the exhibition rooms, therefore, one is impressed by a lack of distinction. But, even thus crowded, there was not room for some two hundred pictures now marked "accepted but not hung." Their painters may organize a counterpart of the French Salon des Réfusés, shortly to be opened. All this is one more proof that the Academy needs a large, eligibly situated, and well-lighted public gallery. The Academy's spring exhibition is specially remarkable for landscape, and, in that department, for snow scenes. In no previous exhibition with which we are acquainted has there been such a quantity of varied and exquisite renderings of snow. Other landscape work, such as Mr. Roth exhibits and that by Mr. Post, Mr. Rose, Mr. Potthast, Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Ben Foster, deserves mention. In portraiture Mr. Chase, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Kendall, Mr. Wiles, and Miss Emmett are naturally prominent. Special attention, however, should be drawn to Mr. Blumenschein's clever "Portrait of a German Tragedian," for, being hung sky-high, it may escape notice. The canvas is as distinguished in drawing as it is undistinguished in tone. In figure-pieces the most striking picture is that by Mr. Waugh, "The Buccaneers." Despite crudity of color, the figures are drawn with such patent firmness and boldness as to win for the work the envied Clarke prize for the best figure composition by an

American artist. A greater picture is, of course, Mr. Sargent's "Venetian Water-Carrier," painted twenty years ago; in it motive and tonalities are matched in magistral manner. Examples of the "unmatched" are found in contributions from Mr. Tanner and Mr. Ballin. Mr. Tanner is the well-known painter of scenes from Bible history. His work in the exhibition is marked by characteristic dignity and tenderness of sentiment, but it continues the disappointment for those who look for quality of tone. On the other hand, Mr. Ballin, maintaining his commendable color-standard, disappoints those who look for depth of sentiment. There are some who gloat over unpleasant and offensive realism; they will find it in Mr. MacCameron's "The Daughter's Return," a canvas showing much nervous force. One turns from it with relief to Mr. Brush's work. As the painter of "modern Madonnas" he maintains his well-known individuality. But in his latest Madonna the disposition of the draperies indicates the influence upon him of the Italian "primitive" painters who preceded Raphael. In mural decoration the principal contribution is Mr. Low's interesting cartoon for the new Cleveland custom-house.

THE LORDS PROPOSE TO REFORM THEMSELVES

The reform of the House of Lords has become the crucial question in the present political situation in England. Mr. Asquith has been compelled, by the necessity of retaining the support of the Irish party, to defer the consideration of the Budget until the Government's measures for dealing with the House of Lords have been acted upon by the Commons. These measures are to be introduced after Easter, and meanwhile the financial provisions for carrying on the government must be made by temporary makeshifts. While the House of Commons is concerning itself with these provisions, a move has been made in the upper house looking toward a reform of the hereditary chamber by the Lords themselves. Last week Lord Rosebery moved the adoption of three resolutions:

1. That a strong and efficient second chamber is not merely an integral part of the British Constitution, but is necessary to the well-being of the State and the balance of Parliament.

2. That a second chamber can best be obtained by reforming and reconstituting the House of Lords.

3. That a necessary preliminary to such reform and reconstitution is the acceptance of the principle that possession of a peerage shall no longer in itself give the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords.

In a speech of two hours Lord Rosebery elaborated these three declarations. He called upon his fellow Peers to reconstitute the body to which they belonged, in order that it might be more defensible against attacks from without. He declared that the Government must soon go before the country with its proposals, and urged the Lords to meet them with proposals of their own. Just what form Mr. Asquith's resolutions will take is not yet known, but it is almost unquestioned that their main contention will in principle be directly opposed to the suggestions of Lord Rosebery. What is needed, says Lord Rosebery, is to strengthen the upper chamber by decreasing its membership in number while increasing its ability and representative quality. What is needed, says Mr. Asquith, is to weaken the upper chamber by taking away its veto power. The trouble with the House of Lords, says the one side, is that it is too big and contains too much dead wood. The trouble with the House of Lords, says the other side, is that it is always and overwhelmingly Conservative; that it expedites Conservative measures while it vetoes or emasculates Liberal measures. The two points of view are widely separated. Which will prevail remains to be determined in the arena of party strife. But some modification of the House of Lords, either in composition or in powers or in both, seems inevitable.

MR. ROOSEVELT AT KHARTUM

The full reports in the American press of Mr. Roosevelt's arrival at Khartum, of his reception there, of his energetic inspection of everything there to be viewed, and of his utterances on what he saw and experienced—all show that the newspapers recognize the universal and keen interest felt by their readers in Mr. Roosevelt's personality and actions. One correspondent facetiously cabled that navigation on the Nile was in danger of being impeded by the specially chartered boats of the correspondents! The week was evidently a busy and eventful one to the Roosevelt party. On Monday afternoon the Dal (the Sirdar's boat on which Mr. Roosevelt had traveled from Gondokoro, thirteen hundred miles) reached the Khartum landing-stage near the palace of the Sirdar, Sir Francis Wingate, and the leading British officials welcomed their guest at the palace with cordiality and honor, while a little later in the day took place the meeting with Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel Roosevelt, who arrived from Cairo by train. One of the first statements made by Mr. Roosevelt to the correspondents was a positive re-declaration that his intention not to discuss political questions, as stated by him in a signed editorial in The Outlook at the time of his departure from America, would continue in force. His words to the newspaper correspondents were: "I have nothing to say and will have nothing to say on American or foreign political questions or any phase or incident thereof. I will give no interviews, and anything purporting to be in the nature of an interview with me can be accepted as false as soon as it appears. This applies to our entire stay in Europe." This decision is obviously the right and sensible one, and is precisely what should have been expected. The information cabled from Khartum about the expedition indicates a thoroughgoing success from the scientific standpoint; thirteen thousand specimens, many rare, were collected—the greater number, of course, were of the small varieties of animal life—but the number, quality, and rareness of the large animals are remarkable; no wanton or purposeless shooting whatever was done by any member of the expedition; Mr. Roosevelt and his son Kermit arrived in the finest possible condition as to health, and were free from illness throughout, although others of the white men were ill at times and there was also illness among the blacks, one of whom died.

❖

FOUR BUSY DAYS Khartum is full of personal and historical associations to a student of the advance of civilization. One of Mr. Roosevelt's new friends there made, for instance, was Slatin Pasha, whose story of captivity and escape in the Mahdi's time makes one of the most thrilling narratives ever put into a book. At Gordon College, a memorial to the heroism and death of General Charles Gordon, Mr. Roosevelt exclaimed, "Think of it! sons of the Khalifa, El Mahdi, are studying at a college which perpetuates the name of the man originally responsible for the destruction of their father's power." Over and over again he commented on the evidences of the civilizing power of the British influence; and at Omdurman, to visit which place the party took their first camel ride, and at the other battlefields, they saw where British soldiers drove back the hordes of the followers of the dervishes, and where the tide of Western influence broke over the fiercest resistance of semi-savage ferocity. On Wednesday a dinner with a thousand guests was given in Mr. Roosevelt's honor by Slatin Pasha, and in his speech Mr. Roosevelt referred with some irony to the predictions of failure, death, and disaster for the expedition which had been made by some American pessimists. In this speech also he dwelt upon the marvelous changes that had taken place in the Sudan in the course of the last twelve years, and said that any attempt to overturn the beneficent régime now established would be a crime against the country and humanity generally. Great Britain, he added, by undertaking to civilize a country once devastated by bloodthirsty tyranny, had proved herself true to the highest imperial traditions. It was only when a nation undertook the work of mankind, regardless of its own profit, that it could be called great. Addresses to the boys of the Government school and to delegations of merchants, visits to the bazaars, a review of the Sudanese soldiery, inspection of ancient weapons and relics of the Mahdi's war, attendance at social functions, the laying of a cathedral corner-stone, and leave-takings of ceremony and of friendship, filled the intervals of a four days' period which even for a man of Mr. Roosevelt's activity must have been extraordinary and have furnished intense enjoyment. Thursday evening the party left Khartum on their way to Wady Halfa, Assouan, and Cairo.

THE WAY TO PEACE

John hires Hans as a gardener. Hans is dissatisfied with his room, his hours, or his wage, and gives notice that he will quit if his demand for improvement is not complied with. For a week John and Hans discuss terms; they can come to no agreement, and Hans quits and seeks another job. John's right to decide whether he will comply with Hans's demands, Hans's right to quit if the demands are not complied with, no one questions. The matter concerns only John and Hans. The public are not interested. Hans may be without a job for months; only Hans and his family are affected. John may be without a gardener for months; only John and his family are affected. This is the famous "right of private contract" of which we hear so often.

But when the employer is a great corporation and the employee is a thousand workingmen united in a labor union, and the job which they jointly carry on is not the cultivation of a private garden but the conduct of a great highway on which the well-being of the entire community depends, this method of leaving the question between the two to be adjusted by "private contract" is absurdly inadequate. While the corporation and the labor union haggle about the terms of a new contract the whole community watches with eager interest for the outcome. When they fail to agree, and the employees, exercising "the right of private contract," quit, the transportation of a great city, perhaps of a great State, or congeries of States, is thrown into confusion. The public highways of the city in the territory affected cease to be available to the public. If John has no gardener, and consequently no strawberries from his own grounds in June, no one suffers but himself and his family. If the city railway corporation has no motormen, thousands of men and children have to walk from their homes to their offices and their schools.

The New York "Tribune" estimated that the threatened Western railway strike would have put out of commission 150,000 miles of railway and out of employment 125,000 employees besides those who were to participate in the strike, and would have affected disastrously the entire country west of a line drawn from Chicago to New Orleans. How many millions of men, women, and children would have been involved in great inconvenience, some of them in tragic suffering, there are no statistics to show. "Bradstreet's" estimated the loss to the public in the Pullman strike of 1894 at eighty million dollars. In the coal strike of 1902 the railways alone lost about forty-seven million dollars in freight rates. To apply to such a condition of affairs the principle of private contract is as absurd as to attempt to drive an old-fashioned coach and four along a railway track and across its culverts and its trestles.

The railway corporation has been created by the public to serve the public interests; and the public have some rights which the corporation and its employees are bound to respect.

How shall they be protected?

There are three rights which are imperiled by labor wars, and which the law should safeguard:

The right of the public to unimpeded transportation.

The right of the corporation to carry on that transportation for the public.

And the right of the employees to fair treatment from their corporate employer.

Protect the last, and the rest will be easily protected. At present the community does absolutely nothing to protect the employees' right to fair treatment. We leave the ten thousand employees of a railway to protect themselves by leaving their employment if they have a grievance, as we leave Hans to protect himself by leaving his job if he has a grievance. They have no other remedy; wonder not if they use the one we give them.

The law should allow the employees of any public service corporation to present their grievance to a public service commission or its equivalent; should direct the commission to give an immediate and public hearing; should require the railway to accept and act on the finding of the commission; and on its refusal or failure so to do, should put the railway into the hands of a receiver, as it does in case of a failure to pay interest on its bonds. This would provide the employees with a remedy for real or fancied wrongs.

It should then make it a penal offense for the employees of any public service corporation to combine in any attempt to interfere with the regular work of the public service corporation, whether by leaving in a body or by any other method. And it should make it a misdemeanor for any individual to leave the service without adequate previous notice, say four weeks, the misdemeanor being punishable by fine or imprisonment or both. This would protect the right of the public service corporation to render, unhampered by strikes, the service to the public which it was created by the public to render.

These two rights protected, the right of the public to the public service would be sufficiently safeguarded.

Does this make of the employees slaves? Not at all. No more than the soldiers in the army or the sailors in the navy are slaves. No more than Hans is a slave; for Hans, if hired by the month, cannot lawfully quit his employer's service without giving a month's notice. It simply takes the club out of the hands of the interested employees and puts it into the hand of a disinterested tribunal.

Does it deprive the corporation of efficiency in dealing with its corporate problems? Not at all. If the directors prove themselves incapable of so managing the corporation that they can pay interest on the bonds, the law now takes it out of their control and puts it into other hands. If they prove incapable of so managing the corporation that they can satisfy the just demands of their employees—demands declared to be just by an impartial tribunal after public investigation—it is not unjust to take the management out of their control and put it into other hands. The rights of employees ought to be as well safeguarded by the law as the rights of bondholders.

Certainly the system which leaves the citizens of Philadelphia for weeks, and threatened to leave the citizens of all the States west of Chicago for weeks, without necessary transportation cannot be defended on the ground that it is efficient. If any reader has a better plan than we here propose, we shall be glad to hear from him.

A LIVING PERSONALITY

The living faith of a living Church in a living Christ and a living God carries with it faith in one's self as a living personality. This twofold faith is one. Belief in immortality is not hope of a future inheritance, it is a true estimate of one's present life; as belief in God is not an opinion that there is a Somewhat or a Someone whom we shall know hereafter, it is a present experience of a divine companionship. Thus belief in immortality and belief in God go together; they are indeed only different aspects of the same experience. If one believes that his body is only a machine, he easily believes that the universe is only a greater machine. If he believes in himself as a spirit which animates and controls the body, he easily believes that an infinitely greater spirit animates and controls the universe.

And both beliefs rest more than we are wont to think on the Personality of Jesus Christ.

Belief in God is well-nigh universal. But the belief in God which makes Christian civilization so different from Chinese or Hindu or Mohammedan civilization is a very different belief from that which dominates China, India, and Turkey. And the difference is just this: that the Christian faith is faith in a human God; a God whose supremest manifestation to men has been in a Man. It was said of Dr. Finney that in prayer he talked to God as though he were a next-door neighbor. It is inconceivable that a Brahmin should talk to Brahm or a Mohammedan to Allah as though he were a next-door neighbor. It is reported of Bengel that his customary prayer at night when his studies were over was, "Good-night, God; we understand one another." The story is very probably apocryphal; but it could not have been told of any pietist except a Christian pietist. The belief that God dwelt once in a supreme Man makes easy the faith that he dwells always in humanity.

Like the Christian faith in God, so the Christian faith in immortality is distinctive. It is as different from the materialistic imagination of primitive paganism as it is from the philosophical hypothesis of intellectual paganism. Faith in immortality does not depend on faith in the resurrection of

Jesus Christ; but the Christian faith does. The belief that one Man has risen from the dead and evidenced his continuous life gives definiteness to the faith that before oscillated between an aspiration and an expectation. This is not saying that the only evidence of that resurrection was the empty tomb or the physical reappearance. Clearly that was not the only evidence. It is said that when the Jewish rulers saw the boldness of the aforetime timid disciples, they marveled and "took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." Thus from the very birthday of Christianity the evidence of Christ's continuing life has been the influence of his Personality. This has been and is more than the influence of a historical ideal, more than the influence of a fading memory; it is the influence of a Personal Presence. This faith in a Personal Presence, unseen but not unfelt, is made vivid by belief in that historical resurrection from the grave. Belief in the historical resurrection has given assurance of the undying Personality, and has carried with it belief that death cannot conquer any personality, that Life is always stronger than Death. Philosophy confirms but does not create this faith. Faith in immortality is a present experience of deathless life—life in one's self, life in the universe. It never long exists in any individual apart from a living faith in a living God. It has never largely existed in any community apart from a living faith in a living Christ. Faith in a human God and in personal immortality is an Easter gift.

❖

THE SHAKESPEARE DISCOVERIES

While the Baconians have been searching in cellars and tumuli for evidences that Bacon wrote the plays commonly credited to William Shakespeare, that genial man of genius, whom all his contemporaries loved, has stepped quietly out of a London house at the corner of Monkwell and Silver Streets as an actor in a drama of love and sorrow. Many men have dreamed of finding some new evidence of the personality of the poet to whom his contemporaries all paid such magnificent compliments; but it was reserved for two young Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Charles William Wallace, after a prodigious feat of patience, endurance, and fidelity in examining tons of dusty manuscripts in the Public Record Office in London, to come face to face with Shakespeare, and to put their hands on a fresh piece of evidence. It makes one almost dare to hope that on some fortunate day some happy man will put his hand on a letter of Shakespeare to some intimate friend. Mr. Wallace, who is one of the teachers in the Department of English Literature in the University of Nebraska, invaded the Record Office in London with the enthusiasm and zeal of a Western American. His hope, his ardor, and his toil were divided with his wife, to whom must be awarded as much credit as to him. The story of their search and their discovery is admirably told in the March number of "Harper's Magazine," and is one of the most deeply interesting stories that has appeared in an American periodical for a long time past.

After much blowing away of dust and many days of painful, painstaking toil, the Wallaces discovered twenty-six documents connected with a law case in which Shakespeare appeared. In view of the fondness of Shakespeare's father for litigation, and of the fact that Shakespeare appears to have inherited that fondness, it is interesting that he should appear again in connection with a lawsuit. Those people who will be swift to count this against him, as so many people have been to lay up against Shakespeare things which were common to his period, will do well to note that he was here only indirectly concerned, and to remember that litigation was a favorite form of amusement in Shakespeare's time, and that there was nothing significant of an unlawful nature, either in his father or in himself, in the frequency of their appearances in law courts.

It appears that Shakespeare lived for some years in the house which stood at the corner of Monkwell, or Muggle, and Silver Streets, between Cheapside and Cripplegate, with a French family named Mountjoy, hairdressing and wig-making being the occupation of the head of the family. There was in the family, according to the fashion, an apprentice named Stephen Bellott, the stepson of a friend of Christopher Mountjoy in France. There was also an only daughter named

Mary, and before the end of the apprenticeship Mary had captured the heart of Stephen, and their affection appears to have had the approval of the mother. In 1604 the young apprentice made a journey to Spain, but soon came back to the corner of Monkwell and Silver Streets. At this point William Shakespeare, lodger in the house, enters upon the scene, Madame Mountjoy having reported to him the mutual affection of Mary and Stephen and asked him, after the fashion of that time, to use his best efforts to forward the romance, promising that if a marriage could be arranged Mary should receive a proper dowry at the time of the wedding. Shakespeare was willing to undertake this delicate negotiation. The marriage was arranged, and the wedding took place. After a few years Mountjoy and Stephen, the son-in-law, decided to separate. They had been partners, and there was a dispute about some matter between them. In 1612, about the time when Shakespeare went back to Stratford, Stephen applied to the Court of Requests for the enforcement of certain promises which he declared had been made to him by his father-in-law. He claimed a dowry of sixty pounds, which he declared the father had never paid, and he also affirmed that at the death of the father he was to receive a legacy of two hundred pounds, equal to-day to about eight thousand dollars. The father, he testified, had become reckless in spending his money, and had declared that he did not intend to leave his son-in-law a groat. Witnesses were summoned by the Court, the chief of whom was Shakespeare, and twelve depositions were taken. The case was set down for the Easter term, 1612, and on the 7th day of May the court issued "A compulsory to William Shakespeare gent" requiring him to testify in the case. Four days later Shakespeare and two other witnesses were examined on a set of interrogatories which Mr. and Mrs. Wallace reproduce in their article. Shakespeare was the third witness in order of examination, and his statements, while they lack the imagination and insight of the plays, are of immense value, because here Shakespeare appears in the flesh. In June the Court referred the whole matter to the French Church of London, accepting the decision of the Church as its own final decree.

The details of this little domestic drama are not interesting in themselves, but they are enormously interesting in view of the fact that they bring Shakespeare on the stage before us; that he is described as a gentleman, and that he came from Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace have not only brought the man before us in the flesh; they have put their finger on the house in which he lived, making it almost certain that it was the place in which "Henry V," "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," and "Othello" were written. Many a lover of Shakespeare has allowed himself to fancy that the great poet of the play met the great poet of the epic when Milton lived in Bread Street, and was a beautiful boy under eight years of age. Bread Street was only a little way from Monkwell Street, and it was the direct route between the Mountjoy house and the Globe Theater. The world that loves Shakespeare has been laid under great obligation by these two persistent and triumphant Americans who have plucked laurels in a field in which laurels have been few and shadowy.

THE SPECTATOR

"There's no trick in it whatever," said the friend with whom the Spectator was dining in Boston, and who, with his wife, had been out to Los Angeles and seen the flyers at the January aviation meet. "It's coming—coming just as certainly as the bicycle and the automobile have come. It's practical, and the most practical part of it is that everybody is trying a different kind of flying-machine, and yet they can all fly. It isn't just one patent or intricate mechanism—it's a whole varied art of which man is getting the underlying principles steadily worked out. One aviator takes a monoplane, and another a biplane—but they both fly."

◆

"And such funny, flimsy things as flying-machines are!" said the wife. "Why, they are like something put together with wire and string. Of course they are carefully made, but the stuff in them is just canvas and rattan and thin varnished wood. They start so casually, too. They run along the ground on their frail little wheels and then suddenly seem to run right up on the air instead. It is uncanny—and yet it looks natural, when they are once up in the air. The day Paulhan made a long flight we were out motoring, and as we came along the road we saw him flying back, away up, like an eagle or a wild goose in the air, swooping along in a straight flight, and just the noise of the motor to remind you that it was an aeroplane, after all. The noise takes away from the thing, somehow. I wish they could have a motor that didn't sound for a mile or two away."

◆

"The motors are wonderful enough, as it is," said her husband. "That's what has made Darius Green's dream come true to-day—the development of the small high-power motor. The lighter and more powerful it can be made, the faster will aviation develop. It's a very simple business—no trick in it, as I said. Do you know, I came very near ordering an aeroplane for myself? My automobile began to look antiquated to me. I only held off because all the first-class aeroplane makers are so crowded with orders that they cannot promise to deliver anything more for a year or so—and then, besides, there are improvements every day, and nothing like a permanent type yet. So I'm willing to wait a while and let those who have ordered ahead make the experiments, while I get the benefit later on."

◆

The Spectator listened fascinated, and learned more things about the great meet. He heard how Curtiss had broken the record for starting by rising in his biplane in the air only ninety-eight feet from the point where it started its wheels—six and three-quarter seconds after the motor started; and how Willard started and stopped his aeroplane in a twenty-foot square. He was told how Paulhan, in his Farman biplane, rose in spirals, like a hawk, reached over four thousand feet in altitude, came down in seven minutes and a half, at an angle of thirty degrees, and landed not ten feet from where he had started. Paulhan, by the way, used both monoplane and biplane, having four machines in all. What had struck the travelers particularly was the assistant and pupil aviators, who seemed to be entirely capable of flying in style. One of the pupils had seemed rather stupid, "about the type of an ordinary chauffeur," yet he had been able to give an exhibition at one of the beaches, and do it creditably. Curtiss had taken up a passenger and made a record for speed at the same time. One cowboy who attended the meet was broken-hearted at not being able to get any aviator to take him along as a passenger. Everybody wanted to go in the air; and when Paulhan made his record flight, the crowd, which had strained its eyes for an hour gazing at his movements in the sky, mobbed him and carried him around the field, making as much hubbub as after a Harvard-Yale football match. No longer a world wonder, the aeroplane was becoming a world sport.

◆

The Spectator found next day that a "National Exhibition of Aerial Craft" was open in a Boston hall, and he went there, hoping to hear and see great things for himself. Unfortunately, an aerial show in a hall, however spacious, has one inevitable drawback—the flying-machines cannot fly; and for this very reason neither the actual competing aeroplanes nor the celebrated aviators need be expected to be present. A real racing or record aeroplane and its victorious operator are too precious just now to secure for a still-life exhibit, so to speak; and the Spectator sought in vain for even a retired veteran, either in human or machine form. As a matter of fact, the only retired aeroplane among the great flyers is bound to be also a wrecked one, and the only retirements in the ranks of the aviators come by their being killed in action.

◆

But once granting that an Aerial Exhibit does not offer the record aeroplane or aviator, it remains a very fascinating and instructive exhibit, just the same. The Spectator learned in his two visits to it the fundamental meaning and the innumerable variations of the two great types—monoplane and biplane. They may roughly be described as the bird form and the box-kite form. Bleriot's monoplane, in which he crossed the Channel, was there in a life-sized model, and resembled nothing so much as a great bird or butterfly, with immense flapping wings and tail-rudder. The Herring-Curtiss biplane, displayed on the platform, was a fine machine, and always had a crowd about it. It was no less light, but was on the box-kite order, with double surfaces everywhere. All of the machines, as the California travelers had reported, were flimsiness itself compared to the present human means of transportation. The rattan frames, the steel wires, the canvas or oiled-silk coverings, were more frail than the shell of a canoe or the "practicable scenery" of a stage. Compared with a locomotive, an automobile, even a motor bicycle, they were startlingly fragile. Only the motor had any note of solidity. Here the interest of the more serious part of the public evidently centered—a part composed of young men and boys, largely mechanics, who gazed and asked questions and argued with each other and with the exhibitors as to the merit of this and that feature. Aviation is in the future; it beckons to the boy in every man, and to the actual boy too. Here and there and everywhere were boys in their teens, helping the exhibitors, fabricating toy aeroplanes out of rattan, muslin, and rubber-band motors, and talking in strange aviation terms with absolute fluency. One of the "gliders" built near Boston by a couple of junior students seemed perennially interesting to groups of other lads; and down in the basement, where a toy "course" had been roped off, a dozen youths were flying and selling and making miniature flyers along all sorts of lines—monoplane, biplane, and mongrel. Upstairs the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Harvard College each had an exhibit, consisting of models of celebrated aeroplanes, papers, etc.

◆

Near the Harvard exhibit, where the Wright and Curtiss models faced each other, the Spectator found a gray-haired man in an official blue coat and brass buttons, who was always the center of a group of boys. He was helping them build their aeroplanes for sale, and telling them about old days in air navigation.

"Yes, sir, I'm the son of Charles Durant, the aeronaut who made the balloon ascension in Castle Garden in 1834. Here's the handbill." He showed a quaint old placard, with a queer ancient cylindrical barometer hanging alongside it. "And that barometer was used on the ascent. So was this flag—pretty ragged and faded now, isn't it? Only twenty-one stars there were then, you see." The red stripes were faded almost white, and the white yellowed and worn in the folds, but the flag spoke for itself, and the boys gazed at it delightedly.

◆

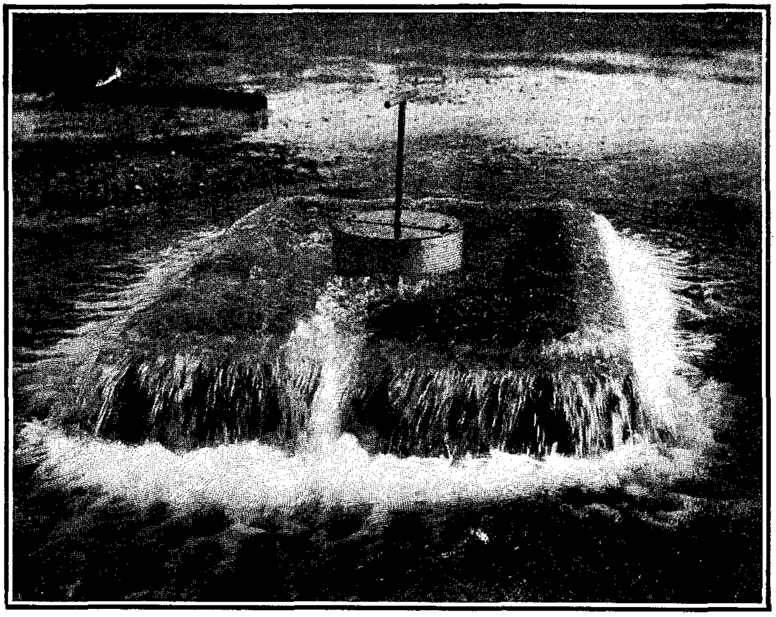
"Andrew Jackson was President then. He came on from Washington—and that meant some traveling in those days—to see my father make the ascent. Blackhawk, the Indian chief (they'd just captured him) was brought to New York and saw it, too. The Government thought it might do him good to see what wonderful things the white man could do. The old fellow was astonished, sure enough. He wouldn't say much, but he looked and looked, and he asked whether the balloon would go all the way to the happy hunting-grounds, and whether my father would ever come back. That's a question no aeronaut can ever answer. But my father went up into the air, and did come back safe, and the Indian felt just the way they wanted him to—that the white man could do anything, no matter how wonderful."

◆

The Spectator had something of Blackhawk's feeling himself, as he walked among the frail, queer, marvelous structures that filled the big hall, and thought of the dream-come-true future of practical aviation. And when he went out into the street, he wondered how it would seem to go home in a taxi-plane, and whether the arcaded street would not be a coming necessity to protect pedestrians against the swooping of successful flying-machines and the falling wrecks of unsuccessful ones. The laws of the road have been woefully tangled by the irruption of the automobile—but how about the laws of the air? A new code, a new branch of legal activity, a new development of trespass and damage suits—are not all these sure to be set in motion by the frail wings of monoplane and biplane?

The Water Savers

By Walter V. Woehlke



AN ARTESIAN WELL OF THE SAN BERNARDINO BASIN

By spreading the water of the spring freshets over the waste land, the Water Conservation Association, at an expense of $6,000, in one year added water valued at $200,000 to the contents of the artesian basin

"A FINE rain," remarked the native, studying the size of the drops that left long, slanting lines of moisture on the car window.

"Beastly weather!" grumbled the tourist, as he stared disconsolately through the dripping rows of orange trees into the gray blanket of mist and low-hanging clouds.

The native smiled. "I feel rather kindly toward the rain," he said, soothingly. "I'm in business down here, and every hour of this storm means money to me."

"Rubber shoes, mackintoshes, and umbrellas, I suppose?" grumbled the tourist, listlessly dropping his half-smoked cigar.

"Not at all," replied the native. "Dry-goods and millinery make up most of my line."

The tourist relapsed into an offended silence. How could a day of incessant rain increase the sales of a dry-goods and millinery store? To him the dreary landscape suggested nothing but empty streets, empty cars and stores, yawning clerks, wet feet, and sore throats. His Eastern eyes could not follow the vision of the Westerner, who saw the rain fill the reservoirs and irrigation ditches, saw the green trees and vines kept alive and thriving by the conserved drops in the parched, brown land during the rainless summer, saw the crops harvested, and the money come over his counter in a steady stream. To the Eastern visitor the rain meant nothing but discomfort; to the Westerner the drops spelled life, prosperity, wealth.

From daily experience, from the increasing drain water makes upon its pocketbook, the West knows the value of its rain. Every year the demand for rain concentrated in streams, springs, and wells is becoming greater; every year the price of water is rising higher. Streams the flow of which could be had for the taking fifteen or twenty years ago are to-day worth millions. Water that a decade ago made one acre of grain and a small lawsuit grow is to-day supporting a five-acre fruit grove and a spreading bush of litigation. The West has learned that a perennial supply of moisture is far more profitable than a gold mine, but nevertheless, despite this knowledge, in the entire immense territory of deficient rainfall only one small spot, an area infinitesimal compared with the whole, has grasped the lesson taught by the growing demand for and the increasing scarcity of water. Out of some eight hundred counties—many of them larger than half a dozen of the small Eastern States—depending upon the precipitation of the winter for the summer's water, only three have fully realized the importance of protecting and maintaining the natural reservoir which stores the winter's moisture for the summer's use. In these three counties conservation of resources is no longer a debatable policy; it is an accomplished fact. While the mass of the people in the other eight hundred counties is still apathetically, immovably listening to the arguments and appeals of the Conservation leaders, stolidly watching the ceaseless, frantic efforts of the special interests to break down the fence erected around the remnant of the public domain, the population of these three counties has stopped listening and gone to work actually conserving.

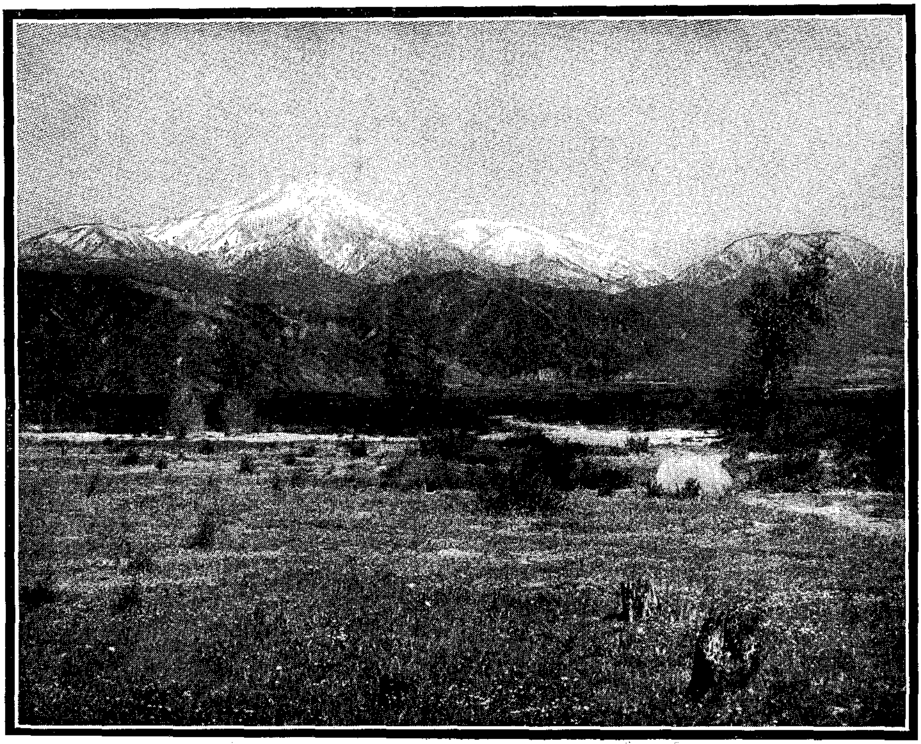
Like an enormous horseshoe, the San Bernardino Range in Southern California encircles the valley bearing its name. A score of brooks hurl themselves down the inside rim of the horseshoe into the valley, feed a thousand irrigation ditches, fill the artesian basin underneath the valley floor, and seek their way to the sea through the open western end of the horseshoe, passing through Riverside and Orange Counties on the way. Nowhere in the world is there more precious water than the contents of these brooks. The least of them, a rill that a five-year-old boy could clear at a bound, is worth $500,000, and the value of the rights of the water of the Santa Ana River, the principal member of the family of mountain streams, is placed at more than five millions. Upon these rivulets and upon the artesian basin maintained by them 100,000 people, living in a dozen prosperous towns and on thousands of small farms, depend for their support. The watershed of the San Bernardino Range irrigates 115,000 acres, half of them the world's finest orange and lemon orchards, producing crops worth $17,000,000 annually. Irrigated land values are high. Good orange orchards bring from $1,000 to $2,000 an acre, and well-located unimproved ranches command from $200 to $300 per acre.

Ninety-five per cent of the value of each irrigated acre lies not in the land tilled by the owner, not in the soil that is his by title and deed, but many miles distant on the slopes of the mountains that furnish the water. Should the mountain streams suddenly dry up and vanish, the desert would again claim its own. Within a short time the orange groves would cease bearing, the trees would die, and instead of a thousand dollars per acre the land would be dear at fifteen dollars for a sheep pasture.

The identical condition prevails in every district that relies upon stream or well water as a substitute for the missing summer rains. So far as moisture is concerned, not one of the millions of irrigated acres is self-supporting. For at least four months in the year every drop of the blood that quickens the lifeless land must come from some mountainous area, whether these mountains be distant ten or a thousand miles from the thirsty soil. The irrigationist realizes this fact vaguely, hazily, but he does not act upon this knowledge when the water supply runs low. Let a cycle of abnormally dry years come along, let the volume of the streams and springs dwindle, let the water-level of the artesian basins sink, and the only result of the scarcity of moisture will be increased litigation. It never occurs to the average water user to look farther than his neighbor's head-gate for the cause of the shortage. Not seeing beyond his nose, he jumps to the conclusion that his supply has been wrongfully diverted by some one else, and begins suit.

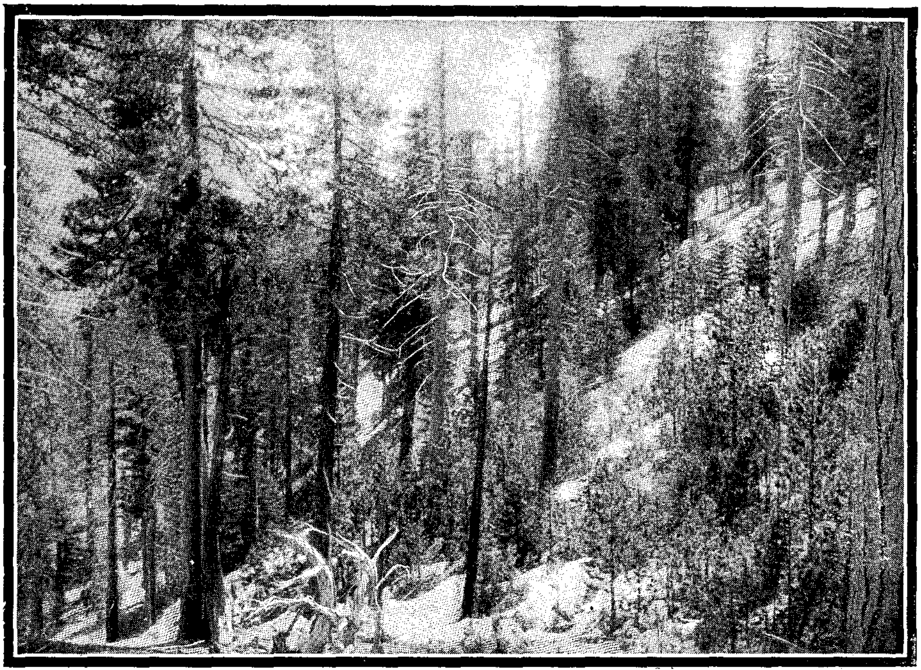
The water users of San Bernardino, Riverside, and Orange Counties were no exception. In fact, since in their locality the union of land and water under a cloudless sky produces greater profits than in any other irrigated district, the fight for the concentrated rain exceeded in bitterness and expense the water litigation of any other territory of equal size in the arid region. Fortunes were spent in attacking and defending water rights, until it dawned upon the owners of the water that litigation, no matter how protracted or expensive, could not add one drop to the available supply. When they awoke to this simple fact, they extended their investigations beyond their rivals' headgates, up the canal to the stream, and up the stream into the mountains, clear to the sources of their water supply.

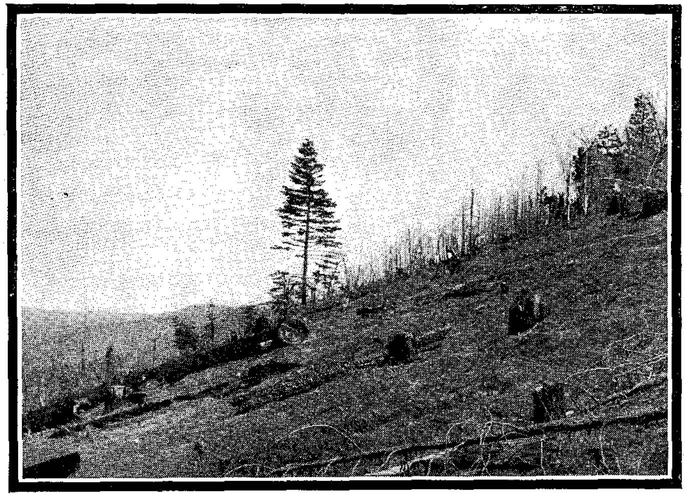
The result of these researches led to an action without a precedent in the history of the United States. A body of hard-headed, practical business and professional men, bankers, merchants, and fruit-growers, decided to spend their own money—real, genuine coin—not in an attempt to take from but rather to add to the public domain, not to bring public timber land into their private possession, cut the lumber and pocket the proceeds, but to protect and increase the number of trees on public land, on land that did not belong to them and that they never expected to own. And they actually did spend their cash for the improvement of Government land. They are spending thousands of dollars for the same purpose to-day. Imitating the methods of the special interests reaching out for the public's forest and coal lands, these private citizens formed a corporation to facilitate the spending of their cash in protecting the people's property and enhancing its value. Every year the scope of the work is growing, every year more farmers and gardeners are contributing money to protect the trees on the mountains rising like a blue cloud out of the horizon fifty and sixty miles distant from their land.



THE FIREBREAK SYSTEM ON SAN BERNARDINO RESERVE

Built with the aid of private money to make it possible for the mountains to retain the priceless moisture for the dry irrigating season. With the water the irrigated land of three counties is worth from $200 to $2,000 an acre. Without the water it would be dear at $15 an acre





THE FOREST AS A WATER GIVER

The forest stores the winter water which the farmer needs in the dry months. The upper photograph, taken in April, shows how the trees hold and shade the snow far into the warm season. The lower photograph was taken on the same day and on the same slope, where the timber company has denuded the land, and shows why the area furnishes no water in summer

No altruistic motive was underlying these expenditures of effort and money for the improvement of a forest reserve. The number of board feet of lumber per acre interested the men who raised the cash more than the æsthetic beauty of the towering pines on the crest. With these practical business men the work of protecting and increasing the forested area, of keeping the limits of the forest reserve intact, was purely a business proposition. They needed water in their business, the merchants as well as the farmers who support the merchants. Water was their most important raw material, and five months in the year the only available supply was stored in the forest reserve. Though practically every drop coming out of the south slope of the reserve was in use, the quantity of water was by no means sufficient to irrigate all the dry, arable land. In years of drought the supply would scarcely go around, so that in some instances the owners of valuable orchard property without water rights had to pay fourteen times the normal rates for sufficient water to keep their trees alive.

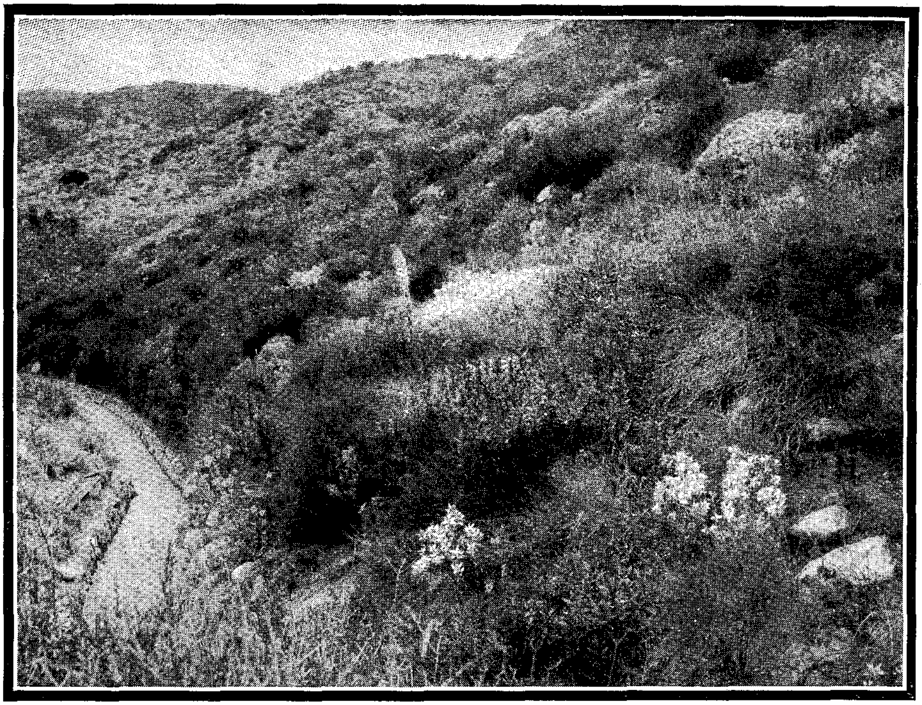
The influence of forest and brush cover on the ability of the soil to absorb and retain water is well known. If the precipitation falls on bare, hard soil, the water runs off rapidly, dissolves the soil, erodes it, forms gullies ever increasing in size, washes the soil away until bed-rock appears, and rushes over the lowlands in destructive floods. If timber or brush covers the soil, the ground is changed into a vast sponge, absorbing the rain until the earth is thoroughly saturated, gradually giving the water forth again through the streams and springs during the dry summer.

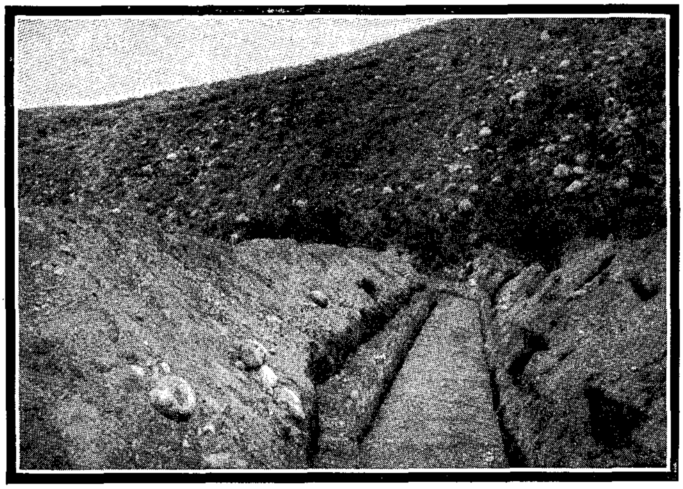
These old, old facts were proved anew to the population of the three counties during the first half of 1900, at the end of a number of dry years, when two trained scientific observers, James W. Toumey and William K. Prentice, of Princeton University, studied the precipitation and run-off of four small catchment basins in the San Bernardino Mountains, three of them covered with timber and one denuded of its trees by the lumberman and the fire that usually follows his trail. They found that by the end of March, before the rains in the valley ceased and irrigation became necessary, the forested areas had lost but forty per cent of the winter's precipitation, retaining sixty per cent for the irrigating season. On the cut-over and burned-over land, however, only five per cent of the winter water remained. The other ninety-five per cent had gone to waste in the spring floods.

To clinch the case and demonstrate the loss caused by the destruction of the forests in terms translatable into money, the observers measured the water furnished by the forested and the denuded areas during the first three months of the irrigating season: April, May, and June. In April the square mile of forested area sent down to the orchards and fields an amount of water sufficient to cover one hundred and fifty-five acres a foot deep. A square mile of the cut-over barrens in the same month supplied but fifty-five acres with the same depth of water. In May the timber land sent sixty-six acre-feet per square mile to the intakes; the cut-over land furnished but two acres with a foot of water. In June, when the demand for irrigation water became pressing, the cut-over land was dry; its moisture contents had been exhausted within eight weeks after the close of the rainy season. The land that retained its forest cover supplied in June twenty-eight acre-feet of water per square mile.

An acre-foot contains approximately 340,000 gallons of water, and is worth more than three dollars, at the average price paid for irrigation water in the three counties supplied by the watershed. The destruction of the trees, an inexcusable crime easily avoided by sane lumbering methods, cost the three counties in one month water worth at least seventy-five dollars for each square mile robbed of its cover by ax and fire. Place the water loss per square mile at only fifty dollars per month, assume that in the San Bernardino reserve only two hundred square miles have been denuded of their cover by the ax and the flame, and the damage sustained by the three counties will run to $10,000 *in one month.*

Arguments expressed in terms of cash, especially when the money comes out of the pocket of the man to be convinced, have a most compelling force. Large areas of timber land in the San Bernardino National Forest were in private hands, and sooner or later these private owners would cut the trees and sell the lumber, by which process the flow of the streams originating on the land would be diminished at the rate of seventy-five dollars' worth of moisture per square mile in one month during the irrigating season. A jolt straight upon the jaw, these facts startled the fruit-growers and business men of the three counties into action. To stop the private owners of timber land in the National Forest from cutting their trees seemed impossible. Where the ax cleared one acre of its spongy cover, the fire, however, denuded five, most of them owned by the public. It was entirely feasible to





THE VALUE OF BRUSH

An irrigation ditch free from deposits of sand (upper picture) because the hillside is in perfect condition with the heavy brush undisturbed by fire. The lower picture shows what the destruction of brush cover does. The great piles of sand which have been shoveled out on each side were brought down from the hillside because fire had burned away the brush

prevent the burning of the leaks into the walls of the natural reservoir, and this remedy the awakened ranchers and merchants proceeded to apply.

Acting upon a suggestion emanating from the Chamber of Commerce of Riverside, the world's greatest orange-producing center, an organization comprising the water users and business men of San Bernardino and Riverside Counties was formed, which grew into the Tri-Counties Reforestation Committee when Orange County joined the movement. Money was the first necessity. Putting their hands into their pockets, the fruit-growers, bankers, and business men of the three counties contributed a thousand dollars each, offering the cash to the Forest Service on condition that the Government give an equal amount, the total to be spent by the Forest Service for fire protection on the San Bernardino reserve.

Consternation, astonishment, and joy mingled with skepticism reigned in the Forestry Bureau when the communication containing the proposal reached Washington. The offer, this ray of light out of a darkness that seemed impervious, was too good to be true. For years the Forest Service had been fighting against tremendous odds to keep the organized special interests from stealing or destroying the timber on public land, fighting against powerful opposition and with but little hope of public appreciation, not to mention active public support. Here, in black and white, the hitherto sleeping public offered real, actual money to be spent for the protection instead of destruction of the trees on public land! Chief Forester Pinchot did not reply by mail. That method was too slow. Five days would pass before a letter could reach the far southwest corner of the country, and in that time the donors might change their mind and withdraw their offer. Instead, he telegraphed to the Forest Supervisor in Los Angeles, instructing him to proceed to San Bernardino, investigate, and report by wire. Red tape was thrown into the waste-basket, the decks cleared for action, and seven days after the offer had been mailed it had been accepted, the money appropriated, and plans prepared to spend the fund in the most efficient manner.

The initial contract for the protection of the timber on the San Bernardino reserve was entered into by the newly formed organization and the Forest Service in 1906. Fire-breaks forty-five to eighty feet wide were constructed at once, the brush and timber on these lanes being dug out down to the roots that the flames might be confined to a restricted territory. Trails were built and means of access provided to the most important portions of the reserve. The following year the Tri-Counties Reforestation Committee sent its representatives to Sacramento and induced the State Legislature to appropriate $5,000 on condition that Congress set aside an equal sum. Both of these appropriations were obtained again in 1909 through the Committee's efforts. The supervisors of San Bernardino County added $3,000 to the fund, and with the aid of the money thus raised such efficient protection was given the reserve that not a single fire of any magnitude has destroyed timber or brush since the beginning of the work.

Preventive measures did not satisfy the members of the organization. Fire protection maintained but did not increase the water supply. An immense nursery was furnishing millions of young pines annually, but their growth was too slow for immediate relief. From the denuded tracts every winter enormous masses of water ran to waste, flooding the lowlands in Orange County, and this flood water attracted the attention of the water seekers. With the means at the command of the Committee it was out of the question to build expensive storage reservoirs in the mountains, but in the valley a reservoir constructed by nature offered itself. Nourished by the seepage of the mountain streams, an underground lake existed underneath a portion of the valley's floor, an artesian basin whose wells supplied thousands of dry acres with moisture. In order to conduct the waste water into this natural reservoir, the organization bought a square mile of land on the débris cone of the Santa Ana River, the principal stream of the watershed, built a substantial concrete head-gate and diverting system, and, whenever the river was at flood, turned a portion of the flood water out of the channel upon the square mile. The land, consisting of sand, gravel, and boulders, carried out of the mountains by the torrent and deposited at the base of the foothills, absorbed the water greedily, especially when dikes were thrown up and hundreds of ponds created. Seeping through the porous mass of sand and gravel, the water eventually found its way into the artesian basin instead of flowing into the ocean. Men were hired by the mutual water companies to patrol the basin and watch out for infractions of the State law prohibiting the waste of artesian water by allowing wells to be uncapped and flowing when the water was not in use. As a result of these measures the water plane of the basin rose a foot despite the ever-increasing demands upon the underground reservoir.

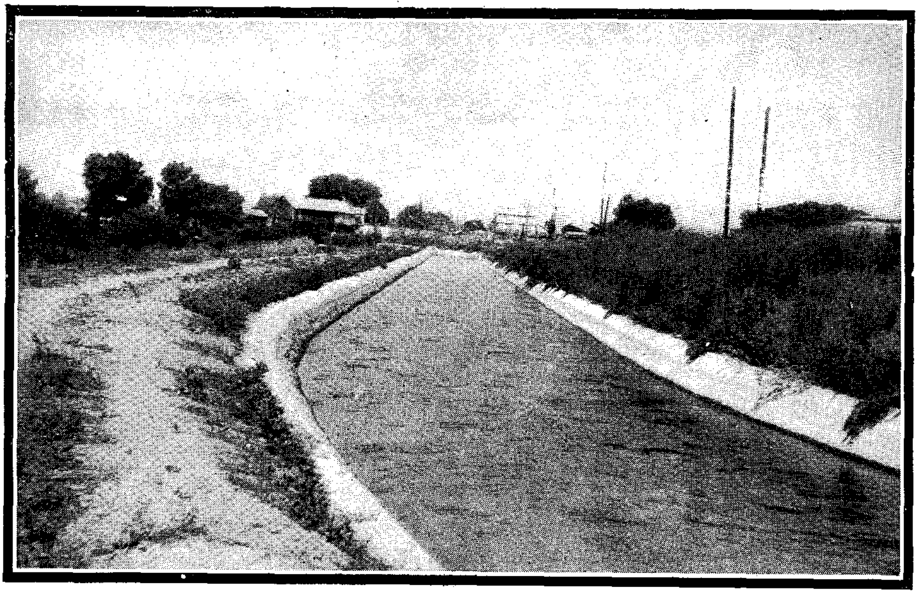
This achievement, this rise of the water plane at a time when a lowering was to be expected, needs interpretation to make possible a realization of its importance. The San Bernardino artesian basin covers approximately 160 square miles. Therefore a gain of a foot in the depth of this underground lake means a water supply increased by 102,000 acre-feet. Measured in terms of money, this quantity of moisture, at one-half of the prevailing price, represents a cash value of $200,000. If this additional foot of water in the basin could be maintained permanently—a feat not at all impossible, since the quantity of the flood water diverted and the area of the land over which it is spread are increasing constantly—30,000 acres of dry land now producing scarcely eight dollars a year could be added to the irrigated land and made to yield crops worth $150 an acre, or four millions and a half annually. And this wealth was conserved at an expense of but $6,000 raised by the Water Conservation Association, an incorporated branch of the Tri-Counties Reforestation Committee, and spent, not for the individual profit of the men composing the Association, but for the benefit of the entire community relying upon the artesian basin for its water.

A TRIUMPH OF IRRIGATION

The water running out of the forest reserve during the six dry summer months has transformed the desert into a paradise

The first private money for the improvement of public land was raised by the three California counties four years ago, at a time when the movement for the conservation of the country's natural resources was just beginning to attract the attention of the Nation. The formation of the Reforestation Committee was not the result of this movement. The territory depending upon the developed water of the San Bernardino Range had simply come to the end of its rope, and the rope was shrinking. Something had to be done to provide for the present and future needs of the irrigated land, to insure a larger and steadier supply of water during seasons of abnormally low precipitation. The men who transformed the desert into the wonderful orange district of California, who revolutionized the fruit growing and packing methods, were far-sighted enough to go to the root of the trouble, to bring the conservation theory into actual practice, and apply the only remedy of permanent value.

Hundreds of other irrigated districts throughout the West will eventually find themselves in the same predicament. Will the water users of these districts, when



A TWENTY-MILLION-DOLLAR DITCH

This canal, at Riverside, California, is the foundation upon which rests the value of thirty square miles of citrus groves, worth twenty million dollars. The flow of this canal could not be bought for four million dollars. All of the water comes from the San Bernardino forest reserve, constructed partly with the money of private citizens forced to go down into their pockets to protect public property against fire in order to save their water supply

the time arrives, have the enlightened foresight, the wisdom, and the energy of the residents of the three California counties? Will they, when they come to the end of *their* rope, realize the meaning of the conservation movement and lend their active assistance before it is too late, before there is not enough left to conserve?

Strange as it may seem, the West will have to rely largely upon Easterners ignorant of the value of rain to bring about the conservation of the water-saving forests. Every year sees tens of thousands of Eastern business and professional men take up irrigated land in the arid zone and till the soil. With a business or a scientific training and an open mind, these men do not get into the rut of farm life. They apply modern methods to the soil, they study conditions and see beyond the effect to the cause. Men of this stamp were the leaders in the organization of the Tri-Counties Reforestation Committee. Every year sees more of this class of men in the land of the ditch, and on them the lesson of the San Bernardino watershed will not be wasted. When the time comes when the pressure of the westward-moving population and the increasing irrigated area have absorbed the water resources close to the limit, the trail blazed through the San Bernardino National Forest by the pioneer conservers will show the way.

MRS. PIPER, THE WORLD-FAMOUS MEDIUM WHO HAS BEEN UNDER INVESTIGATION FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AND HAS NEVER BEEN DETECTED IN FRAUD

Spirits—or Telepathy?

By H. Addington Bruce

IN a previous article I sketched the origin and development of psychical research, its significance from a practical standpoint, and its present-day aspects. It is now my purpose to describe as clearly as I can the phenomena which have been most closely scrutinized by the psychical researchers, and which, as was said, have led some of the most eminent among them to conclude that scientific proof has actually been obtained validating the cardinal doctrine of spiritism—" that the dead can and do communicate with the living "—and that consequently scientific confirmation has been had for the traditional belief of mankind in the survival of human personality after the death of the body.

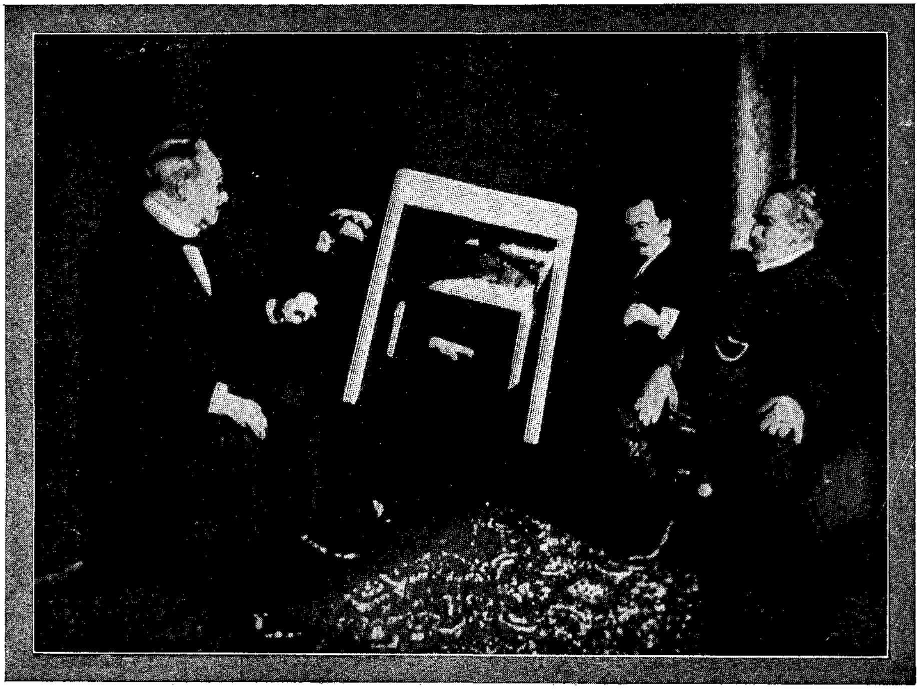
These phenomena fall into two main divisions—the " physical " and the " psychical." The former comprise the " manifestations " with which visitors to the spiritistic séance room are most familiar; such as the movement of articles of furniture and other objects by unseen hands, the production of mysterious raps and knockings, the materialization of " spirit " forms and faces, and the levitation of the séance table, and occasionally of the " medium " and the spectators or " sitters," by some invisible agency. Quite frequently the physical phenomena contain a certain psychical element, as when the raps purport to spell out messages from the dead, or when " spirit communications " are conveyed by a voice speaking from the darkened depths of the mediumistic cabinet or through a trumpet floating in mid-air over the heads of the astonished sitters. But for the most part the physical phenomena seem entirely purposeless, and belong to what is technically known as the " poltergeist " type of spiritistic manifestation—a poltergeist being an invisible ghost that flings things about for apparently no other reason than to annoy, terrify, and astound.

Moreover, from the time that spiritistic manifestations were first scientifically studied it has been recognized that the physical phenomena are tainted throughout with fraud. The literature of psychical research is full of accounts of mediums detected in trickery, and entire volumes have been written—for example, Mr. Hereward Carrington's "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism" and Mr. David P. Abbott's "Behind the Scenes with the Mediums"—describing in most elaborate detail the methods and apparatus used by fraudulent mediums. Fraud, too, has been detected in the case of physical phenomena produced, not in the gloom of the séance room, but, so to speak, in the open. Time and again members of the English Society for Psychical Research—the first and still the foremost of psychical research organizations—have investigated uncanny happenings of the poltergeist order, with the result of catching a trickster at work, and sometimes of securing reluctant confessions of trickery.

A SPIRIT MASK

Impressions made in a bowl of clay at a séance

To give a typical illustration, a clergyman in the little English village of Ham notified the Society, early in 1895, that a "veritable ghost" was haunting a house in Ham. "It has," he wrote, "overturned boots and shoes from the slab of an oven on to the hob; overturned a stool, and pitched the cat on it into the fire; upset tables and all sorts of things. It is no delusion; it takes place in broad daylight before people's eyes." On the strength of this report and of corroborative testimony submitted by eye-witnesses, the Society sent one of its investigators, Mr. Ernest Westlake, to the scene of the visitation. It took Mr. Westlake less than twenty-four hours to solve the mystery. The haunted family, he found, consisted of four persons, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, a son, and a daughter, Polly, described as "a little dwarfed, black-haired girl, turning twelve, who sits in the chimney-corner and nurses her cats, Topsy and Titit." In this deformed child, in-



ACTUAL LEVITATION OF A TABLE

A flashlight made at a séance

credible as it may seem, Mr. Westlake quickly identified the ghost.

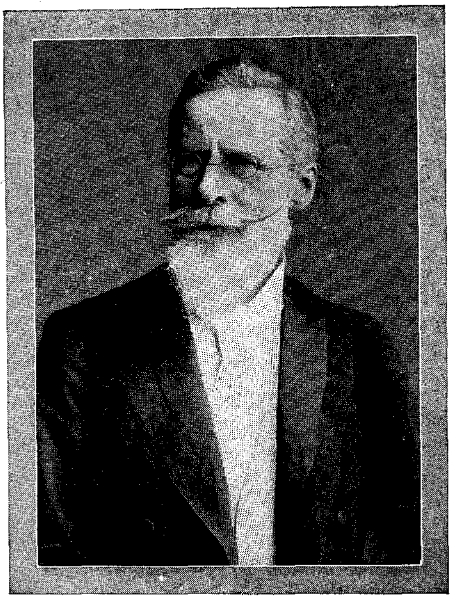
"The 'Ham ghost,'" he reported to the Society, "is a humbug now, whatever it may have been. I made friends with the cats, and their mistress, poor child, gave me a private sitting of some two or three hours, in the course of which she moved between forty and fifty objects when she thought I wasn't looking (her plan being to watch till I looked away). However, I saw her in contact with the objects with every degree of distinctness, and on seven, at least, occasions, by simple devices, I had a clear view of her hands in contact with the objects and saw them quickly moved."

As no confession was obtained, it is impossible to say with certainty what the naughty little girl's motive was in thus befooling her elders. But, judging from Mr. Westlake's description of her, she was distinctly abnormal, and might have been actuated by any one of several motives—an irresistible impulse to deceive, an inordinate desire for notoriety, etc.—that would not appeal to a normal child. Mental abnormality, in fact, as the psychical researchers have conclusively demonstrated, is at the bottom of much of the deception connected with the spiritistic séance, and accounts in large measure for the fraud detected in private mediums—that is to say, mediums who do not practice spiritism as a means of livelihood. As I shall endeavor to show, there can be no doubt that it often enters also into the frauds even of professional mediums, who might naturally be supposed to resort to deception merely for the sake of preying on their dupes. Still, no matter what the reason for the dishonesty of "physical" mediums, the essential fact remains that they have so frequently been proved dishonest that most people wonder how it happens that the psychical researchers have not long since abandoned this phase of their inquiry.

That they have not done so is due in part to their desire to perform a greatly needed police service for the good of society, and in part to a sincere belief, entertained by many of them, that it is impossible to account for all the physical phenomena on the theory of fraud and delusion. Although, in the half-century that has elapsed since the beginning of scientific psychical research, hundreds of mediums have been convicted of fraud and exposed as common swindlers, there have been found a certain few who, if by no means free from suspicion, have succeeded in producing physical phenomena under conditions which, in the opinion of numerous investigators, justify the belief that they are the agents of some as yet unexplained force. This is particularly true of an American medium, the late Daniel Dunglas Home, and of the Italian medium, Eusapia Paladino, whose performances in this country the past few months have occasioned so much wonderment, denunciation, and debate. These two mediums concededly represent physical mediumship at its best, and to their "manifestations" more than to anything else must be attributed the continuing interest of psychical researchers in the questionable phenomena of the séance room.

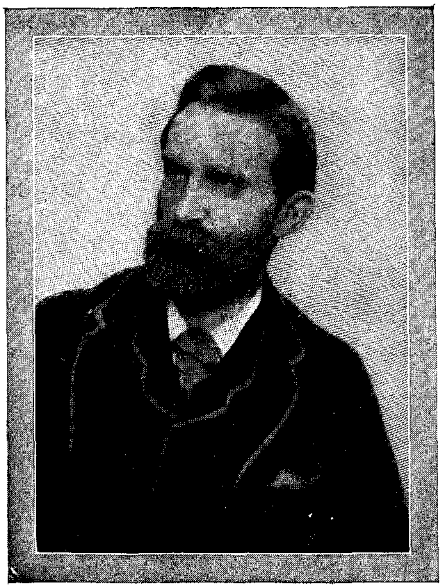
Of the two, Home, who died in France some twenty-five years ago, was, to my thinking, far superior to Eusapia Paladino. Unlike Eusapia—and, for that matter, unlike every other medium who has been subjected to scientific investigation—he was not once detected in fraud; and, marvelous as is the story of Eusapia's doings, it becomes almost dull and prosaic when matched with the record of some of the feats credited to Home. The latter's mediumship began in Connecticut in 1851, or about three years after the Fox sisters started the wave of spiritism that so rapidly extended to all parts of the United States. He was not quite seventeen when his "gift" first showed itself through the production at the breakfast-table one morning of a volley of raps and other uncanny noises which so disquieted his aunt, who had brought him up from early childhood, that, after several clergymen had vainly tried to exorcise the "demon" that possessed him, she drove him from her house.

He was not long in want of food and shelter, his reputed powers as a medium speedily opening to him the doors of many well-to-do persons who were interested in spiritism. In return Home gratified his patrons with a display of marvels of such increasing variety that within a short time he was easily the most talked



SIR WILLIAM CROOKES

English scientist of international reputation converted by Daniel Dunglas Home to belief in the psychical phenomena of spiritism



FRANK PODMORE

Noted English psychical researcher and a foremost advocate of the telepathic hypothesis as explanatory of the phenomena of Mrs. Piper and other “automatic writers”

about medium in the United States. In his presence “chairs glided majestically back and forth;” tables turned upside down or “rose clear of the floor and floated in the atmosphere for several seconds;” Home himself, one evening, was lifted by an invisible force and carried gently to the ceiling; at a séance attended by William Cullen Bryant and David A. Wells the floor of the room “shook as though from an earthquake.” It even seemed possible for Home, or the “spirits,” to overcome the law of gravitation by mere word of command.

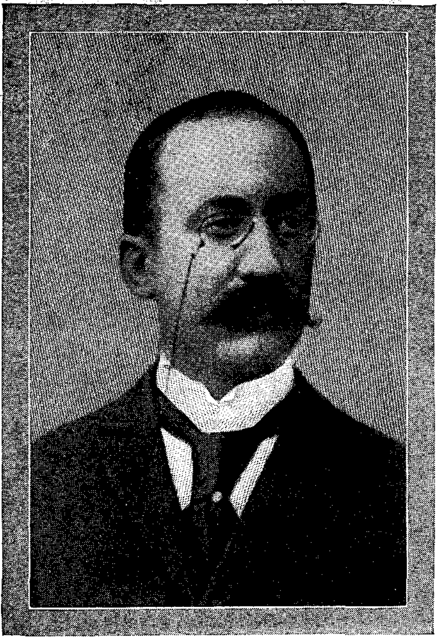
“On the table around which we were seated,” writes a participant in a séance held in 1852 at the home of Mr. Charles Partridge, 26 West Fifteenth Street, New York City, “were loose papers, a lead pencil, two candles, and a glass of water. The table was used by the spirits in responding to our questions; and the first peculiarity we observed was that, however violently the table was moved, everything on it retained its position. When we had duly observed this, the table, which was of mahogany and perfectly smooth, was elevated to an angle of thirty degrees and held there, with everything remaining on it as before. . . .

“The spirits were then requested to elevate the table to the same angle as before and to detach the pencil, retaining everything else stationary. This was complied with. The table was elevated, the pencil rolled off, and everything else remained. They were then asked to repeat the experiment, retaining the pencil and everything else stationary except the glass tumbler, which slid off and was caught in the hands of one of the party as it fell from the lower edge of the table.”

In 1855 Home sailed for England, to carry to the benighted inhabitants of the British Isles and Europe his proofs of the actuality of a spirit world. As had been the case in the United States, his career abroad was a succession of unbroken triumphs. Scientists, men of letters, leaders of the fashionable world, dukes and duchesses, princes and princesses, even kings and queens, paid willing tribute to him. A man of fascinating personality, he gained not merely patrons, but real friends. In Russia he married the daughter of a noble Russian family, and for groomsmen at his wedding had Count Alexis Tolstoy, the famous poet, and Count Bobrinski, a chamberlain to the Czar. So cordially was he received in every country he visited, and such was the demand for exhibitions of his “gift,” that, except for a fleeting visit in 1864, he never returned to America. And, as was said, many of the phenomena with which he entertained and mystified those who gained admission to his séances have not been approached by even that most notorious of present-day mediums, Eusapia Paladino.

Once, in Ireland, Lord Dunraven, his son Viscount Adare (the present Lord Dunraven), and a friend, Captain Wynne, distinctly saw a ghost, or, at all events, a "shadowy form," walking beside the medium in the ruins of an old abbey on the Dunraven estate. And after the ghost disappeared "Lord Dunraven, Lord Adare, and Captain Wynne saw Home returning to them, not on the ground, but raised above it. He floated past the three watchers at a height that carried him over a broken wall two feet high, without his touching it." On another occasion, in London, in the presence of Lord Adare, Lord Lindsay, and Captain Wynne, the "spirits" are reported to have carried Home out of an open window and in through another, holding him suspended at a height of seventy feet above the street. Both Lord Adare and Lord Lindsay testified to the truth of this, and in the course of the London Dialectical Society's investigation of 1869, mentioned in the previous article, Lord Lindsay vouched for another most extraordinary phenomenon.

"I saw Mr. Home," he asserted, "in a trance elongated eleven inches. I measured him standing against the wall, and marked the place; not being satisfied with that, I put him in the middle of the room and placed a candle in front of him, so as to throw a shadow on the wall, which I also marked. When he awoke, I measured him again in his natural size, both directly and by the shadow, and the results were equal. I can swear that he was not off the ground or standing on tiptoe, and, moreover, a gentleman present had one of his feet placed over Home's insteps."



HENRY MORSELLI

Famous Italian scientist who has believed for some time in the genuineness of Paladino's trance phenomena

Sir William Crookes, who investigated Home in 1870–71, and, to the astonishment of the scientific world, became one of his stanchest supporters, was a witness to many curious occurrences. A lath that had been placed on the séance table rose, apparently of its own volition, and floated above the table for more than a minute, bobbing up and down like "a piece of wood on the top of small waves of the sea," to quote Sir William's own words. Some invisible being played tunes on an accordion held by Sir William himself, and afterwards the accordion went floating about the room, still playing. Once, when the ghostly concert was in progress, the accordion then being under the séance table, one of the sitters peeped down and "saw a hand distinctly moving the instrument up and down and playing on the keys." But, says Sir William Crookes, in his published notes on these séances, "Mr. Home had one hand on the table and was holding the top end of the accordion, whilst Mr. A. R. W. saw this hand at the bottom end where the keys were." Perhaps most striking of all was the success with which Home submitted to the so-called "ordeal by fire:"

"After becoming entranced, he went to the candle on a side table and passed his fingers backwards and forwards through the flame several times, so slowly that they must have been severely burned under ordinary circumstances. . . . He went to the fire, and, after stirring the hot coal about with his hand, took out a red-hot piece nearly as big as an orange, and, putting it on his right hand, covered it over with his left hand so as to almost completely inclose it, and then blew into the small furnace thus extemporized until the lump of charcoal was nearly white-hot, and then drew Mr. Crookes's attention to the lambent flame which was flickering over the coal and licking round his fingers."

This occurred during one of the earliest of the Crookes séances, and was certainly a thrilling curtain-raiser to the scarcely less sensational performances which followed, and which, in the end, induced Sir William to declare publicly his belief that he had witnessed manifestations of the action of some hitherto unknown force. Until recently almost no other scientist of distinction shared this view, but to-day it is held by a fairly large number, including such men as Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer; Professor Schiaparelli, Director of the Milan Observatory; Henry Morselli, Professor of Pathology in the University of Genoa; and Professor Bottazzi, of the University of Naples. In their case, however, conviction has come through investigation of the performances, not of Daniel Dunglas Home, but of Eusapia Paladino.

Signora Paladino, according to her own story, as also according to an account written by her ardent advocate the late Professor Lombroso, is of extremely humble origin, the daughter of Italian peasants, and led a cheerless, obscure existence until 1888, when her mediumistic abilities were first drawn to the attention of the scientific world by Professor Chiaia, of Naples. Three years later she attained world-wide notoriety through the verdict of an investigating committee of Italian scientists, who passed favorably on her claims to supernormal power; and since that time she has visited almost every country in Europe, giving séances that have gained hundreds, if not thousands, of converts to spiritism. Latterly she has been in the United States, where, if her experiences with American men of science have not been as pleasant as she could wish, she has, at all events, been reaping a golden harvest, her reputation enabling her to charge record-breaking admission fees.

In the main, so far as the "stage setting" is concerned, her séances resemble those of the ordinary medium who is perfectly satisfied if paid a dollar or two by each of the sitters. While Home dispensed almost entirely with the familiar mediumistic cabinet, Eusapia insists on having one, in front of which she sits, with her hands resting on the séance table. On another table, or tabouret, in the cabinet various small objects are placed, some or all of which, when the conditions are favorable, dance about as small objects have been accustomed to dance about ever since mediums discovered the occult properties potential in a compartment from which the light—and a view of the interior—has been carefully excluded. Similarly, spirit hands and arms and faces appear and disappear between the folds of the curtained cabinet, much as they have been doing in the séance room for the past half-century; and the sitters are struck or pinched or touched by invisible fingers in a manner that is reminiscent of the halcyon days of the brothers Davenport.

But Eusapia, to give her full credit, does not stop at this. If thus far she has been unable to emulate Home in the way of increasing her stature at will, floating around ruined abbeys or at dizzy heights above a street, or passing successfully through the ordeal by fire, her repertoire, nevertheless, includes phenomena that place her in a class vastly superior to other "physical" mediums. At a New York séance, according to one of the sitters, Mr. Prescott F. Hall, "a small stool on the floor, weighing perhaps three pounds, about a foot and a half from the medium, was lifted up twice and placed bottom side up on the sitters' table; and another time it climbed up the arm of one of the controllers." During the same séance, says Mr. Hall, "my chair was violently pulled toward the cabinet three times for a space of five or six inches, and twice was tilted toward the cabinet, so that I nearly fell over. At that time also the control was perfect, and this would not have been an easy thing to do even if the medium had had one hand free, without attracting attention."

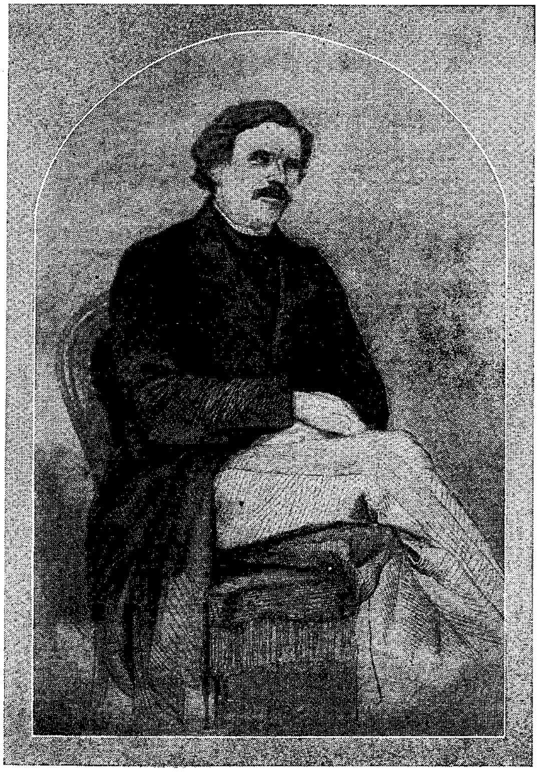
At a sitting in Boston the séance table, precisely like the animated lath described by Sir William Crookes, bobbed up and down in the air "as if it were floating on a choppy sea;" the cabinet curtain bulged out repeatedly as though from a strong breeze, and was even thrown over the heads of a couple of the sitters; while the table in the cabinet, as the séance was drawing to a close, leaped nimbly out over the medium's head and settled on the séance table.

Even more startling feats are reported by the European savants who for the past fifteen years have been studying Eusapia's phenomena with the keenest interest. Professor Lombroso, in a book which he wrote shortly before his death last December, records innumerable materializations, not only of "fluidic" hands and arms that emerged from Eusapia's side, but also entire spirit forms, in one of whom he recognized his dead mother. Professor Chiaia and other experimenters secured through Eusapia's mediumship a number of impressions of ghostly hands and faces on wet clay that had been placed in the cabinet. At a séance in Genoa, in the winter of 1906–7, attended by Professor Morselli and several other learned Italians, a table weighing about twenty-five pounds glided forward from a recess, while a metronome that stood on the table began its monotonous tick-tack sound without having been, so far as the investigators could detect, set in motion by anybody.

An episode in another Genoese séance was still more sensational. The curtain of the cabinet was seen to swell out exactly as it would have done if some person were leaning against it. Yet when one of the sitters, Signor Barzini, poked his head into the cabinet, he found it empty. The bulge in the curtain continuing, Barzini slowly ran his hand over it. "He identifies the forehead, feeling the cheeks and the nose with the palm of his hand; and when he touches the lips, the mouth of the thing opens and seizes his hand under the thumb." Could anything be more amazing? An invisible man, and an invisible man that bites!

It is the production of such phenomena as these, manifested under conditions declared to render fraud impossible, that has convinced many psychical researchers of the genuineness of Eusapia Paladino's performances. They do not all agree, though, in their interpretation of the agency involved. Some say it is the work of spirits; others, a more numerous group, attribute the phenomena to the operation of a mysterious but in no wise supernatural force. Others, again, refuse to attempt any interpretation, insisting that the evidence thus far obtained does not warrant any positive conclusions, and even suggesting that, notwithstanding the seeming rigor of the conditions imposed on Eusapia by the investigators, it will eventually be found that she has produced all her phenomena by fraudulent means.

This view, indeed, has much to support it, for it is admitted even by those who most firmly believe in her that she makes use of trickery whenever the opportunity offers. She has been caught, for instance, furtively picking flowers in a garden, with a view to "ma-



DANIEL DUNGLAS HOME
The most successful "physical medium" in the annals of spiritism

COPYRIGHT 1909 BY VAN DER WEYDE

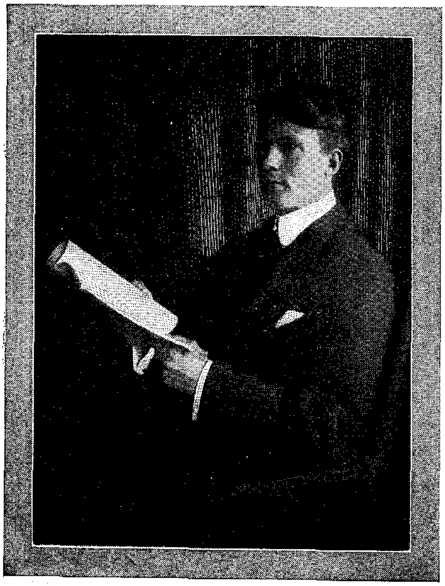
EUSAPIA PALADINO

A woman who possesses great skill and has many remarkable qualities as a medium. She has been repeatedly detected in fraud

terializing" them in the séance room as *apports* brought through the wall in defiance of the laws of space. She has been detected simulating a human face by manipulating her two hands wrapped in a handkerchief to resemble a turban. At Paris, Camille Flammarion virtually convicted her of moving the balance of a letter-weigher by means of a hair plucked from her head when she thought no one was watching; and Dr. Gustave le Bon satisfied himself that she produced many of her most impressive manifestations by deftly freeing one of her hands from the grasp of the "controllers." She was caught doing this repeatedly during a series of séances in England before a committee of the Society for Psychical Research, and was publicly denounced as an impostor, the committee declaring that her performance had been "fraudulent from beginning to end." Since then, to be sure, another committee, appointed by the Society after an interval of thirteen years, has rendered a totally different verdict; but the committee's report, as published in a recent number of the Society's "Proceedings," will hardly carry conviction to one not already convinced, especially in view of the fact that since Eusapia's arrival in America she has once more been detected in fraudulent practices, this time by Professor Münsterberg.

The Münsterberg exposure is significant for more than one reason. Professor Münsterberg has for years taken the position that a man of science is not competent to investigate the phenomena of physical mediumship, since, it being well known that these phenomena are frequently produced by sleight-of-hand and kindred methods, the great thing to determine is the employment or non-employment of such methods, and for this purpose not a scientist but a prestidigitator is best fitted to fill the investigator's rôle. Evidently, after reading the report of the latest investigating committee of the Society for Psychical Research—the three members of which were amateur conjurers—he came to the conclusion that not even a prestidigitator was capable of properly investigating Eusapia Paladino.

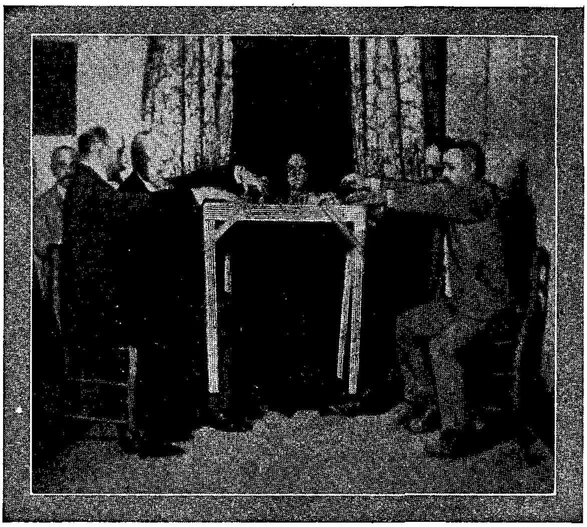
At any rate, having attended one séance which greatly mystified him, he took with him to a second séance a detective, who contrived to creep unnoticed into the darkened cabinet. The usual manifestations—raps, levitations of the séance table, touches by spirit hands, etc.—developed in bewildering variety, while Professor Münsterberg and a friend sat on either side of Eusapia guarding her hands and feet. Altogether it was a most "convincing" séance up to the point where the table in the cabinet was due to begin its customary pranks. The moment it



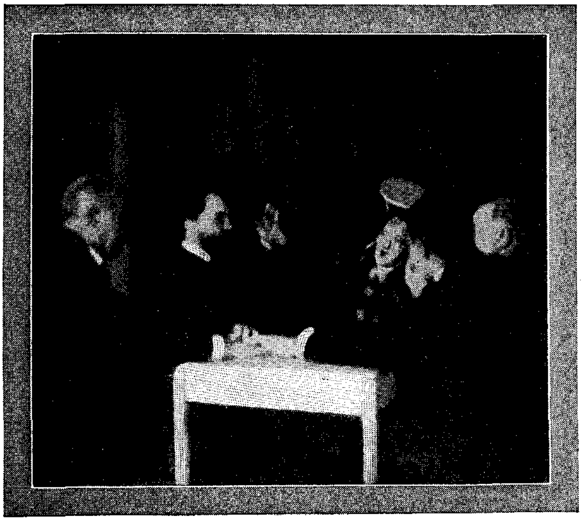
HEREWARD CARRINGTON

American psychical researcher who brought Paladino to this country after having been convinced of the genuineness of her "phenomena" began to move, the detective, who had been lying flat on the floor, reached up in the darkness and clutched the first object his hand encountered. It turned out to be Eusapia's left foot, which she had slipped out of its shoe without arousing the slightest suspicion in the mind of Professor Münsterberg, who supposed he was still controlling her left hand and foot!

This, of course, is not proof that she invariably produces her phenomena fraudulently; but, taken in connection with the previous exposures mentioned above, it unquestionably raises a strong presumption that in fraud, plus occasionally hallucination on the part of the sitters, we have the true explanation of all Eusapia Paladino's marvels. And as with Eusapia, so, there is ample reason to believe, with Home. The latter, as has already been said, was not once detected in fraud. But, on the other hand, he was only once subjected to anything like a rigorous and systematic investigation—namely, in his séances with Sir William Crookes—and the published record shows that even in that investigation the precautions against trickery were woefully inadequate. On every other occasion his séances appear to have been given under conditions rendering them absolutely worthless for evidential purposes; and, although one has no right to question the veracity and good faith of the witnesses to his most sensational phenomena—the levitations, elongations, and so forth—it is permissible to doubt that they actually saw what they thought they saw. As Dr. Hodgson, Mr. Davey, and other experts of the Society for Psychical Research have demonstrated, the possibilities for mal-observation and delusion in matters of this kind are enormous. It is probably too late now to adduce positive proof that Home was a trickster; but the otherwise unbroken record of proven fraud in the physical phenomena of mediumship at least warrants a strong suspicion that, had he been investigated as, for example, Eusapia Paladino has been investigated, he too would have been detected practicing the conjurer's art.


LEVITATION OF A TABLE AT ONE OF PALADINO'S EUROPEAN SÉANCES

Not that I would accuse Home of deliberately committing fraud for the sake of monetary gain. The evidence shows that at no time in the thirty years of his medium-


A TABOURET APPEARING FROM THE MEDIUM'S CABINET. A FREQUENT PHENOMENON OF THE PALADINO SÉANCES

ship did he exact any payment for admission to his séances; and it also shows that he sincerely believed in himself, just as, for that matter, Eusapia seems to believe in herself. The likelihood is that Home, Eusapia, and the little poltergeist girl of Ham detected by Mr. Westlake belong in the same class; and all three of them must be accounted victims of a psychical dissociation, such as was described in my article on present-day mental healing.[1]

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

The Harvard University psychologist who recently detected Eusapia Paladino in fraud

That Eusapia is an hysterical is attested by Professors Lombroso and Morselli, each of whom made a careful clinical examination of her; and it is a widely recognized fact that one of the characteristic stigmata of hysteria is an unconscious and unconquerable tendency to deceit and duplicity, coupled often with almost incredible cleverness in avoiding detection. The story of Home's life, as told by himself, his wife, and witnesses of his séances, shows that he also was an abnormal being, and in particular that he had a veritable mania for notoriety. Thus, a lady who knew him well testifies that "he basked in admiration, and delighted also to admire—provided his own dues were not pinched thereby. No other medium had he a good word for, nor any kind of manifestation he himself had not been favored with. He had no discretion in his speech when moved, but poured out denunciation, taunt, scorn, in a delightfully untrammeled fashion, 'the Blavatsky' occupying an exalted place in his niche of execration." Perhaps in this passage we have the clue to solve the mystery of his singular career.

Even granting—which I, for one, am not prepared to do—that, after all, there may be some residue of truth in the fraud-permeated physical phenomena, this brings us, as we saw in our survey of the history of psychical research, no nearer the solution of the crucial problem. To prove survival of personality after the death of the body, proof of personal identity is obviously necessary, and nothing of this is forthcoming in the flingings and tumblings of the séance room. For this reason the psychical researchers of England and America, though not as yet of Continental Europe, are more and more devoting their time to studying, not the physical, but the psychical phenomena, in which fraud is easier to detect, higher standards of evidence may be insisted on, and definite proof of personal identity is offered.

The phenomena in question include more especially apparitions, monitory dreams, the visions of crystal-gazing, and the alleged messages from the dead communicated through the mediumship of so-called "automatic" writers and speakers. It is to this last class of phenomena that the psychical researchers have been paying particular attention, the English Society for Psychical Research being most active in this respect and having had under close observation, for periods ranging from twenty-five to ten years, half a dozen automatic mediums against whom, whatever the explanation of their trance utterances and written communications, the charge of fraud cannot be successfully laid.

Of these only one, the celebrated Mrs. Piper—who in twenty-five years of the most watchful espionage has never been detected obtaining her trance information fraudulently—can be called a professional medium. The others are Englishwomen of good family who give sittings only to their closest friends and to members of the Society for Psychical Research.

---

[1] See The Outlook for September 4, 1909.

They are: Mrs. Holland, a resident of India; Mrs. Forbes; Mrs. Thompson; Mrs. Verrall, of Newnham College, Cambridge, and her daughter, Miss Helen Verrall. Through each of these ladies, as through Mrs. Piper, have come hundreds of messages purporting to emanate from the spirit world, and frequently giving information of so intimate a character as to convince the sitters that the source of the messages is actually as claimed.

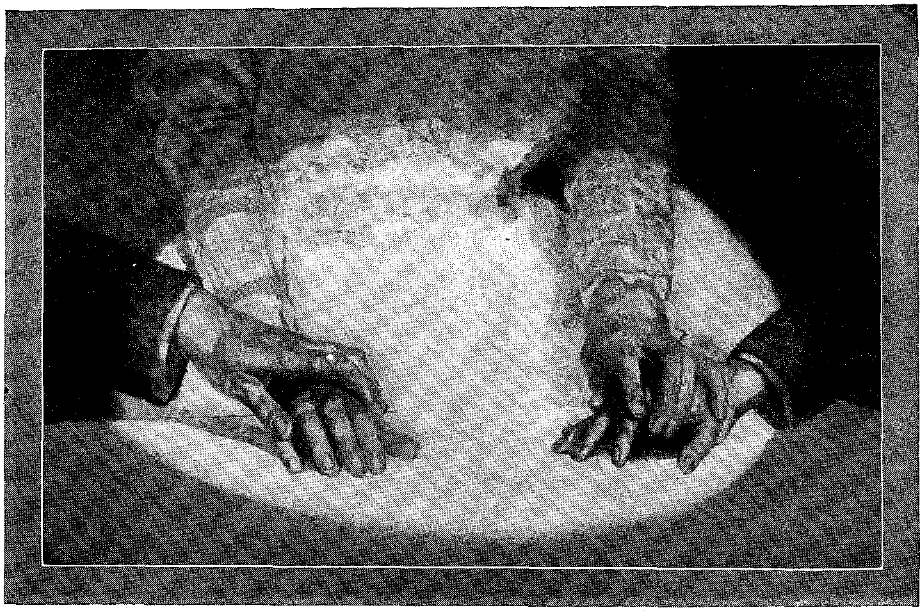
More than this, since the death of Edmund Gurney, Henry Sidgwick, Frederic Myers, and Richard Hodgson, in their lifetime the Society's most active members, the trance communications have largely purported to come from them, and have been so peculiarly conditioned as to suggest, not only that the "spirits" of the four great psychical researchers are in touch with their living friends, but also that, "from the other side," they are devising special tests to overcome the objection that the trance messages possibly evidence, not spirit communication, but merely telepathy between living minds.

To put the matter more concretely, let me cite the case of Mrs. Holland. She is, as I said, a resident of India. In 1893, having seen in the "Review of Reviews" a reference to automatic writing, she experimented in it herself, and found that she possessed the faculty of penning coherent sentences without being conscious of what she was writing. She continued these experiments for ten years, or until 1903, when, after reading Myers's "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death," she one day discovered that her automatic writing was seemingly no longer spontaneous, but controlled by two outside intelligences that called themselves "Myers" and "Gurney." Each "control," alternating with the other, caused her to write long communications, in which there was mingled with much that seemed unintelligible and nonsensical long descriptions of unnamed persons and places. Her interest aroused, Mrs. Holland collected a number of these communications and mailed them to Miss Alice Johnson, Research Officer of the English Society for Psychical Research.

Examining them carefully, Miss Johnson discovered, much to her surprise, that they contained unmistakable references to people and the homes of people whom Myers and Gurney had known intimately, but of whom, as Miss Johnson satisfied herself by searching inquiry, Mrs. Holland had no knowledge. Thus there was an excellent description of Mrs. Verrall, her husband, Dr. A. W. Verrall, and the Verrall dining-room, in which Myers had often been entertained. Even the street address of the Verralls was correctly given. Miss Johnson, as may be imagined, at once wrote, urging Mrs. Holland to continue her automatic writing, and to forward all her script to the offices of the Society. This was done, with the result that much else of a seemingly evidential value was soon obtained. It was especially noted that, although Mrs. Holland knew nothing of Latin and Greek, her communications from the Myers control occasionally contained passages written in both these languages, with which Myers had been well acquainted.

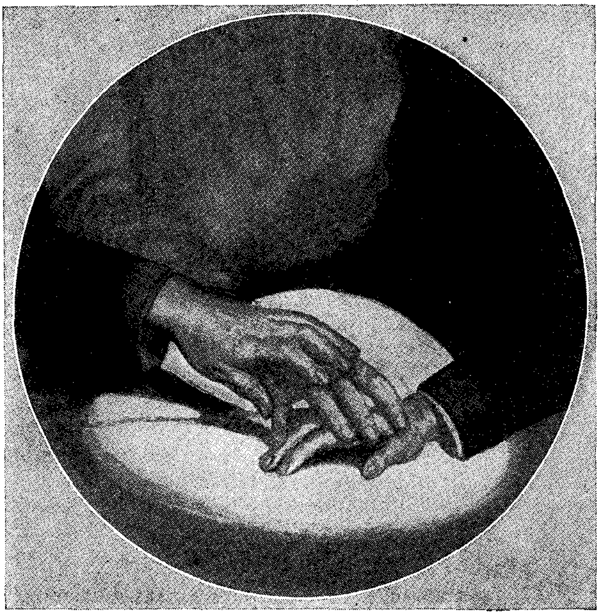
November 25, 1903, the Gurney control wrote in the automatic script: "Now there is an experiment I want you to make—Suggest to the P. R.—to Miss J.—that some one with a trained will—she will have no difficulty in finding some one of the sort—is to try—for a few minutes—every morning for at least a month—to convey a thought—a phrase—a name—anything they like—to your mind." In due course this suggestion was sent by Mrs. Holland to Miss Johnson, who arranged for a series of such experiments, with Mrs. Verrall acting as the second medium.

The experiments began in March, 1905, were continued until towards the end of May, and were resumed for a few weeks in the spring of the following year. The scheme adopted, however, was not exactly that suggested by the Gurney control. Instead of simply attempting to convey some thought to Mrs. Holland's mind, Mrs. Verrall, at Miss Johnson's suggestion, wrote automatically herself on each day that Mrs. Holland was to write. Neither medium was to hold the slightest communication with the other, but both were to forward their automatic scripts to Miss Johnson as soon as written. In fact, in order to prevent any loophole for fraud, Miss Johnson throughout the 1905 experiments kept Mrs. Holland in ignorance of



HOW MADAME PALADINO IS SUPPOSED TO FREE HER LEFT HAND SURREPTITIOUSLY

A spot light thrown on the table at the beginning of a séance would show the hands of the medium and her two neighbors in the above position. The medium places her right hand below and her left hand above. In shifting her position she withdraws her hands for a moment, and in rejoining the "chain" brings back only her right hand (see lower picture). The change is not noticed because her hand is still above the one on the right (as before) and below the one on the left (as before). Her left hand is now free to produce "spirit manifestations," and no one in the circle knows it. These drawings were made from photographs taken under the direction of Mr. Hereward Carrington, the object being to explain one of the tricks of dishonest mediums.



the identity of her fellow-experimenter, who, for her part, was ignorant of Mrs. Holland's real name—the "Holland" being a pseudonym. Some very interesting results were secured.

March 1, 1905, Mrs. Holland's script contained these statements: "There are cut flowers in the blue jar—jonquils I think and tulips—growing tulips near the window. A dull day, but the sky hints at spring and one chirping bird is heard above the roar of the traffic." In reply to a questioning letter from Miss Johnson, Mrs. Verrall wrote: "On March 1 the only cut flowers in my drawing-room were in two blue china jars on the mantelpiece; the flowers were large single daffodils. On the ledge of the window . . . were three pots of growing yellow tulips—the only flowers near any window. The day was dull in the morning, but about twelve the sun came out and it was warm; it rained heavily in the afternoon."

There was no "cross-correspondence" in the writings of the two scripts for this or the next two weeks—the experimenters wrote only once a week—but in the scripts of the week following Miss Johnson found a curious coincidence—the presence of notes of music. Only once before or since, she testifies, have notes of music appeared in the script of either Mrs. Verrall or Mrs. Holland. In Mrs. Holland's script of that same date, March 22, there was also a reference to "the ivory gate through which all good dreams come." Mrs. Verrall, it was learned, on March 19 or 20, had been reading Virgil's passage in the "Æneid" about the gates of horn and ivory. She had been reading Dante, too, in the original Italian, the first time she had read anything in Italian for months; and, oddly enough, Mrs. Holland's script for March 22 contained a sentence in Italian.

Later scripts were characterized by even more striking correspondences, and —which is not without interest—on more than one occasion the controls issued warnings against placing faith in Eusapia Paladino. For instance, on December 1, 1905, the Myers control wrote through Mrs. Holland: "There may be raps genuine enough of their kind—I concede the raps—Poltergeist merely—but the luminous appearances—the sounds of a semi-musical nature—the flower falling upon the table—Trickery—trickery." And the Gurney control added: "Her feet are very important—Next time can't Miss J. sit with the sapient feet both touching hers—Let her fix her thoughts on the feet and prevent the least movement of them." As Professor Münsterberg has discovered, Eusapia's feet are indeed important.

These first experiments were followed by others, in which, besides Mrs. Holland and Mrs. Verrall, all four of the other mediums mentioned above took part, and again suggestive cross-correspondences were secured. Besides which, having been induced by the results of the Verrall-Holland experiments to study more closely earlier scripts stored in the Society's archives, Miss Johnson discovered what seemed to be similar cross-correspondences that occurred before any experiments of this kind were undertaken. I can give only one or two illustrations. August 28, 1901, Mrs. Forbes wrote a message purporting to come from her dead son Talbot, to the effect that he had to leave her in order to control another "sensitive," and through her obtain corroboration of Mrs. Forbes's own automatic writing. On the same day Mrs. Verrall wrote in Latin of a fir tree planted in a garden, and the script was signed with a sword and a suspended bugle. The latter was part of the badge of the regiment to which Talbot Forbes had belonged, and Mrs. Forbes had in her garden some fir trees grown from seed sent to her by her son. These facts, according to Miss Johnson, were unknown to Mrs. Verrall.

In another case Mrs. Forbes wrote, on November 26 and 27, 1902, references, absolutely meaningless to herself, to a passage in a book which Mrs. Verrall had been reading on those days; and the references also applied appropriately to an obscure sentence in Mrs. Verrall's own script of November 26.

But undoubtedly the most impressive cross-correspondences were obtained in a series of experiments extending from November, 1906, to June, 1907, and involving concordant automatism between Mrs. Holland, in India, and Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Verrall, and Miss Verrall, in England. A full report on this series is given in the October, 1908, issue of the Society's "Proceedings." The plan followed was to suggest to the controls of Mrs. Piper—in her case the alleged "spirits" of Myers, Sidgwick, and Hodgson—that they transmit to one or more of the other automatists some test word or message. There were many failures, but there were also many seeming successes.

January 16, 1907, the Myers control promised that it would, as a proof of its identity, cause Mrs. Holland and Mrs. Verrall to sign a piece of automatic writing with a triangle drawn within a circle. A circle with a triangle inside it actually appeared in Mrs. Verrall's script of January 28, while a script from Mrs. Holland exhibited several geometrical figures, including a circle with a triangle outside it. February 6 the same control said that it had just been referring, through Mrs. Verrall, to a "library matter," and investigation showed that half an hour earlier Mrs. Verrall, writing at her home in Cambridge, had begun a script in which the word "library" occurred three times—the only time during the period of the experiments that "library" was mentioned in her automatic writing or in Mrs. Piper's trance statements. The Myers control again, on February 11, announced that it had given " hope, star, and Browning " to Mrs. Verrall, and her script showed that this was correct. February 12 the Hodgson control declared it had been trying to impress the word " arrow " on Mrs. Verrall. Her script for the previous day, when received at the Society's offices in London, proved to be decorated with a drawing of three arrows.

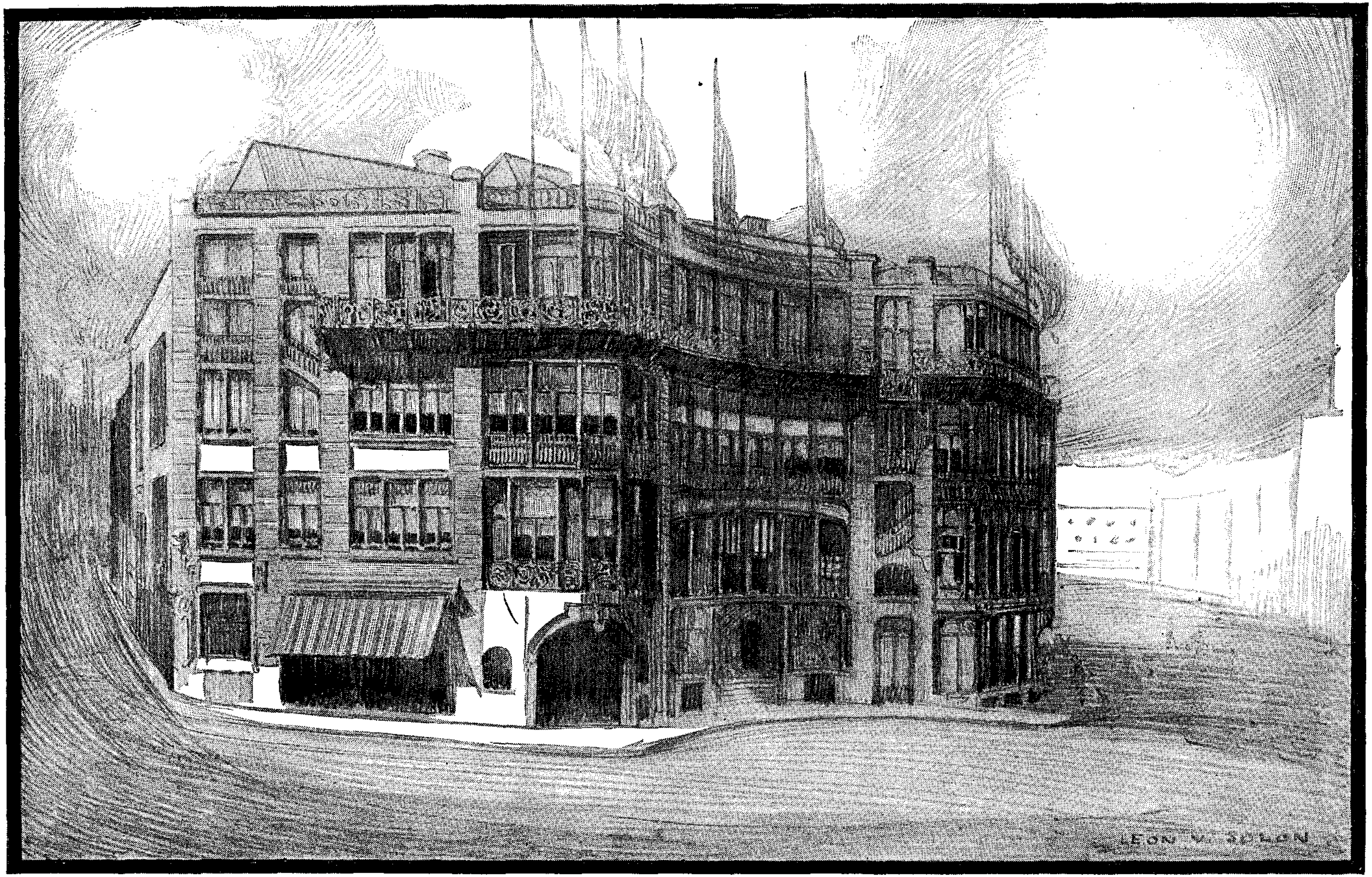
It is the multiplicity of coincidences like these—and I have been able to give only the merest fragment of the evidence in hand—that has recently persuaded many hitherto hesitating psychical researchers, notably Sir Oliver Lodge, that scientific proof of spirit communication has veritably been obtained. For myself, I must frankly say, however, that I cannot accept this view of the case. Fraud, I admit, is out of the question as an explanatory hypothesis. Nor does it seem possible to explain away the evidence on the theory of mere chance, guessing, " lucky hits," etc. But there remains the hypothesis of telepathy between living minds.

For reasons which I have set forth in my book on " The Riddle of Personality," and which I cannot undertake to repeat here, I feel that in the telepathic rather than in the spiritistic hypothesis lies the correct explanation of such phenomena as have just been described, as also of the well-authenticated phenomena of apparitions, auditions, coincidental dreams, and crystal visions collected in amazing number by the Society for Psychical Research. At the same time I fully appreciate and warmly sympathize with the honest conviction of those who, in the eloquent words of Sir Oliver Lodge, are satisfied that " the boundary between the two states—the known and the unknown—" though still substantial, " is wearing thin in places, and, like excavators engaged in boring a tunnel from opposite ends, amid the roar of water and other noises, we are beginning to hear now and again the strokes of the pickaxes of our comrades on the other side."

MUSIC OF THE MARSHES

BY CLARA GRIFFITH GAZZAM

The wind creeps in from off the sea
And wakes the marsh to life,
Until each grass-blade seems to be
A thing with passion rife.
The reeds become the pipes o' Pan,
Whose music, weird and shrill,
Doth penetrate the heart of man
And bend him to their will.
They call with siren tenderness:
" Come, venture in my path,
And let your feet my bosom press
In dreamy aftermath.
The spirit lamps are all alight
To guide thy weary feet.
Come, keep a lover's tryst to-night
Where misty shadows meet.
I'll take thee to my inmost heart,
In token of our tryst,
While silently the rushes part
Before love's will-o'-wisp."


LEON V. SOLON

THE PALACE OF LABOR AT BRUSSELS

Conquering a Nation with Bread[1]

By Frederic C. Howe

With Drawings by Leon V. Solon

THE conquest of a nation through the stomach is the dream of the Party of Workers in Belgium. And the means employed is bread, the chief article of food in one of the most highly organized, the most densely populated, and in many ways the most poverty-stricken and ignorant country in western Europe. About bread and the misery of the peasant and the artisan a militant political party has been organized, which has grown in twenty-seven years from a mere handful of workers until it now has thirty-five members in the lower house of Parliament and seven Senators in the upper house, while the Councils of many cities are in its control, and over six hundred members of the legislative bodies of the towns and communes of the country accept its principles. The total vote of the party is half a million, in a country with a total population of but 7,161,000, and its leaders expect that after the election in 1910 it will control, or at least largely dictate, the policy of the party in power. All this has been brought about in a country where wages and incomes are pitiably low, where illiteracy is very high,[2] and the control of the government has been in the hands of the party of reaction for many years. The brain, the heart, and the will power of this movement is the "Maison du Peuple," the palace of the workingman in the capital of Belgium.

Here in Brussels, in a prominent street, not far from the Palace of Justice, the Houses of Parliament, and the Bourse, is the clearing-house of social life, of education, of food, groceries, coal, and the necessities of life of the people; here is the center of countless political movements and labor organizations as well as of the Socialist International, with its millions of members and its rapidly advancing conquest of the workers of Europe.

The foundation of the Maison is the co-operative production of bread. The movement started in a cellar in 1882 with a capital of but $120. It owned two hand ovens, had two employees and a dog to deliver its output to the fifty-four families who united in the co-operative movement. It obtained fifty sacks of flour on credit. To-day it produces 10,175,000 loaves of bread a year, has 20,000 members, and is housed in a home of its own which cost $240,000.

A quarter of a million dollars does not sound very big to us, accustomed to think in millions. But Belgium is a country in which a centime, a fifth of a cent, is the measure of value to the common people, where potatoes are the main article of food of a large part of the peasants and bread the universal diet of the millions who toil. To these people the wheat corner in Chicago increased the cost of living more than the workers could have secured in wages in a great strike. And it affected them all. And while a single man was engaged in a tiger-like struggle in the wheat pit of Chicago the co-operative societies of Belgium were striving to find ways to escape an increase of two-fifths of a cent in the price of a loaf of bread. Strange anomaly! While private initiative, which we extol as a sacred right, brought starvation to hundreds of thousands, the spirit of co-operation, which is inspired by other motives than private gain, was bending its energies to protect a people from the unbridled license which it involved.

THE CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES

Centimes really count in this country where men still work eleven and twelve hours a day and at the end of the week receive but three dollars in wages for their toil in industrial establishments; where children of not more than six years of age are found at work with their fathers in the building trades. Here the sweated home industry everywhere competes with the factory. Lace, embroidery, and glove making, the weaving of cotton and silk, are still carried on in the cottages of the peasants by men, while whole communities eke out the poorest kind of an existence on a small holding of rented land. Among these small tenants a single cow is too costly for the most ambitious dreams, while a single pig, a few sheep or chickens, are jealously cared for and everything that is produced is carried to the nearest village to be sold. Tens of thousands of people scarcely know the taste of meat, even when they produce it themselves. Yet this is a country which is cultivated like a garden. It is divided into small holdings, many of them less than an acre in extent. But they are not the holdings of peasant proprietors, such as prevail in France, in Holland, and in Denmark; they are the holdings of a rack-rented peasantry paying a large part of what they produce to a landlord, not unlike the tenants in Ireland.

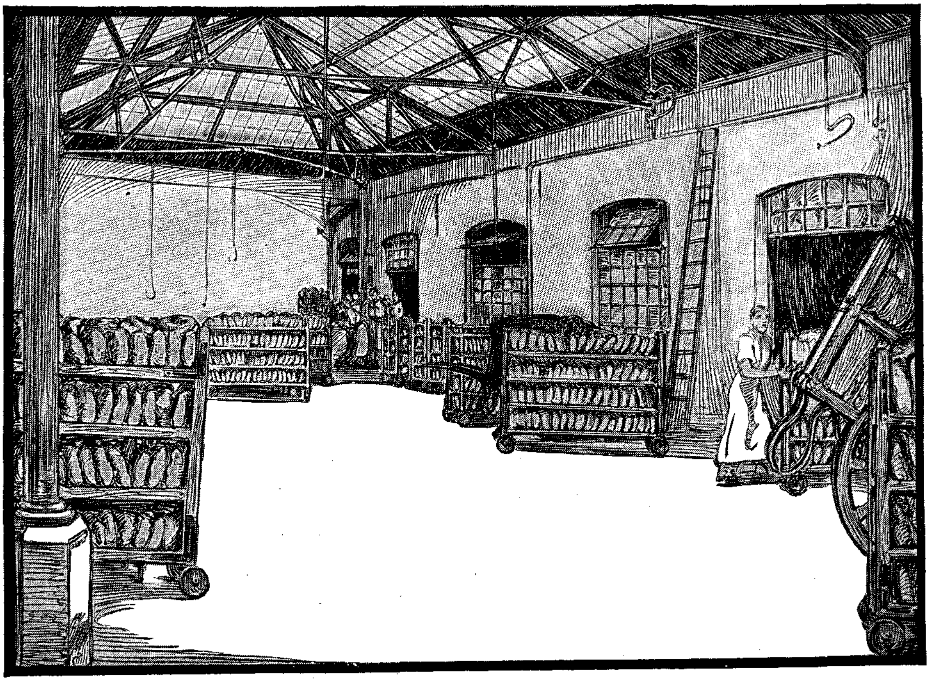
---

[1] The fourth of a series of five articles on Industrial Democracy in Europe.

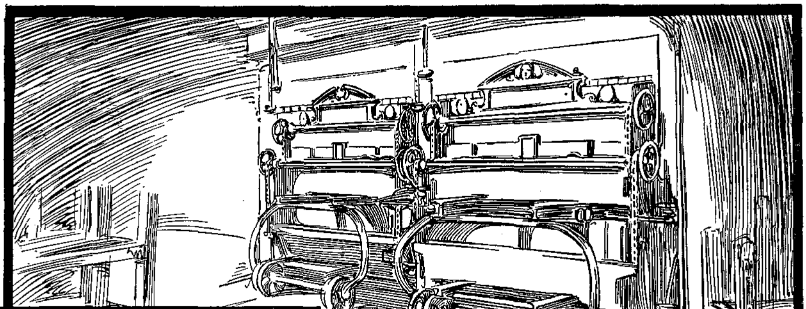
[2] Illiteracy is indicated by the candidates for the army. In 1902 there were 100 illiterates in Belgium out of 1,000 militiamen, as compared with one in Germany, Sweden, and Denmark, and as compared with 37 in England and 46 in France. Education is far from universal or compulsory. Nominally public, it is in the hands of the Catholic clergy. The manager of a large manufacturing plant in a village not far from Brussels told me that there was scarcely an employee in his factory who could read or write, while many employers executed their contracts with a mark instead of a signature.

I do not know the antecedents of the men whom I met who are devoting themselves to the co-operative movement, and through co-operation to the conquest of the State for Socialism. But they are not the kind of men one is led to believe control the labor movement. Many of them are cultivated, scientific, and practical. They are afire with an enthusiasm that evidently commands love and respect. They have a vision of the society they would call into existence on earth as definite and as clear as the mental pictures of the future life that sent the Inquisition into the Netherlands and inspired William the Silent and his people to the defense of Protestantism.

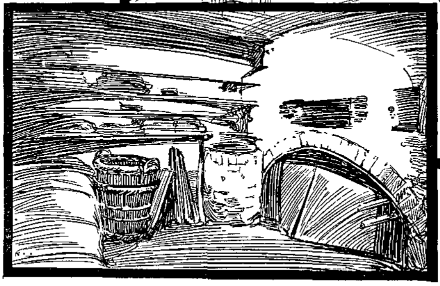
The Maison du Peuple, from which their work is carried on, is an oasis in the midst of ignorance, reaction, and oppression. As the present Director, Alphonse Octros, said, "Through it the workers gain force and courage for the combat against social iniquities. They come to understand how to control themselves and to love and to aid one another by mutual effort." Its legal title is the Co-operative Society of Workers. Its motive is the production and sale of the necessities of life to the people at cost. It was born of



THE BAKERY IN THE PALACE OF LABOR



THE GREAT OVENS AT THE PALACE OF LABOR



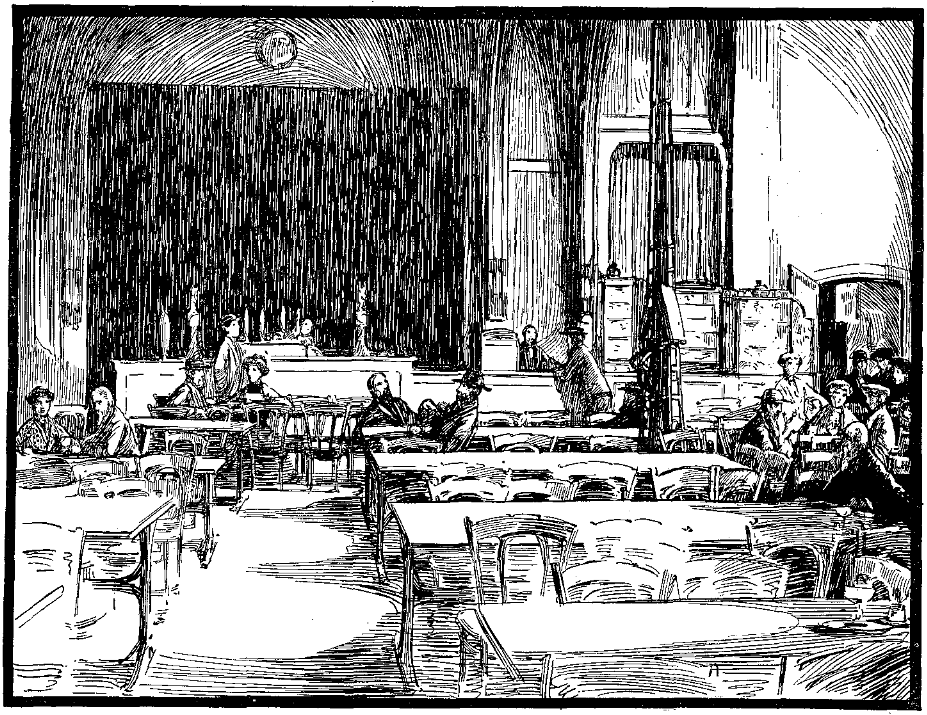
THE FIRST OVEN THAT WAS USED

the oppression of the working class. The establishment of the Maison du Peuple was the beginning of the present propaganda for the co-operative movement which has since spread all over Belgium.

THE GROWTH OF THE MOVEMENT

The movement grew rapidly. From 1882 to 1886 the production increased to 3,000 loaves a week. Then came the idea of bigger things. An unused synagogue was rented on the Place de Bavière. A café was opened. Headquarters were provided for the labor unions and affiliated organizations. There was a large hall for all kinds of meetings. The little co-operative bakery became a political and trades union movement. To the workers the new home seemed like a palace. By 1888 the production of bread had increased to 8,000 loaves a week. In 1889 it doubled again. Then a butcher shop was opened. Coal, butter, and all kinds of groceries were added. In 1891 free medical attendance was provided for the members, along with a free dispensary. This is one of the most valuable institutions of the movement. For the insignificant sum of one cent a week members command the services of any one of twenty-six excellent physicians employed by the Maison. There are specialists in the eye and ear, the throat, and the nose. There are also a free dental dispensary and a free pharmacy. In addition there is an arrangement for free legal services for those who are in trouble.

In 1899 the Maison du Peuple moved into its present home, on Joseph Stevens Street. The club-house cost $240,000. It is four stories in height. Across the face of the structure are tablets bearing the names of Marx, Proudhon, Volders, and others. The building itself was erected for the purpose. It is a combination club-house, café, general store, and office building for the labor movement and Socialist and co-operative propaganda. On the lower floor is a café, with a seating capacity of eight hundred persons, where beers, light wines, coffee, and food are sold at a low cost. Beer costs two and a half cents a glass, wines from two to three cents, and coffee two cents. The use of spirits is discouraged, and temperance is promoted by the substitution of lighter drinks. On the same floor is a billiard hall. In the café one finds crowds of men and of women, by day as well as in the evening, playing cards, checkers, backgammon, and enjoying themselves in the way that Continental people do in their cafés. Here are to be found the daily papers. To the right as one enters is a general store where clothing and household utensils are sold. On the floor above are the offices of administration from which the affairs of the Co-operative Society as well as the work of



THE CAFÉ AT THE PALACE OF LABOR

the Socialist International and the local trades unions is carried on. Here are some fine paintings representative of social problems; here are the meeting-rooms for allied working-class movements; here are a good library filled with carefully chosen books, and offices for the propagation of the movement, both local and general. Upon the top floor is the Salle des Fêtes, where Socialist and labor congresses meet. Here two or three times a week cinematograph entertainments of carefully selected subjects are given, while on Sunday evenings concerts and dramatic performances are given by members of the Maison or invited artists. I attended a concert given by the members of the Théâtre des la Monnaie in May last. It was like the best symphony concerts of America. There was nothing that was frivolous. The audience was critical and appreciative. The concert lasted till nearly midnight. The hall was crowded with what looked like a middle-class audience of clerks, small business men, and artisans. There was little to suggest poverty. Possibly the charge of ten cents was prohibitive. There was a fine *camaraderie* between the audience and the performers. Many of the artists were Socialists, which seems to be not unusual in Belgium, for Socialism is the party which protests most strongly against the Catholic Church and its influence in politics.

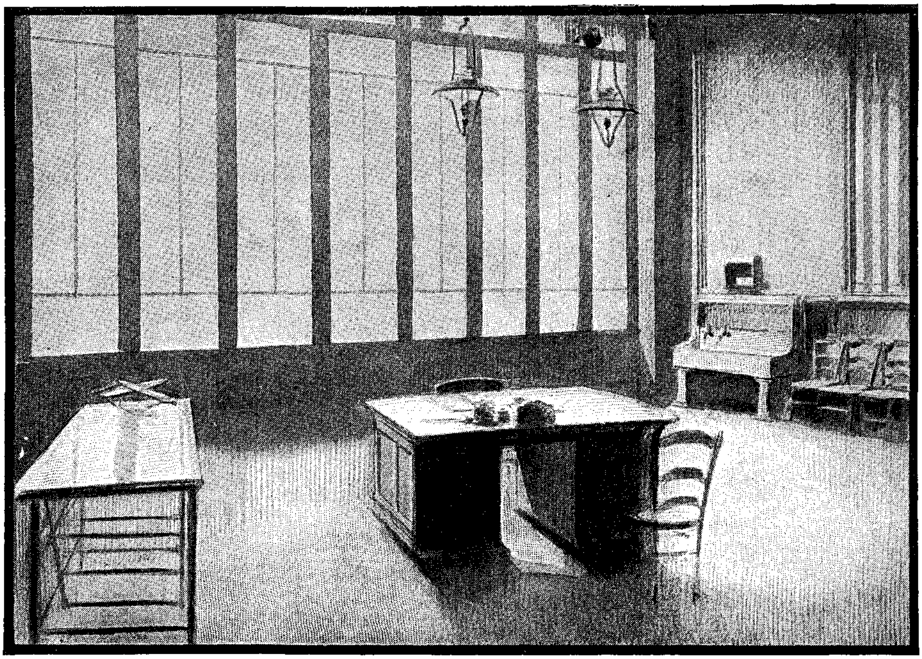
In this hall, supported by a very small charge for admission, the cause of the workers is promoted by the presentation of serious plays, by lectures and concerts, while the cinematograph is used, not only to entertain, but to instruct by homely and trenchant mottoes which appeal to the children.

The cause of the workers has become the cause of the artist in Belgium. The wonderful productions of Meunier, like "The Dock Laborer," which has been purchased by the city of Antwerp and placed in front of the Fine Arts Museum, his "Puddler," in the Royal Museum of Sculpture in Brussels, are masterpieces of the soul of art going out to those who toil. Meunier made the docker, the miner, the glass-worker, and the peasant the symbol of modern life, and bronze and plaster reproductions of his masterpieces confront one in the library of almost every social worker. At Ghent the workers erected a studio for van Biesbroeck and his son, and assure them an income so that they may devote themselves to the pursuit of art without concern for their livelihood. The work of the younger van Biesbroeck adorns the halls of the co-operative establishments of Belgium and preserves to future generations the condition of the workers of to-day, much as the great Flemish masters of the seventeenth century preserve to us the religious fervor of their times.

Art, music, and the drama—all these things form a part of the co-operative movement in Belgium. Not the cheap and the tawdry, not the vulgar and the low, such as is given to us by managers in America, on the plea that this is what the American people want, but the best, the highest, and the most worth while that their limited means permit them to produce. When one sees the eager, awakened look in the eyes of the working classes, one is forced to wonder whether the theatrical managers in America who insist that we get what we really want do not really give us what they themselves want—what appeals to their uncultured if not vulgar ideals, assuming that what pleases them must be the universal taste of the people.

THE RESULTS OF CO-OPERATION

The Maison du Peuple has reduced the price of bread from seven and eight cents to six cents a loaf, while the private bakers have been forced to give honest weights and pure bread. At the end of every six months the Maison returns to the members in the form of dividends three centimes on each loaf of bread purchased and five centimes on each sack of coal. The savings on the domestic budget from this source for six months amount to from twenty to forty francs, according to the amount of the purchases. This dividend is sufficient to carry the worker over a period of idleness during the winter. The Maison also pays its employees a minimum wage of five francs a day for eight hours' work. It gives a week's vacation each year on full pay, six per cent of the profits, and permits the employees to select eight men on the Board of Managers. It insures those who desire it against sickness and accident, and all day long women may be seen paying their assessments, which amount to from two to four dollars on entrance, with a monthly assessment of twenty cents for an insurance of fifty cents per day in case of sickness and a death benefit of fifty dollars. The mutual insurance scheme has 2,800 members, and



THE DISPENSARY AT THE PALACE OF LABOR

in ten years' time has paid out $60,000 in benefits.

In sixteen years the sale of bread has amounted to seven million dollars, and the profits to almost exactly a million dollars. Mechanical ovens were introduced in 1892. By reason of this change the private bakers were forced to adopt mechanical ovens and meet the price of the co-operatives. During the recent rise in the price of flour the Maison kept down the cost of bread, and by so doing saved the consumers of Brussels the sum of $500,000 a year.

The Maison now has six local clubs located in different parts of the city. It has thirty-nine establishments, including one large central store, twenty-six groceries, a coal-yard, many bakeries, etc. Its annual turnover is $1,100,000, and its total capital invested amounts to $800,000. The balance-sheet for the half-year ending December 31, 1908, shows how its profits are expended: $7,500 was spent for medical gratuities; $2,000 for free bread to members in need; $5,250 for propaganda work, subsidies, aids, and labor unions; $30,000 was distributed to bread purchasers, $4,000 to grocery purchasers, and $4,000 to other purchasers. The total profits for six months were $60,000, or at the rate of $120,000 a year. The total receipts were as follows: Bread, $300,000; groceries, $90,000; coal, $50,000; novelties, etc., $45,000; café, $28,000; butcher shop, $43,000; and other sources, $24,000.

THE DREAM OF THE CO-OPERATIVE

It is a regular dynamo, this home of the people, erected from the centimes of the poor and ceaselessly boring its way into the life of the people by means of a loaf of bread. For it first feeds, and then, through the stomach, it brings the people into social, political, and educational contact and companionship. From 1883 to 1906 the profits and benefits of co-operation have amounted to $1,290,000. This sum has been paid back to the purchasers, has been used for medical services or for the promotion of propaganda work in the enlarging of the co-operative movement or the promotion of the political cause of the workers.

There is something that is sublime in the faith and the dreams of these men who for more than a quarter of a century have been laboring to awaken the workers of Belgium to combined effort in their own interest. "And the end of all this," I asked Camille Hausmans, the Secretary of the International Socialist Organization, as we stood in the office of the Director-General of the Maison du Peuple; "what is it that you plan to do with all this machinery?" "We aim to become the John D. Rockefeller of Brussels, and then of all Belgium," he smilingly replied. "And then?" I asked. "Then we aim to secure a monopoly of all other things, and finally, of course, to bring about the Socialist commonwealth."

The little group of co-operatives who were standing around smiled approval, as though this were a commonplace and the outcome were as assured as the rising of the morrow's sun. There was so much confidence, so much courage, so much sweetness, and so much calm, businesslike intelligence about it all. They meant what they said, and they were working for the control of Belgium with all the assurance in the world. The growth of the movement is some reason for their assurance. Co-operation has spread far beyond the boundaries of Brussels. Every town has its Maison du Peuple. In Ghent the workers secretly secured possession of a fine old house in an aristocratic quarter of the city. They called the home "Our House." Other cities have adopted different names, such as "Progress," "Equality," "Union," "Fraternity," and the like. But all of them require their members to sign the following pledge before they can enter the co-operative organization: "The Maison du Peuple is a Socialist co-operative. Co-operatives by their signatures to the books of the society give their adhesion to the Belgian working party to which they are affiliated." The total membership of all of the locals is 134,694. The total sales of all the local organizations amounted to eight million dollars in 1908, and the profits to one million dollars. The total capital invested was $2,850,000.

CO-OPERATIVE FEDERATION

In 1900 almost all of these societies were federated into a central body for the purpose of producing and buying in common. The federation did not have a sou when it started, but the sales for the first year amounted to $154,000. By 1908 the sales had grown to $600,000. Co-operative manufacturing plants now exist for the production of cotton, linen, hosiery, tobacco, baskets, and boots and shoes. There are iron foundries, printing and carpentering establishments. There are breweries and stone-quarrying co-operatives. The advantages of this central organization, as set forth in the articles of organization, are: First, cheapness in the making of purchases; second, exact measure and good quality of goods; third, the saving to the workers of all that is produced and the elimination of the middleman; fourth, the encouragement of libraries, education, conferences, and the like; fifth, better conditions of employment for the men, and a partial control over the administration. Thus the whole nation is being united about the production, exchange, and consumption of wealth. Thousands of men are being trained in the management of productive enterprises and in practical politics. Ideals are being created and the practical business of administration and of legislation is being learned in the City Councils and in Parliament.

THE POLITICAL PROGRAMME OF THE PARTY OF WORKERS

There is nothing that is revolutionary, nothing that is immoral, nothing that is even very radical about the aims of these Socialists. For the Party of Workers in Belgium is an opportunist party. It leaves its locals free to work with Liberals, Radicals, or even with the Conservative Catholic party when the emergency makes it advisable to do so, although it prefers that the locals should keep themselves free from all alliances. The immediate programme, so far as the nation as a whole is concerned, would commend itself to the most conservative American. It includes, as the first step, the abolition of the system of plural voting, by which the property classes have two, three, and even four votes, according to the amount of their wealth, and the substitution of the principle of one man and one vote. Second, the introduction of universal public education, which shall be compulsory, for, while education is nominally public, the Conservative or Church party has placed the administration of the law in the hands of clerical teachers, who have limited it as much as possible. The third step in the programme is the revision of the system of taxation so that it will be modern, for Belgium still levies its national taxes on a system that prevailed in France prior to the Revolution. It still has the window tax, and many other mediæval survivals. These proposals, with legislation providing for some sort of insurance against industrial accidents and for old age pensions, is the programme of the Socialist party, which plans to work with the Radicals and the Liberals in the Parliament to be elected in May, 1910.

In the cities the programme is equally moderate. It is always the next step. It includes the payment of a fair wage in all public work, the municipalization of the tramways, electric lighting, water and gas supplies, and the feeding of school children. These, with the housing of the working classes, which is already under way in Brussels, where two and one-quarter millions are being spent on a project of this kind, as well as the taxation of the unearned increment of land, which has made such rapid progress in Germany, is the local programme of Socialism. Not that the members of the party accept this as final. They have their eyes upon the working class State. But they are Fabians rather than absolutists, and more than any place else in Europe seem to appreciate the fact that Socialism involves training, education, experience, and a sense of solidarity and unity before it can hope to come into its own.

Photograph by Gutekunst

WILLIAM HOBART HARE

BISHOP OF SOUTH DAKOTA, 1838–1909

BY ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN

APOSTLE to the Indians in our day,
Whom we have seen and known, and, knowing, loved—
His earthly course is run; his memory lives!

'Twas not the Bishop's robes ensainted him,
But he, that gentle, high, courageous soul,
Wore them with more than priestly dignity.
In homely, human hours we shared with him,—
Long hours of travel over crested seas
Of blowing prairie—only waving grass
And empty sky; or sitting there at meat
Upon the friendly sod, beneath the stars,—
With passing grace he touched life's common needs.
His was the quaint and moving jest, the smile
Exquisitely urbane, the golden speech
That charms the ear and lingers in the heart.

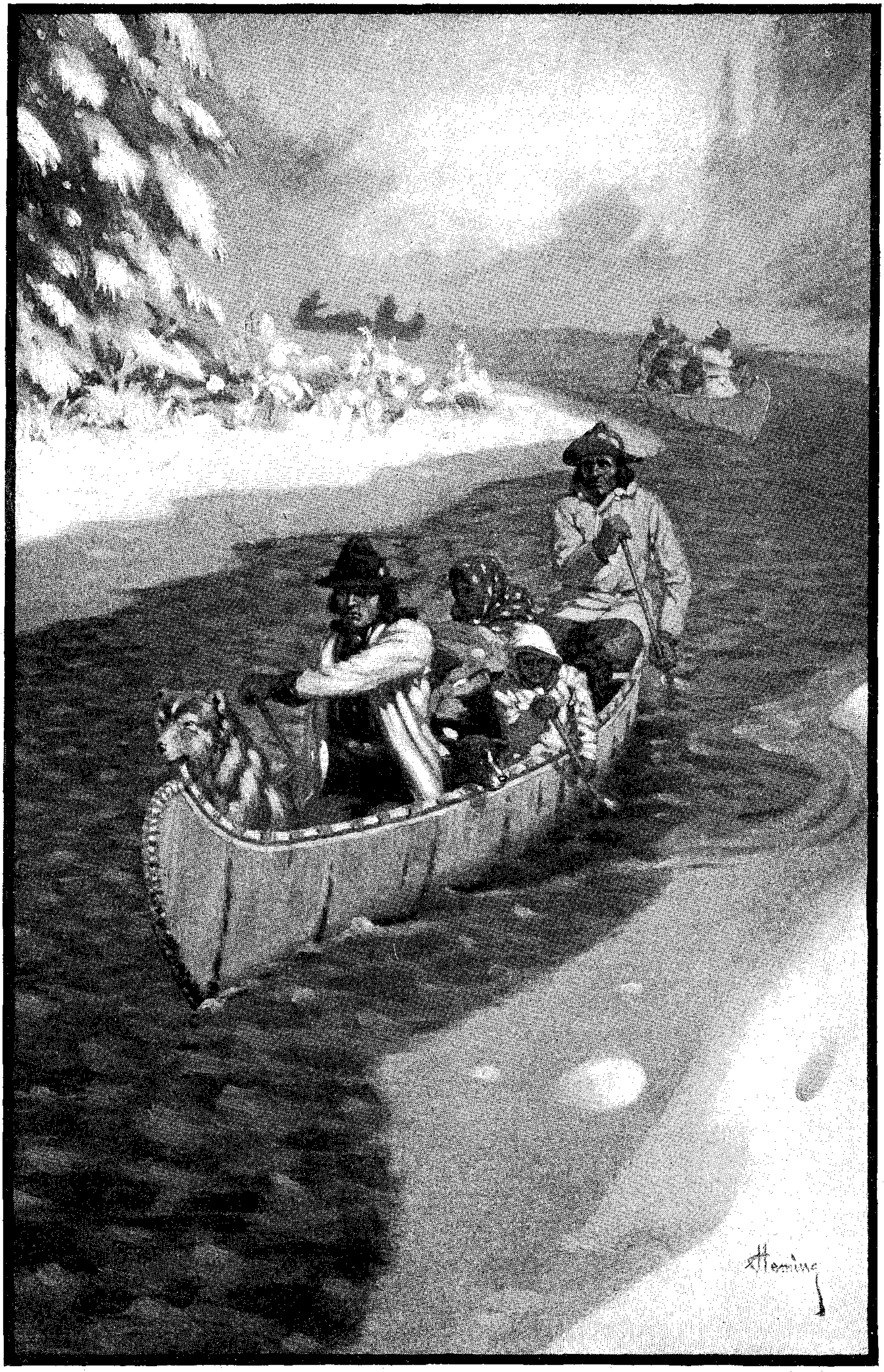
One more, of all these crowding memories
That steep the soul in dreams, the eyes in dew—
One far-off scene, limned clear against the dark. . . .
Once his red children, with obedient joy,
Journeyed in long and winding caravan,
Horse, foot, and wagon, thirsty mile on mile
Of treeless, brown, inhospitable plain,
Meeting at last, like pilgrims at a shrine,
Beside an humble spire, whose cross of wood
Wrote peace and pardon on the open sky;
There pitched their tents and paused awhile . . . to pray!

The sun is sinking; lo, the white-winged camp
Is all astir! behold them streaming forth—
Young men and old, free-limbed, in motley garb,
With looks discreet; dark virgins gayly dressed
And matrons shawled in sober decency,
Their glossy heads down-bent; some with their babes
Tucked in the close folds of the sheltering shawl,
Or youngsters clinging to their ample skirts—
Their round, brown faces lit with wondering awe.
Upon a wave-like sweep of russet sward
They halt, break ranks, and form a goodly ring—
Shoulder to shoulder, simple heart in heart;
Husbands and wives, young men and maids opposed
On either side, yet with no truant eyes
For one another in that hallowed hour!

At the church door the pious pageant forms—
The grave procession of the white-robed priests,
The solemn joy of chanting acolytes
With equal step advancing, pacing slow;
The circle closes round them thankfully.
Lo, in the midst appears a reverend form
Upright beneath its weight of years and griefs:
A face deep-carven, clear as cameo,
Enhaloed with its crown of silvern locks—
A stern, strong, fine, humane, uplifted face
That draws our eyes to heaven; and now a voice
Like sad cathedral bells tolls in our ears
Rebuke and solace, pleading and command—
As angel's voice, severe, compassionate!

Now in the crystal twilight of the west
Vaster horizons open, and the heavens
Above us bloom and blush like giant flowers.
Deep peace enfolds the kneeling multitudes
Of Ishmael's sons and daughters worshipful,
While the last rays from yonder painted dome
Gleam redly on the Bishop's sleeves of lawn—
On the white hands—the brooding, dove-like hands
Outstretched in benediction.

Darkness falls.
For him the Psalmist's meted days are done;
The soul released through purifying pangs,
The mortal puts on immortality.
To him the crown of well-spent days . . . to us
The farewell blessing of those outstretched hands!



"ICE FORMED AND THAWED; SNOW FLURRIES CAME AND WENT, AS WE PASSED EVER THROUGH A PANORAMA OF ENCHANTING SCENERY"

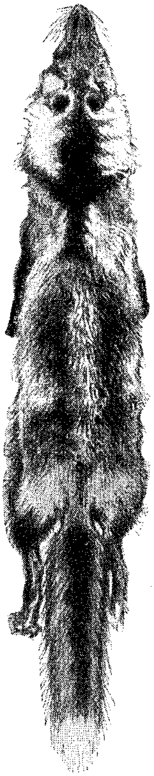
Following the Fur Trail

By Arthur Heming

With Drawings by the Author

WITHDRAWING his pipe from his mouth, Inspector Burke[1] turned his head and remarked:

"Well, he may be a great hunter, but there's one man I know who has killed over eighty thousand forest creatures. What do you think of that? You can have a chat with him if you like; for, no doubt, he'll be at the post when we arrive."


CROSS FOX SKIN

Indian mode of drying skins. The skins are sold to the fur trader in this form

When questioned as to the identity of the "mighty hunter"—we had been conversing upon the subject—the inspector continued as the canoe glided along:

"His name is Amik; he's a Saulteaux—a branch of the Ojibway tribe. They're the best hunters we have in the Strong-Wood Country, where, as you know, most of the fur-bearing animals live. The Chipweyans and the Wood Crees rank next in order; for the fur-hunters of Canada, unlike those of the United States, are nearly all either Indians or half-breeds." Taking another whiff from his pipe, he slowly repeated:

"To be sure, it's a pretty big bag for one man; but, now I come to remember, Amik killed more than eighty thousand. Just a second, and I'll tell you the exact figures."

Turning to one of his half-breed voyageurs, he said, "Paulet, hand me my bag." Opening it, he took out a note-book, and, after scanning its pages for a few moments, went on:

"Now, before I show you these figures, I must explain how I arrived at them. Amik helped me; he easily remembered the number of the rarer animals he had taken, such as black and silver foxes; but I got most of the figures from the Company's books, after searching the records for many years, not only at Fort Perseverance, but at other posts as well. When Amik and I had accounted for as many as we could of the thirty-nine years of his hunting career—which, of course, began from the time when his name was first entered in the Company's books, in his case at the age of sixteen—we struck an average, and so these figures show approximately the record of his hunting for the last thirty-nine years. You must remember, too, that Amik was in his younger days a great rover, which accounts for his bagging such a variety of game. There, now, here's the list; you can read it for yourself."

The list read: Forty-nine wood buffalo, three hundred and ninety moose, one hundred and fifty-six wapiti, one hundred and ninety-five caribou, seventy-eight small deer, five hundred and eighty-five bears, sixty mountain sheep, twenty-nine mountain goats, one hundred and twelve timber wolves, three hundred and ninety lynxes, twenty-five wolverines, three hundred and ninety red foxes, one hundred and ninety-five otters, seventy-eight cross foxes, four silver foxes, two black foxes, one thousand and eighty beaver, one hundred and ninety-five fishers, one thousand and eighty marten, three hundred and ninety mink, nineteen porcupines, three thousand nine hundred muskrats, twenty-four thousand feathered creatures, and thirty-six thousand fish of various kinds. Approximate total: eighty-five thousand four hundred and two.

"I know it's hard to believe, but if you doubt it, you can ask Amik yourself, for we'll be at the post directly," commented the inspector, as he settled his back comfortably against a bale of goods and resumed his smoking.

---

[1] For obvious reasons, the names of persons and of some places are fictitious.

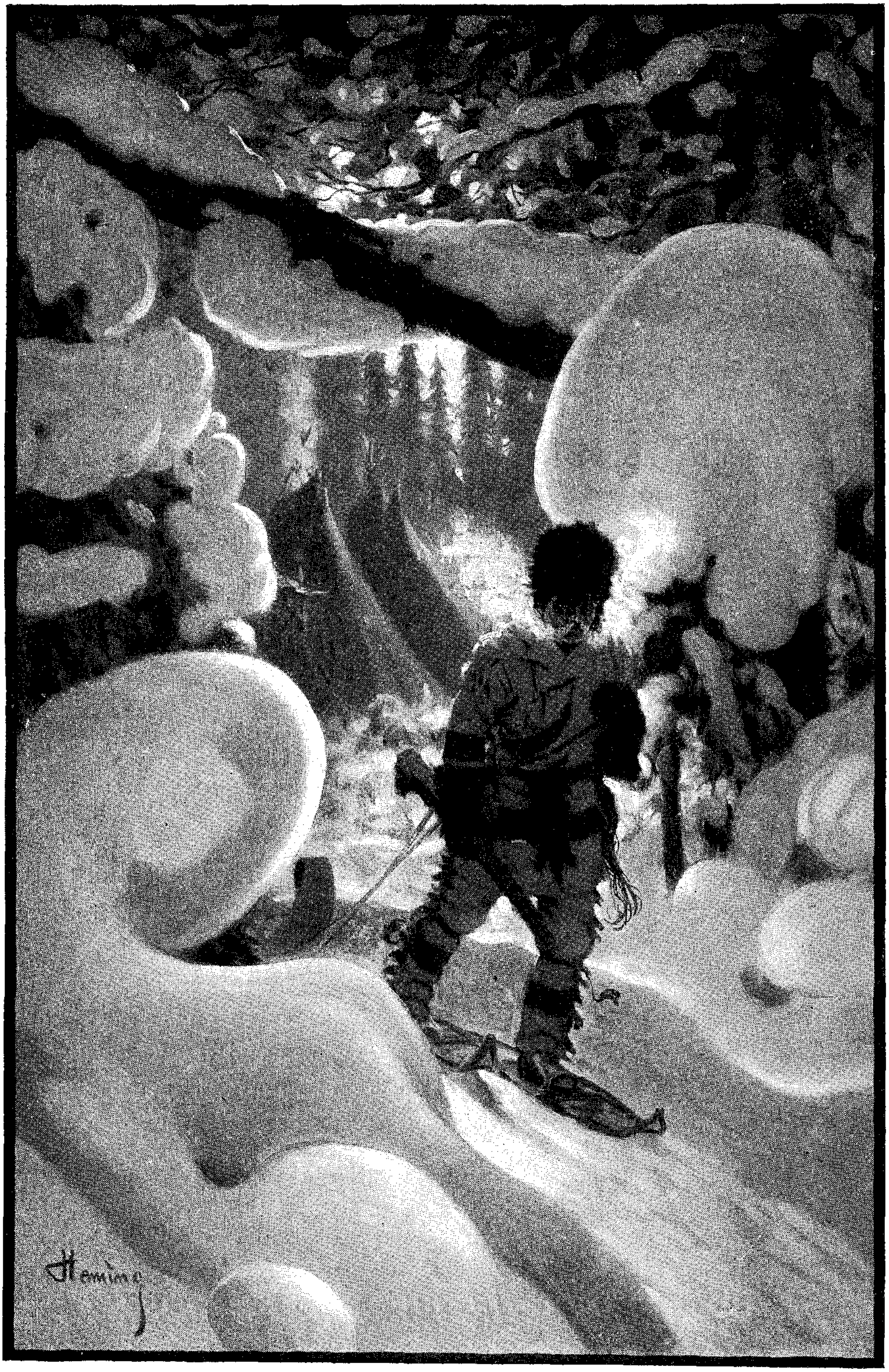
As the beautiful birchen craft sped on her way, her handsome bow parted the shimmering waters, and a passing breeze sent little running waves gurgling along her sides, while the splendor of the autumn sun was reflected on a far-reaching row of dazzling ripples that danced upon the water, making the voyageurs lower their eyes and the inspector doze again. There was no other sign of life except an eagle soaring in and out among the fleecy clouds slowly passing overhead. All around was a panorama of enchanting forest. Soon, however, the canoe passed a jutting point of land, and in a moment the scene was changed—the wilderness was suddenly left behind.

On the outer end of a distant point a cluster of poplars shaded a small, clapboarded log house. There, in charge of Fort Perseverance, lived the Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Beyond a little lawn inclosed by a picket fence stood the storehouse. The lower floor of this was used as a trading-room; the upper story served for a fur loft. Behind were seen a number of shanties, then a large building in which dog-sleds and canoes were stored. Farther away was a large open shed, under which the big canoes were built; then a few small huts where the half-breeds lived. With the exception of the Factor's house, all the buildings were of rough-hewn logs plastered with clay. Around the sweeping bend of the bay was a village of tepees in which the Indian fur-hunters and their families spend their midsummer. On the brow of a small hill in the background stood a quaint little church with a tiny tin spire capped by a wooden cross, whose outstretched arms seemed to signal weary "trippers" to come ashore and "rest a spell."

Presently it was evident that the inspector's canoe had been sighted; for at irregular intervals guns were discharged along the shore, beginning at the point nearest the canoe and running round the curve of the bay to the Indian camp, where a brisk fusillade took place. A moment later the Hudson's Bay Company's flag fluttered over Fort Perseverance. Plainly, the inspector's arrival was causing excitement at the post. From all directions men and women and children were swarming toward the landing, and when the inspector's canoe arrived there must have been fully four hundred Indians present. The first to greet him was Factor MacDonald, a tall, keen-eyed, crafty-faced, heavily-bearded, elderly Scotchman.

As the two officers walked up to the Factor's house, a score of Indians and half-breed trippers were unloading freight from a couple of six-fathom birch-bark canoes. Eager men and boys were good-naturedly loading themselves with packs and hurrying away with them to the storehouse, while others were lounging around or applauding the carriers with the heaviest loads. As the packers hurried by, Delaronde, the jovial, evil-faced half-breed clerk, note-book in hand, checked the number of pieces. Over by the log huts a group of Indian women were squatting in the shade, talking to Delaronde's Indian wife. All about, and in and out of the Indian lodges, dirty, half-naked children romped together, and savage dogs prowled around seeking what they might devour. The deer-skin or canvas covers of most of the tepees were raised a few feet to allow the breeze to pass under. Small groups of women and children squatted or reclined in the shade, smoking and chatting the hours away. Here and there, women were cleaning fish, mending nets, making moccasins, washing clothes, or standing over steaming kettles. Many of the men had joined the "goods brigade," and their return was hourly expected. Canoes were resting upon the sandy beach, and many more were lying bottom up beneath the shade of the trees.

Such is the summer traveler's impression of the forest Indians. Too often their life and character are judged by such a scene, as if it truly represented their whole existence. In reality this is but their holiday season which they are spending upon their tribal summer camping-ground. It is only upon their hunting-grounds that one may fairly study the Indians; so, presently, we shall follow them there. But before we travel farther it is well to know that the hunting-grounds in possession of the Indian tribes that live



"THROUGH A TINY SLIT IN THE WALL OF HIS CANVAS HOME TWO LOVING EYES WATCHED THE STALWART FIGURE VANISHING AMONG THE TREES" in the Great Northern Forest have been for centuries divided and subdivided and allotted, either by bargain or by battle, to the main families of each band. In many cases the same hunting-grounds have remained in the undisputed possession of the same families for generations. Family hunting-grounds are usually delimited by natural boundaries, such as hills, valleys, rivers, or lakes. The allotments of land generally take the form of wedge-shaped tracts radiating from common centers. From the intersection of these converging boundary lines the common centers become the hubs of the various districts. These district centers mark convenient summer camping-grounds for the reunion of families after their arduous labor during the long winter hunting season. The tribal summer camping-grounds, therefore, are not only situated on the natural highways of the country—the principal rivers and lakes—but also indicate excellent fishing stations. There, too, the Indians have their burial-grounds.

When we entered the Factor's house we saw no mounted heads or skins of wild beasts upon the walls, and no robes spread upon the floors, as one would expect to find after reading the average story of Hudson Bay life. On the contrary, the well-scrubbed floors were perfectly bare, and the walls were papered from top to bottom with countless illustrations cut from the London "Graphic" and the "Illustrated London News." The pictures not only took the place of wall paper, making the house more nearly wind-proof, but also afforded endless amusement to those who had to spend the long winter months in those rooms.

While the officers talked "musquash," or fur trade business, in the Factor's office, the Factor occupied a quaint, home-made, rough-hewn affair known as the "Factor's chair." On the under side of the seat were inscribed the signatures and dates of accession to that throne of all the factors who had reigned at the Post during the last eighty-seven years. Presently, however, the Factor was called on business to the "Indian shop," or trading-room, and, learning that Amik was waiting there to receive his advances, I went over to look on.

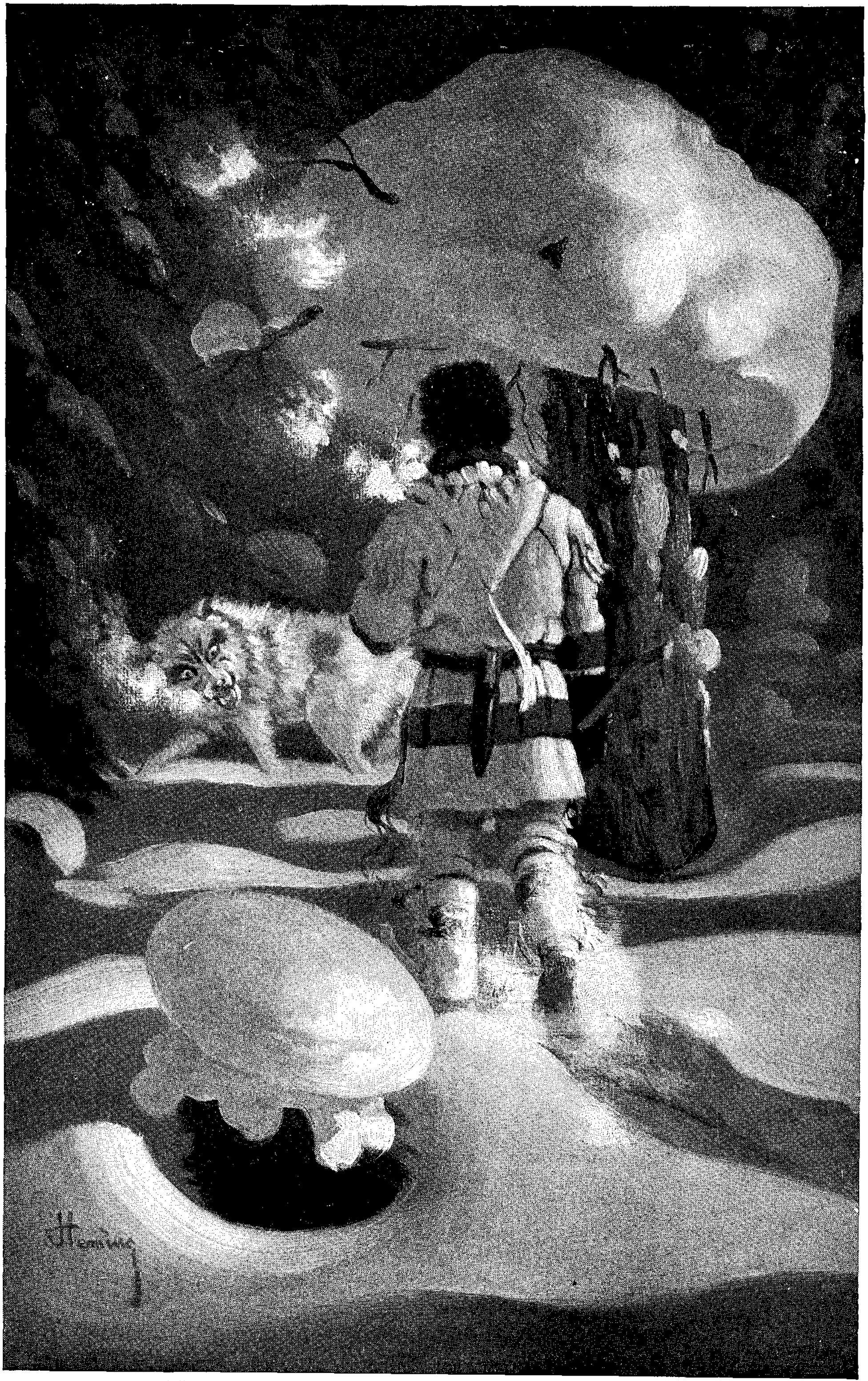
The traders do most of their bartering with the Indians in the early summer when the hunters return laden with the spoils of their winter's hunt. In the early autumn, when the Indians are about to leave for their hunting-grounds, much business is done, but little in the way of barter. At that season the Indians procure their outfit for the winter. Being usually insolvent, owing to the leisure time spent upon the tribal summer camping-grounds, they receive the necessary supplies on credit. The amount of credit, or "advances," given to each Indian seldom exceeds one-third of the value of his average annual hunt.

As we entered the trading-room, we saw that it was furnished with counters on three sides of the room, and with a large box stove in the middle of the intervening space. On the shelves and racks upon the walls and from hooks in the rafters rested or hung a conglomeration of goods to be offered in trade to the natives. There were copper pails and calico dresses, pain-killer bottles and Hudson Bay blankets, sow-belly and chocolate drops, castor-oil and gum worms, frying-pans and wire bustles, guns and corsets, axes and ribbons, shirts and hunting-knives, perfumes and bear traps. In a way, the Indian shop resembled a department store, except that all the departments were jumbled together in a single room.

"*Quay, quay, Hugemow!*" (Good-day, master) exclaimed a tall, dignified, elderly Indian with a shrewd but pleasant face, as the Factor entered the store. It was Amik, or the Beaver, who was said to be not only a great hunter but a clever, industrious fellow, as his name implies, and—as Indians go—a good provider. He could speak English, but he always preferred to use his own language when addressing the trader, whom he knew to be quite conversant with Ojibway.

"Gude-day, man Amik; what can I do for ye the day?" amicably responded the Factor.

"Master, it is this way: I am about to leave for my hunting-grounds; but, this time, I am going to spend the winter upon a new part of them where I have not hunted for years, and where game of all kinds will be plentiful; so I want you to give me liberal advances in order that my hunt will not be hindered."



"THE HUNTER DREW HIS AX AND MOVED FORWARD"

"Fegs, Amik, ma freen, you's an auld, auld farrant. But ye're weel kenn'd for a leal, honest man; an' sae I'se no be unco haird upon ye."

So saying, the Factor gave him a present of a little flour, pork, tea, tobacco, and matches. The Factor's generosity was prompted largely by his desire to keep the Indians in good humor. After a little friendly chaffing, the Factor promised to give the hunter advances to the extent of one hundred "skins."

A "skin," or, as it is often called, a "made beaver," is equivalent to one dollar in the Hudson Bay and the Mackenzie River districts, but represents only fifty cents in the region of the Athabasca.

It took Amik and his family all the afternoon to select their outfit, and the dignified yet cunning old Indian proved as great a beggar as did his wife and mother-in-law.

Next morning all were up bright and early. After a hasty breakfast, the women pulled down the lodges and rolled up the birch bark and placed it upon the stage along with the other things which they intended leaving behind. The lodge-poles were left standing in readiness for their return next summer. When the whole outfit was packed in the two birch-bark canoes, the squaws went off to call upon the priest and the nuns to wish them farewell, and incidentally to do a little more begging. Meantime Amik called upon the Factor and told him just where he intended to hunt, what fur he expected to get, and how the fur runners could best find his camp.

As the price of fur had risen, the Factor now told him what price he expected to pay. If, however, the price had dropped, the Factor would not have informed the hunter until his return next year. Then everybody went down to the landing to see them off. Amid the waving of hands, the shouting of farewells, and the shedding of a few tears even, the simple natives of the wilderness paddled away over the silent lake *en route* for their distant hunting-grounds.

By evening we had crossed the lake, entered the broad, marshy mouth of Beaver River and ascended its ever-increasing current to the foot of a rapids, where we went ashore for the night. At sunrise we began carrying our outfits over the portage to the quieter waters above, and not only did the women do their share, but the children and dogs assisted too.

Amik adjusted the two slender ends of his tump-line about a bale; then, lifting it up, he hung the broad center-piece of the strap over his head as he inclined his body forward to sustain the weight when the pack settled upon his back. Then he piled several more bundles on top of the first. In this way, his arms hung free. In case he stumbled, it lessened the chance of injuring him, for the pack would fall from him. In that way he frequently carried two to three hundred pounds in a single load. It was not unusual. Every voyageur in the Hudson's Bay Company's fur brigades carries at least two packs of fur in a single load, but more often they carry three. As each pack weighs eighty pounds, that means a burden of two hundred and forty pounds. Moreover, with such a load they run at a dog-trot over a portage half a mile in length without once halting. I know a Cree half-breed who has carried seven hundred pounds in a single load.

In the same way the rest of the family carried their loads, but the dogs were harnessed with saddle-bags. It made short work of portaging, and we were soon again at the paddle. That afternoon, on coming to unusually swift water, we men and the older boys went ashore to haul the canoes by means of tracking-lines. Amik fastened a line to the center of a forward thwart, then, passing it forward a couple of feet, he looped it around the canoe about four feet from the bow. The line was so adjusted that when it was drawn taut the strain came exactly amid the gunwales.

When all was in readiness, each man slipped his head and one shoulder through the loop on the end of his line, and set off at a brisk walk along the river bank, while one of the women or girls, kneeling in the stern of the canoe, steered it clear of the shore. In places the current was so strong that it required much power and skill to keep the canoe from swerving, so the tracker, leaning far forward, tugged hard upon the line and made the best of his way along the rugged river bank.

Sometimes we would be wading waist-deep across a brook, at other times climbing high up the bank to clear our lines of the bushes that grew along the water's edge, and then again carefully making our way among the branches of a tree that leant out over the rushing river. It was very hard work, requiring much care, otherwise we might at any moment lose our footing and tumble into the swift waters.

Day after day we labored with paddle or tracking-line, pole or tump-strap, occasionally spreading our blankets as sails to favorable winds. We traveled to the tune of paddle-handles, bumping gunwales, swishing blades, swirling water, gurgling wakes; shooting a moose here, a bear there, and sometimes securing a beaver, a fisher, a mink, or an otter. At last we came to the end of our voyage and pitched camp upon Amik's hunting-grounds.

Winter was fast approaching, so no time was lost in erecting the lodges. Amik superintended the work. First three poles were erected in the form of a tripod. Against the tripod eight more poles were placed with their butts set upon the ground equal distances apart, in the form of a circle with a diameter of about thirteen feet. The canvas covering was then hoisted into place and fastened together with wooden pins, leaving only enough opening to answer as a doorway. Over the opening a deer-skin was hung, with a bar across the lower edge to keep it in place. Pegging down the bottom, we banked leaves and grass against it to shut out the wind. On the ground in the center of the lodge a circle of stones was arranged to prevent the fire from spreading to the brush and grass with which the floor was covered. A rack for smoking meat was hung over the fire out of reach of the flames. The opening above acted as a vent for the smoke. Likewise both the other lodges were built. We erected near the lodges several stages raised about eight feet from the ground, upon which were stored many things, protecting them from the dogs.

Amik, his wife, and all the children save the two older girls, who lived with the grandmother, occupied the larger lodge. Housekeeping now began in earnest.

The camp was completed and a portion of outdoor work was allotted to each, except Amik's wife, who remained at home to do the cooking and sewing and to care for her baby. The grandmother and the older girls devoted their time to gathering firewood and attending to the gill-nets set for fish, and the snares for grouse and hare.

During the time intervening between the completion of their camp and the settling down of winter, Amik spent his days laying out his trapping-paths and hunting moose or caribou. It was hard work and interesting, and when his fur paths were finished he visited each at intervals of about four days.

As a faint gray light crept through the upper branches of the eastern trees and warned the denizens of the winter wilderness of approaching day, the door-skin flapped aside and a tall figure stepped from the cozy fire-lit lodge into the outer somberness of the silent forest. It was Amik. His swarthy form, clad in a bear-skin cap, blanket *capote* and leggins, made a picturesque silhouette of lighter tone against the darker shadows of the woods as he stood for a moment scanning the starry sky. Re-entering the lodge, he partook of the breakfast his wife had cooked for him, then he kissed her and the children and went outside. Going to the stage, he took down his five-foot snowshoes, slipped his moccasined feet into the thongs, and, with his gun resting in the hollow of his bemittened hand, and the sled's hauling-line over his shoulder, strode off through the vaulted aisles between the boles of the evergreens; while through a tiny slit in the wall of his canvas home two loving eyes watched the stalwart figure vanishing among the trees.

Though the sun was already shining, it was still intensely cold. As we went along, Amik's breath rose like a cloud of white smoke fifteen or twenty feet in the air before it disappeared. Only the faintest whisper of scuffling snowshoes and scrunching snow could be heard; the sound of the occasional snapping of a twig came as a startling report compared with the almost noiseless tread of the hunter. A little cloud of powdery snow rose above the dragging heels of his snowshoes, and, whirling about, covered the back of his leggins with a coating of white. Onward he strode, twisting through the tangled scrub, stooping under a fallen tree, stepping over a snow-capped log, or pacing along a winter-locked stream.

Here and there through the interlocked branches of the snow-mantled evergreens, whose spreading arms roofed the forest's silent aisles, long shafts of gladdening sunlight shone obliquely down upon the somber gray carpet of the woods and marked it with ever-varying splashes of dazzling white, which cast soft reflections far among the boles and lighted up the shadowy lanes where hares were still at play. Overhead huge fluffy wreaths and long soft festoons were draped in graceful array, while on the tops of tiny, slender spruce trees or upon rotten stumps, or even upon the fungous brackets that clung to lifeless trunks, rested big bosses of snow, sometimes five or six feet in diameter and four in height, that looked as if at any moment their fragile supports might break away.

When Amik came to a district overgrown with willows interspersed with poplars, he stopped to examine a snare set for lynx. It had not been disturbed, but a little farther on we saw the form of a dead lynx hanging from a tossing pole above the trail. The carcass was frozen stiff, and the face still showed the ghastly expression the brute had worn in its death struggle. The rigid body was taken down and lashed to the sled. Resetting the snare, we continued our way. Farther on, in a hilly country timbered with spruce and where there was not much undergrowth, we came to marten (Hudson Bay sable) traps. In swampy places, or where there were creeks and small lakes, we examined traps and deadfalls set for mink, muskrat, beaver, fisher, and otter. Where the country was fairly open and marked with rabbit runways we came upon traps set for foxes and wolves. Towards noon, as we were approaching a wolf trap, Amik, who was leading the way, suddenly stopped and gazed ahead. A large wolf stood watching us. One of its hind legs was held by a trap, and the hunter drew his ax and moved forward. As we approached, the beast lowered its head, turned aside, showed its powerful fangs, and growled fiercely. When Amik had almost reached the deeply marked circle in the snow where the wolf had been struggling to gain its freedom, he paused and said:

" My brother, I need your coat, so turn your eyes away while I strike."

A momentary calmness came over the beast, but as the hunter raised his ax the brute, with its eyes flashing with rage and its hair bristling, suddenly crouched and sprang for Amik's throat. Its great leap, however, ended three feet short of its mark as the trap chain grew taut and jerked the beast violently down. But all its strength and fierceness availed it little; for before it had time to rise Amik smashed its skull with a single blow from the back of his ax. Removing the skin, we continued along the fur path for perhaps half a mile and then halted for lunch.

Like most of Amik's fur paths, the one we were following made a long detour before it turned back to camp. By the time the sun went down there were still many miles of traps to inspect, and with our ever-increasing loads we found it hard to make good progress against a cutting wind that quickly filled the trail with drifting snow. When daylight disappeared, we stopped to make a fire and refresh ourselves with tea, but were careful first to thaw out our frozen noses.

Now we saw the northern lights and heard the howling of wolves. Weary and hungry, we at last reached camp, and there Amik found a loving welcome awaiting him—such a welcome that it made me think of the loved ones I had left in " the outer world."

There, amid the vastnesses of the Great Northern Forest, I saw the Indian at his best. There he was a beggar no longer. There, escaped from the civilization which the white man is ever forcing upon the red—a civilization which rarely fails to make a degenerate of him—he proved his manhood. There no toil and no hardship hindered him from procuring fur enough to pay off his indebtedness and to lay up in store twice as much with which to engage the following spring in the delightful battle of wits between white man and red in the Hudson's Bay Company's trading-room.

Docentry: A New Profession

By Mary Bronson Hartt

A NEW and very beautiful expression of the modern spirit is taking form at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, where the docent, or expert guide, has bethought her to arrange special nature exhibits for the blind! Bringing together groups of specimens which will yield vivid interest to the sensitive, inquiring finger of the sightless, yet suffer nothing by handling, she is providing them with full labels done in two styles of blind type. Straightway there swings open for these "brave poor things" a gateway into a new and fascinating world.

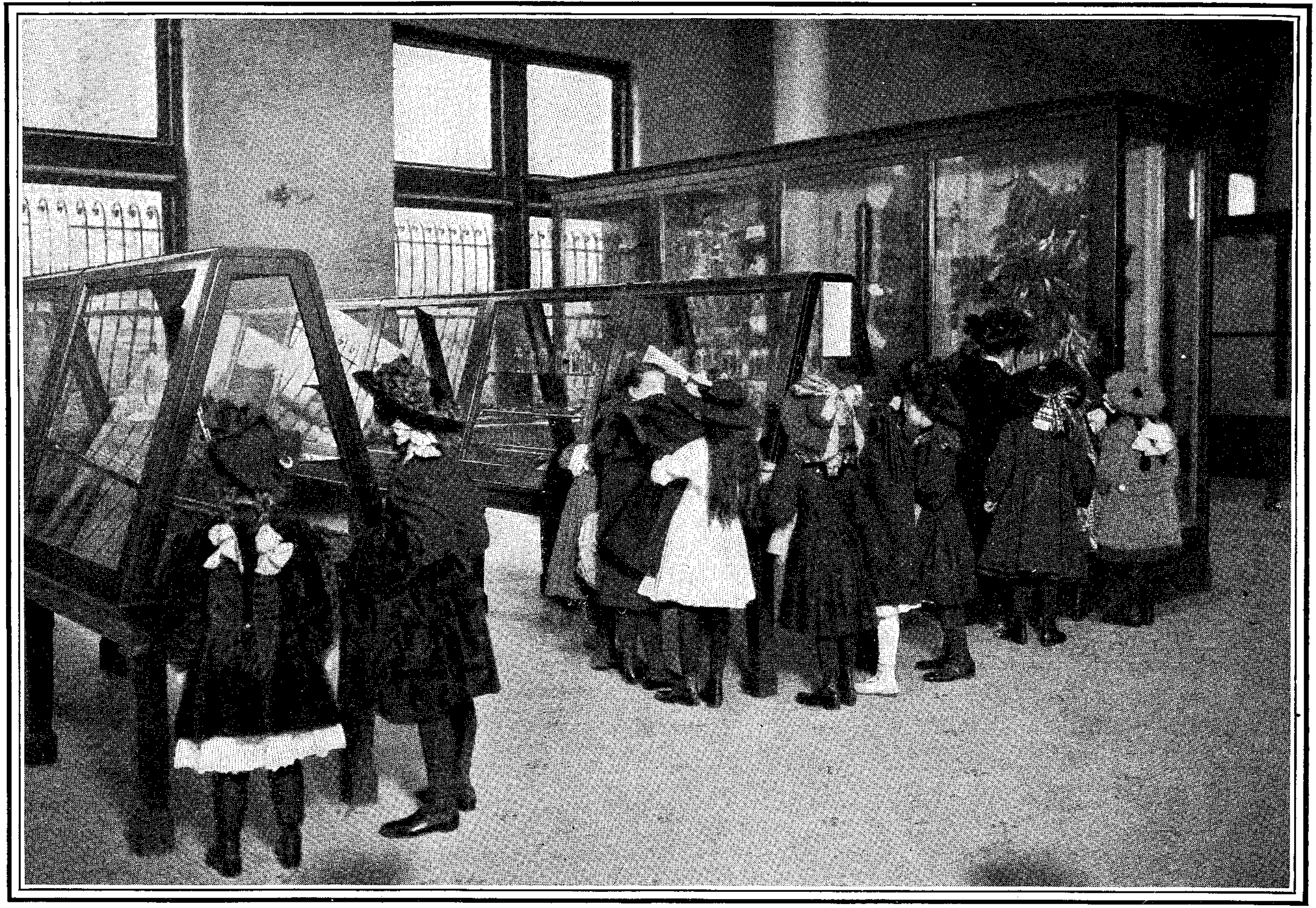
Unconsciously that progressive docent is setting forth, as it were, in a parable the inner significance of the whole docentry movement, now making rapid progress in American museums, especially American museums of art. For what, in essence, is it, if not a mission to the blind?

I am taking "docentry" in its large sense. I might have said "educational" movement instead, only the word has been so smothered in dullness, whereas the movement I mean is a bright one, very much alive. It has transformed the museum from a grim fastness for the safeguarding of the treasures of art into a people's palace of delights; it has transformed the museum staff from a body of narrow-ranged specialists, their noses buried in antiquity, into a company of eager proselyters, no less concerned than of old with the getting of knowledge, but infinitely more concerned with the giving. And giving to all sorts and conditions of men, giving openly to those who will take, giving subtly, cleverly, to such as are not athirst, that appetite may grow by what it feeds on.

The movement is not disposed of when we note the multiplication of class-rooms, of lecture halls, of museum libraries, and of vast collections of photographs ready to the hand of the meanest inquirer after knowledge. Facilities for study in a museum are no new thing. Only once these facilities were reserved for such as asked them. The rest of the world was free to come and stare and go its way into outer darkness. To-day the museum staff is not content until the darkness itself shall be dissipated.

For open teaching no instrument is better than the museum bulletin full of eye-opening comment on individual collections or new acquisitions. In Boston, where the idea originated, the leaflets are given away, and it becomes simply a question how many will read. At the Metropolitan, in New York City, where a small price is set on them, it is a question how many will buy and read.

No such doubt mars the usefulness of special exhibitions, more and more coming into favor. Gather together a temporary collection, be it the work of a single artist or of a single country or of a single period, set distinct time limits about it, and human instinct for the grasping of chances will do the rest. Connoisseurs will come, the intelligent picture-loving public will come, the merely curious will come. Policemen and street-car conductors will play sick to get an hour off for the show, and on free days there will be a liberal contingent from the ranks of the foreign-born. And the very least of these will go away wiser than he came. Newspapers and magazines will for weeks have been full of illustrations and enlightening comment. Better than that, the simple cumulative effect of the homogeneous material will have told upon the least sophisticated eye. Show a man, even an unlearned man, Whistlers enough, for example, Whistlers set apart, unconfused by works with different motive, and it is odds if he does not come away with some dim comprehension of what Whistler was about glimmering in the back of his brain. Or gather together the visible symbols of



“PERSONALLY CONDUCTED” AT THE NEW YORK MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY an epoch, the paintings, the portraits, the furniture, the minor household gods, as has been done in the Hudson-Fulton Collection, and it will not need the printed word to impress the lesson. The possibilities of thus silently teaching art in sections are without limit.

After all, though, the heart of docentry is the docent.

Awakened appreciation, the opening of eyes—that is the docent's province. Call him a guide and you miss the point. Any average-witted man can learn to convoy visitors about a museum, deafening them with his glib, machine-made patter of names and dates. Europe groans under the tyranny of the hateful breed. But the docent is a bird of another feather. Broadly intelligent, trained to know not only pictures and statues but *people*, versed in the delicate art of imparting not information alone but inspiration—the real docent is born, not made. His advent in American art museums means the doubling and trebling of their value to the masses of the people; it may mean nothing less than æsthetic salvation to those forlorn Americans who "don't know anything about art."

Boston began it, something like two and a half years ago. Realizing that not a tenth of the people who made the round of the gallery in Copley Square came away with any adequate idea of the treasures it held; that the free-day crowds wasted their freshness on arid wastes of plaster casts, coming to the Greek marbles or the really superb Egyptian things too fagged or too bewildered either to wonder or to admire; that scores of timid souls strayed helplessly about among the paintings, wishful to understand, yet lacking the clue; that other scores of intelligent folk plied with significant questions the untrained custodians in the galleries, who could not answer—seeing all these things, the museum authorities determined to provide the public with a guide, philosopher, and friend.

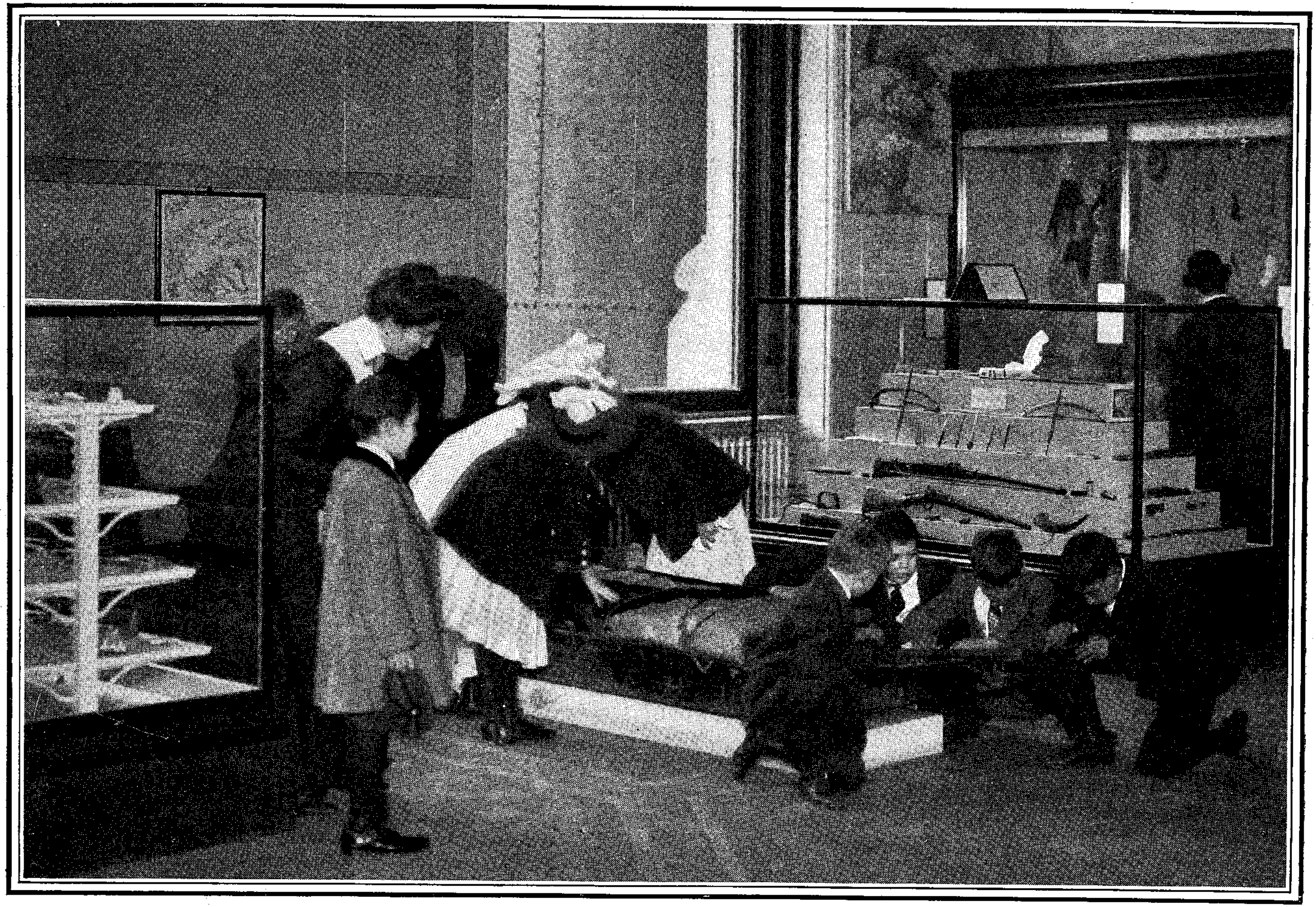
The man chosen for the part, Mr. Garrick M. Borden, was a Cornell graduate with three years' experience in lecturing on art. His special knowledge was placed at the free disposal of experts coming to the museum for research work, or of hurried visitors seeking new accessions, or of more leisurely folk doing the gallery as a whole and anxious not to miss the best things in each collection, or of those aforementioned bewildered souls who don't know anything about art.

The plan was an immediate success. Even old habitués of the museum who fancied they knew it from A to Z discovered a wealth of fresh interest under the sympathetic leadership of the new docent.

Yet it was nearly eighteen months later, and after the idea had been taken up enthusiastically at the Natural History Museum in New York City, that a docent was appointed at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Launched in October, 1908, the work has developed out of all proportion to its newness, until there is no better place to study docentry than in Eighty-second Street, New York.

In her little sky-parlor up among the bulging domes over the Fifth Avenue entrance rotunda, Miss Marion E. Fenton, present incumbent of the docentship (though she calls herself simply "instructor"), told me something of the peculiar fascinations and exactions of her field—or fields, I should say, for she shepherds two distinct flocks: teachers and classes from the schools, and, in groups or singly, representatives of the great American public. Far be it from me to say that the work with the school-children is not the more important of the two; but people in general are likely to find more humanly interesting the work for the public at large.

Infinite variety marks the appeal which the *doctæ* make to the docent. Indeed, they are alike in nothing save in having paid their small fee for an hour of her time. Here is a connoisseur in Chinese porcelains, who really should have applied himself to one of the curators, since it is manifestly impossible for one woman to make herself an expert in every branch of the arts. Here is a group of society women interested in lace, who will spend their hour before the museum's illustrative collection showing the various stitches on an enlarged scale, where they will learn to distinguish between needlepoint and bobbin lace and perhaps trace the whole development of the art from the ancient Coptic down. Here is a party who want to be told what to think of the Hudson-



THE DOCENT EXPLAINS THE PACKING OF AN ESKIMO SLEDGE

Fulton Collection. Here, again, a modest woman's club which announces a desire to see "everything which illustrates mediæval history," which really, you know, is rather a large order! Or here is a man whose one care is to learn who loaned each picture, if loaned it be, and especially how much it cost. And here a thrifty pair who want a comprehensive survey of the museum with the least possible expenditure of time.

The problem is to give to each what he wants, and besides that the very best he can be made to take, to show him enough and not too much, to gauge his knowledge so as neither to tell him what he already understands nor to overshoot his comprehension. It requires nice judgment, swift discrimination, tact. People are so deliciously different. One man, fresh from classic lands, scrutinizes every inch of original Greek or Roman marble in the galleries. An hour later comes a group who cry, when steered toward classic sculptures, "Oh, we're just back from Rome. Don't show us anything *Roman!*" The docent swings between extremes—from those who query, "Now, really, which is the best painting in the gallery?" prepared to accept her dictum as if writ upon tables of stone, or, "Do you know every single thing in this museum?" (which she thanks her lucky stars she doesn't) to embattled souls who appear chiefly concerned lest she shall think they stand in need of information. For the next hour she may be busy guiding about some appreciative visitor from whom she gets almost as much as she takes.

I have not asked them, but I stand assured that it was no accident which led the directors of the Metropolitan to choose for this delicate and difficult post a woman. Physically the work makes demands which might better be met by a man. On days when every hour is spoken for, the strain on voice and muscles must be serious. But on the side of personality the woman, quick of perception, adaptable, sensitive, lightly balanced, presents ideal qualifications for such work. At all events, not having personally tested the docentry of Mr. Borden in Boston, one may think so without offense.

Already those enterprising ladies in the Research Department of the Boston Women's Industrial Union have seized upon docentry as a new profession for college-bred women, and are preparing a leaflet setting forth the requirements for the work. Besides special training in art and pedagogics (for it is teaching of the most artful kind) one would advise them to mention the ability to walk ten miles a day over marble floors and yet look just as interested in the last party as in the first one, and also the possession of a steady head and a fine unconsciousness, since the moment a docent begins to talk to her ten, the other occupants of the gallery instantly "roll up like a snowball," as she says, in their ambition to hear too. To detach her sheep from the goats who have not paid for instruction, to do it gracefully and without giving offense, is a daily and hourly strain on her tact. Good nature, too, might be thrown in, for the public expects so much of a docent and is so unreasonably indignant when it cannot extract from her the entire contents of the encyclopædia! When Miss Fenton was new, the secretary asked her, "Have you been requested yet to recite the dynasties of ancient Egypt, with dates?" She shook her head. "Never mind," he said, soothingly, "you will be."

By way of concrete illustration of her method, Miss Fenton, when we had finished talking, took me for a little tour in the galleries. In Boston the aim has been, so far as possible, to allow visitors to lead the way, letting their interest guide them, the docent following to answer questions or offer illuminative comment. At the Metropolitan no attempt is made to veil the agency of the guide. You choose the collection or collections you want to see, and she shows you the cream of them. There's nothing remotely pedagogic in her manner (though, being a Wellesley graduate, with special training at the Teachers College and in Europe, to say nothing of practical teaching in the Art Department at Wellesley, she might well betray scholastic hall-marks). Nor does she treat you to an array of bald facts. So easy and unconscious is she that you stroll about with her as with a familiar friend, scarcely realizing that the burden of comment rests with her.

Stopping before a little relief of an Egyptian princess (or was she a goddess?)

with a lotus, she says gleefully: "There, isn't she lovely? The color, I mean"—for the relief is exquisitely tinted—"and the *naïveté* of the pose?" And later, among the Greek marbles: "Here's a fragment you don't want to miss. Just see the beautiful modeling of that back." The back belongs to a headless seated figure (the label suggests it might be Zeus) not more than twelve inches high. You might, particularly if the deadly museum fag had begun to drag at your eyelids, have passed it altogether. Yet it only wants the docent's appreciative word to fire your enthusiasm.

Another moment and she is calling attention to the tremendous expression of action in a larger fragment—parts, from the waist down, of the figure of a fighting Gaul—or to the exquisite delicacy of a relief of a young horseman, or to the magnificent workmanship of a Roman portrait bust which honors the sculptor more than the sitter, betraying, as it does, the brutal, degenerate type of a Roman gentleman of the second century B.C. You see (the moment it is shown you) all that she wants to bring out, yet so gracefully is her work done that you are scarcely aware that she is not echoing your own ideas. Such delicate "docenting" need not startle the self-love of the most sensitive.

We had presently an illustration of the need of docents. Drawing near that prime treasure, the wall-paintings from a villa near Boscoreale, the only Pompeian frescoes out of Italy, unless you count a scrap in the British Museum, we saw not less than six visitors pop into the room, and, darting a bored glance around the place, with an expression which said plainly, "There's nothing here!" pop promptly out again. Yet not one of them, led round to the entrance to the cubiculum and made to realize that it is the actual painted wall surfaces of a bedchamber buried in 79 A.D., with the warped and twisted grating of the ancient window, but would have experienced some thrill and, whether from the historic impulse or the æsthetic, would have lingered. The self-conducted in hundreds pass it by.

Among the paintings the docent, to show how she works, singled out two canvases by Vermeer. Before the "Girl with the Water Jug" she paused to note how the sunshine streaming through the casement falls upon the rich blue velvet of the girl's robe, seeming to irradiate the very air till the whole picture is bathed in soft bluish light. And again, in the "Lady Writing," she called attention to a string of pearls on the table which seems to give the key both to the color scheme and to the sentiment of the whole. The pearly tints of the flesh and of the pale yellow satin and ermine, the faint suggestion of pearl shape in the girl's face, and the soft luster of the full brow, glints of pearly light which repeat themselves in the jewel cabinet at her elbow, the ribbons in her hair, the nail-heads in the chair back, all carry out the charming conceit.

In putting all this much more effectively than I have done, Miss Fenton did not once employ the convenient catchword "tone." For it is no part of her ambition to train up pseudo art critics, able to pass the debased coin of cant phrases. She will be perfectly satisfied with making people *see*.

Perhaps you think the points she made about Vermeer are not very profound. They are precisely such as would prove illuminative to a visitor just getting his eyes open. For the more learned the docent will not lack subtler comments, her chief business in life being to adapt herself to her audience.

So far as she can, she steers her charges toward the more important pictures in the galleries; but if their eyes are caught by some bit of palpable gallery play, she will not drag them away unless the painting be positively bad. For she knows that what genuinely interests them will stick in their minds. Accordingly, whether their choice be a significant picture or a trivial one, she tries to show them how to put themselves in sympathy with the artist, to see why he painted the thing, not looking for dramatic effect when he was playing with sunshine, or for action when he was absorbed in the gleam of copper against brass. Where sentiment and the story interest predominate in a picture, no art-for-art's-sake dogma is allowed to spoil the visitor's pleasure; for, after all, some of the world's greatest pictures have told a great story greatly.

It will be noticed that the docent is not much given to purveying data about schools and centuries. The museum authorities are not anxious that she should teach the history of art. That may as well be done in a photograph collection as among originals. The docent's concern ends when she has done what she can to put her charges in a position to appreciate what they see.

However, when she faces the other half of her work—that with the public schools—she is confronted with a task of double difficulty. For such of the supervisors and teachers as need her help at all need to be taught not only to see, to appreciate, but how to pass on that appreciation to others. And here she has an enticing opportunity. With all that has been written upon the appreciation of art—most of it fascinating reading to those who already have the clue—I am inclined to the opinion that nothing has yet been said which really helps the man in the dark. It is still a virgin field.

Fearing to rush in with fine words that darken counsel, Miss Fenton is holding back, making as yet but a guarded response to the demand for lectures upon the theory of appreciation which come to her constantly from the teachers in the public schools. The day after I saw her she was to speak to two hundred teachers on the appreciation of the Hudson-Fulton Collection. This under the auspices of the Art League of the Public Education Association. For the most part, however, she is studying the situation at first hand, visiting the schools, talking with teachers and pupils in the course of her daily work among them, and biding her time.

Meanwhile her hands are full of practical work. Classes in history, classes in literature, classes in drawing—all from the high schools, since no work is attempted with the unnumbered hordes of the grammar grades—pour in upon her, eager for light. And to them she opens the resources of the museum, making them free of all that may illustrate, enliven, and make real their every-day school work. These she gathers round her in the class-room in the basement, a class-room fitted with reference library, photographs, and invaluable imported charts, and gives them first an informal talk on the things they are going to see. With true teacher's instinct, she shows them lantern slides of the very objects they will later find in the gallery, thus assiduously rubbing in every point twice over. Then out they go to the exhibition rooms.

It would be easy to misunderstand what the Metropolitan is doing with these classes in history and literature. It might be supposed to be actuated by a disinterested desire to promote the cause of education in general. The impulse is, however, at bottom æsthetic. When a docent guides about a class interested in Greek drapery from the historic side, you may be sure she does not let it escape without some insight into the beauty of Greek *carving* of drapery. It is the museum's one chance to train the eyes of school-children to joy in beautiful things; and it is made the most of. Hence the loaning of photographs and lantern slides to the schools, the diligent co-operation with every effort any teacher makes to widen her own artistic horizon. The gain to the more prosaic ends of education is immense. It is none the less incidental.

One sees at once what material awaits classes in Greek and Roman history—coins and marbles, classical jewelry, household utensils; and drawing classes might well be supposed to be studying historic ornament or the elements of design, busying themselves among the photographs or the textiles. Students of English history zigzag from collection to collection, picking out here and there a painting or a bit of furniture or an architectural model or a piece of armor like the little old helmet said to have been worn by Joan the Maid. They pore over the cases of historical medals, and even among the lace find some curious stump-work of the time of Charles I—a wood relief covered with lace stitch bearing the King's emblems: the moth, the caterpillar, and the fountain.

What is to be done for literature classes one does not so readily imagine until one considers that everything concerns literature which concerns life, and that a class studying "The Song of Roland" would find interest in the miniatures of daily occupation in the Duc de Berri's famous "Book of Hours," in photographs of mediæval French castles, or even of mediæval French furniture, all of which help to bring the Middle Ages to life.

Before the boys and girls get through with the high school they will know pretty well what is in the Metropolitan Museum, why such an infinite variety of objects claim a place in an art museum at all, wherein lies the claim of each to be called beautiful, and perhaps a little of how each was made. In other words, they will have gone a long way toward a fair conception of the meaning of that abused word "art."

It is a thousand pities not to speak at length of the fully developed work for the schools and the public in Boston or of the fascinating nature lessons given to grammar-graders in the American Museum of Natural History. Judge if it is exciting to a small geographer to be allowed to handle to his heart's content an Eskimo sled, studying out for himself every detail of the packing, or to go bird's-nesting in the galleries with a wonderful lady who knows how to let little people into all the magic of wild life.

But there, docentry was my topic, while my text was the Metropolitan. The whole secret of the docent's success lies in the power of the human touch. The divine fire of enthusiasm is ill to kindle with flint and steel or even with sulphur matches. It leaps flame fashion from human torch to human torch, and once kindled is not lightly blown out. Give us docents enough, and the torches fired at their steady flame will soon make an end of the twilight of American æsthetic life.

ECSTASY

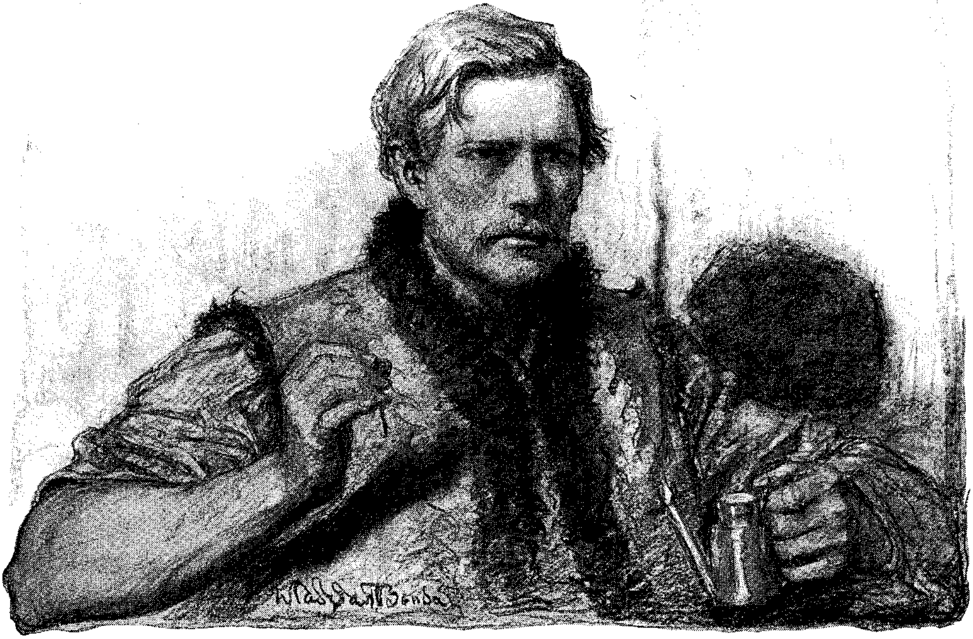
BY HAROLD T. PULSIFER

I heard the wind among the trees,
The surf along the sea:
Star-deep, soul-wide,
The sudden tide
Swept on and over me.

My hidden dreams, a sudden sea—
All glorious they came,
A blazing light
That made the night
A living thing of flame.

I laughed to hear the vagrant breeze;
I leaped to touch the stars;—
With wind and wave
No voice can save
Mine ancient prison bars.

The flesh and sense that prisons me
Shall vanish in the wind!
How free thou art,
My soul! My heart!
Mine eyes alone were blind!



Jan, the Polish Miner

By Walter E. Weyl

With Pictures by Wladyslaw T. Benda

THE dull sun breaking uncertainly through the April clouds fell aslant upon the brown floor of Battery Park and the gray walls of the tall office buildings looming up behind. It seemed to Stanislaus, who had been patiently waiting all the afternoon, that to-day the sky and earth in America were like the gentle neutral tints of the plains of his beloved Poland. He seemed to see again the little thatched huts, the gay little flower-gardens, the groups of picturesque peasants in their many-colored blouses, even the white grunting pigs streaked with the mud in which they wallowed. And yet he was not in Poland, which he had left three years before, but in New York, at Battery Park, awaiting the coming of his big brother Jan.

The tender arrived, and after a moment's pause the sea-wearied passengers filed out in bewildered groups. There were Galician Jews and Slovaks, and here and there a broad-shouldered German. Then Jan appeared. He was above the height of the other men of the boat, and was broad and deep-chested in proportion. He had on a *sordak*, or sheepskin coat, with the fleece turned inside, and on his head, covering the yellow shock of hair and throwing a shadow upon the broad, flat nose, was a huge battered felt hat. He seemed unconscious of the strange-garbed Americans, and it was not until he had actually collided with Stanislaus that he seemed to recognize the little man in the derby hat, the ready-made overcoat, and the green-flowered tie as his own brother, his own mother's son.

Then the tears came to his eyes. He did not see the hand clumsily tendered him, but, incontinently dropping his bundles, he threw his flapping arms around his brother. Then he kissed him twice.

"Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ!" he cried.

Stanislaus had the word "Hullo" on his lips, but it seemed incongruous after the ardent Polish salutation.

"Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ!" repeated the tall man.

"For ages and ages! For ages and

ages!" answered the little brother Stanislaus.

Had Jan not been met at the Barge Office, had he taken his chances with hundreds of thousands of other Polish immigrants who have arrived during the last decade, his story might have been different.

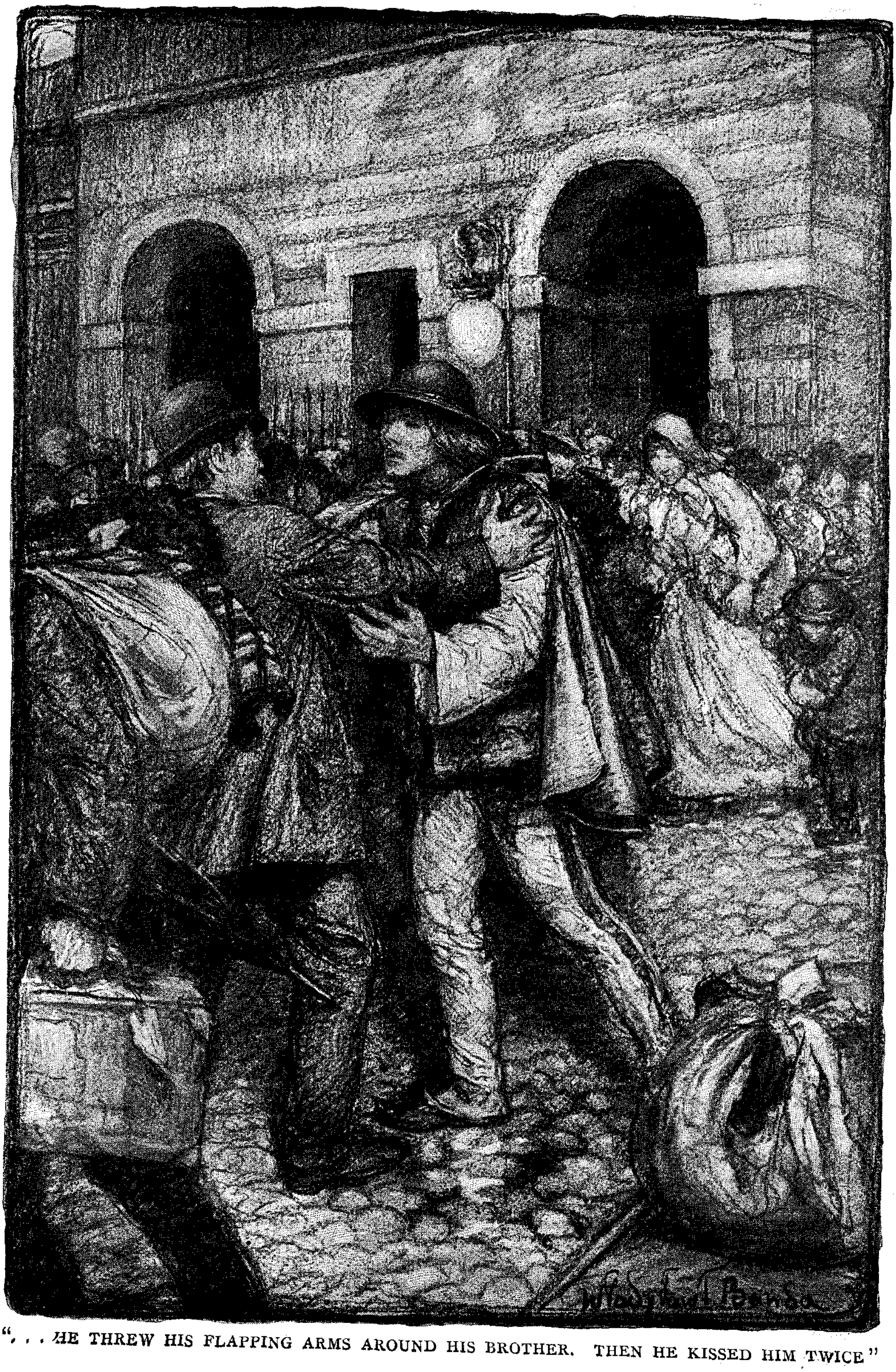
The new immigrant, after lodging for a night at a Polish boarding-house in New York, might on the morrow have been shipped by some employment agent to an unknown point in Florida or Alabama to be sold into peonage. Perhaps the employment agent would not have been to blame; he, too, might have been ignorant of Florida and what work in a turpentine belt or lumber camp meant. But for the grace of God, Jan might have spent ninety-six hours in the hulk of a slow, tumbling freight steamer, and then been forced by the lash and the fear of death into inhuman labor, involuntary and unpaid. Had he sought to escape from this bondage, he might, like other Poles who have been sold into peonage, been chased with bloodhounds and beaten until almost dead.

Even had he been more fortunate and escaped peonage in the South, Jan might still have been little better off in some of the labor camps of the North. Like other Polish immigrants, he might have been sent to quarries or railway camps miles away from the nearest justice of the peace, where he would have learned, perhaps, to run when the dynamite was exploded, but not learned how to obtain his wages or safeguard them when he got them. He might have been defrauded of the scanty earnings given for his arduous work; he might have been mulcted for railway fares, for goods claimed to have been sold to him in company stores, for the attendance of non-attending doctors, and for the general good of his associated exploiters. Had he saved a little pittance, he might have confided his money to the omnipresent foreign banker only to find that riches take unto themselves wings. He might, like others of his countrymen in America, have been killed at his dangerous work, or, still worse, been maimed and thrown aside and deported as likely to become a public charge. Had Jan not met Stanislaus at the Barge Office, he might have run the sickening gamut of misfortunes that befall the ignorant immigrant upon these shores.

But Jan was born lucky, and he found a place in America as soon as he landed. In fact, he had found a place even before he landed. The great coal company working in the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania did not violate the Contract Labor Law by importing workmen from foreign countries, but the foreman *did* casually mention to Stanislaus and others that there were places for more men. So, on an early spring day in 1899, Jan sold all he possessed in the little Polish village, and twelve days later was walking the streets of Shenandoah.

Not many decades ago Shenandoah was an ordinary Pennsylvania mining town. The men who lived there were miners and mine laborers of American, English, Irish, German, or Welsh extraction, and their language was English. But strikes came, the Union was broken, and, to make the assurance of low wages doubly sure, immigrants from all the countries of Europe were imported. Soon there were Poles and Ruthenians and Slovaks and Hungarians and Lithuanians and Italians and Russians and men of all the nations of the earth. These men, brought there to force wages down, were kept there to keep wages down. Though there were more men than the mines needed, still more men were brought in. In the course of time Shenandoah ceased to be an English-speaking town, and on the streets, in the shops, in the churches and saloons, Polish, Ruthenian, and other Slavic languages became the current tongues.

The first Polish invaders of Shenandoah had been badly treated. The English-speaking miners felt a legitimate distrust of men who were willing to work cheaper, and the general population disliked the newcomer because he spent little and was not overclean and not always sober. The first Polish immigrants were beaten by the miners, arrested and clubbed by the constables, and generally maltreated by the whole population. Their wages were not always paid, they were charged exorbitant rates by men willing to lodge them or by grocers who condescended to feed them. But the Slavs persisted and



“. . . HE THREW HIS FLAPPING ARMS AROUND HIS BROTHER. THEN HE KISSED HIM TWICE” survived. Though housed in miserable, deserted shanties, though feeding on what they could get, though maligned and persecuted by every one, they stood their ground until new immigrants came to swell their ranks. In the twenty years prior to Jan's arrival they multiplied twentyfold, and while in 1880 there were less than 2,000 Poles in the anthracite regions, there were by 1900 over 37,000 of them.

You can't maltreat a people when it grows big. The Poles soon grew to be too large a contingent of the many-nationed population to be defrauded and insulted at pleasure. Like the Hungarians, the Italians, the Lithuanians, the Slovaks, the Austrians, and all the other non-English-speaking mine-workers, they increased so rapidly that soon they were in a majority in the Shenandoah district, and thenceforth they became comparatively free from the persecutions of the older inhabitants.

There were other reasons why the Poles and their fellow-foreigners became immune from the earlier attacks. It soon came to be realized that the hard-saving Poles were in possession of money, and men with lands and houses to sell sought out the despised immigrant. The old English-speaking miner had been displaced. He had been defeated by these men with lower standards imported by the coal companies, and he was anxious to leave the country and seek his fortune elsewhere. So he sold his house, and where one English-speaking family had lived before, three or four Polish families now lived, or perhaps only one Polish family with seven or eight Polish boarders.

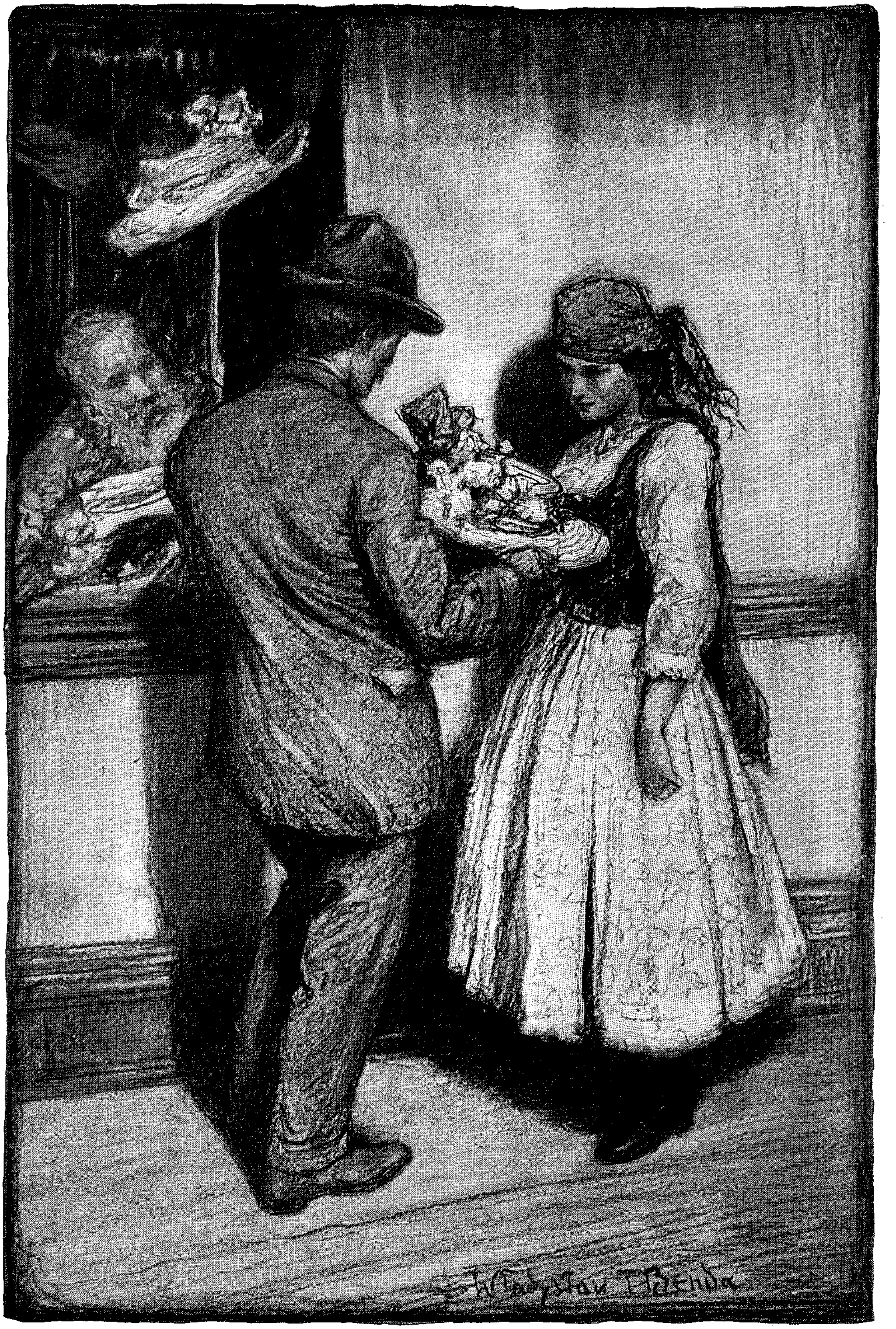
It was in such a house that Jan first lived, with six other lodgers. He did not pay much, for the men clubbed together for the cost of their coarse, simple food, and the one woman in the group cooked for all. It was not a clean establishment nor an attractive one. If some of the men were drunk, the others were obliged to sleep harder to shut out the noise, and if, as sometimes occurred, there was fighting, it was the better part of valor to leave the place for a while until the drunken brawl was over. Jan did not drink or fight, and he did not like the life with these rougher men, and he longed for the time when he, like Stanislaus, could be married and live in a shanty by himself.

It happened sooner than he had anticipated. By living on one-third of his slender income Jan saved enough to enter upon the perilous matrimonial venture. The imported bride looked out with wide, curious eyes from beneath her flowered kerchief, and obediently she followed Jan to all the Shenandoah stores, where the bridegroom, according to the Polish custom, bought her trousseau. The picturesque kerchief was discarded for a much-bedecked American hat, made in a sweatshop for the immigrant trade, and Jan spent other dollars for American shoes, American gloves, and for a strange article of apparel unknown to the staggered bride—a very stiff and very new corset. The trousseau purchased, there remained no further obstacle to matrimony, and so a year after Jan's arrival the marriage took place.

There were many wedding guests who wanted to dance with the pretty bride, and each man who claimed that honor placed, according to the Polish custom, a quarter of a dollar in the bride's apron. Then the wit went around. To each of the guests he made his address, ascribing hyperbolic virtues to the young girl about to be married, and speaking of the many necessities and expenses that marriage entails. Each of the beer-drinking guests gave to the marrying couple a financial token of sympathy, and when the protracted wedding was over, Jan found that he had not only paid all expenses, but had made by the marriage a substantial gain of twenty dollars, to say nothing of a blushing wife.

The house to which the new couple moved was not sumptuous. It consisted of two small rooms, about sixteen feet square, built of hemlock boards, with weather-strips nailed over the crevices. There was no ceiling, plastering, or wall-paper, and there was nothing to keep the place warm or to make it attractive. The owner of this miserable shanty was a great mining corporation, and although the rent was but four dollars a month, the profit was high, for the house had cost only three hundred dollars at the beginning, and since its erection, twelve years before, not a dollar had been spent upon repairs or improvements.

Luckily for them, neither Jan nor



"THE IMPORTED BRIDE LOOKED OUT WITH WIDE, CURIOUS EYES FROM BENEATH HER FLOWERED KERCHIEF, AND OBEDIENTLY SHE FOLLOWED JAN TO ALL THE SHENANDOAH STORES, WHERE THE BRIDEGROOM, ACCORDING TO THE POLISH CUSTOM, BOUGHT HER TROUSSEAU"

Marya had ever been used to comfort or the material decencies. A home was a place, not to live in, but to save in. After all, the house, though wretched, was superior to some of the Polish houses in which the roof was so rotten that the rain came through and formed puddles on the floor. The furnishings of Jan's house were of the simplest description. He had not reached the oilcloth stage of development, and carpets were as yet beyond the range of his wildest hopes. The cooking-stove, picked up in a junk-shop, was both a necessity and an adornment, as were the plates and one or two china dishes which reposed upon the kitchen table. A large bed, four plain chairs, a number of clothes-hooks upon the wall, a chromo of Vice-President Hobart, and a prayer-book in Polish completed the appointments of the new home.

For the time being, at least, Jan was satisfied. He had a wife and a home and enough to eat. He did not, of course, endeavor to compete in expenditures for food with the lavish English-speaking miners, who lived in houses that might rival the mansion of a mayor, and, though workmen, dined, no doubt, on unheard-of luxuries. Still Jan, with his average of nine dollars a week, could buy his meat and eggs and cheese and sardines, and his cabbages, potatoes, pickles, and apples, to say nothing of coffee and beer, and so he and his wife felt that they had the run of the American markets.

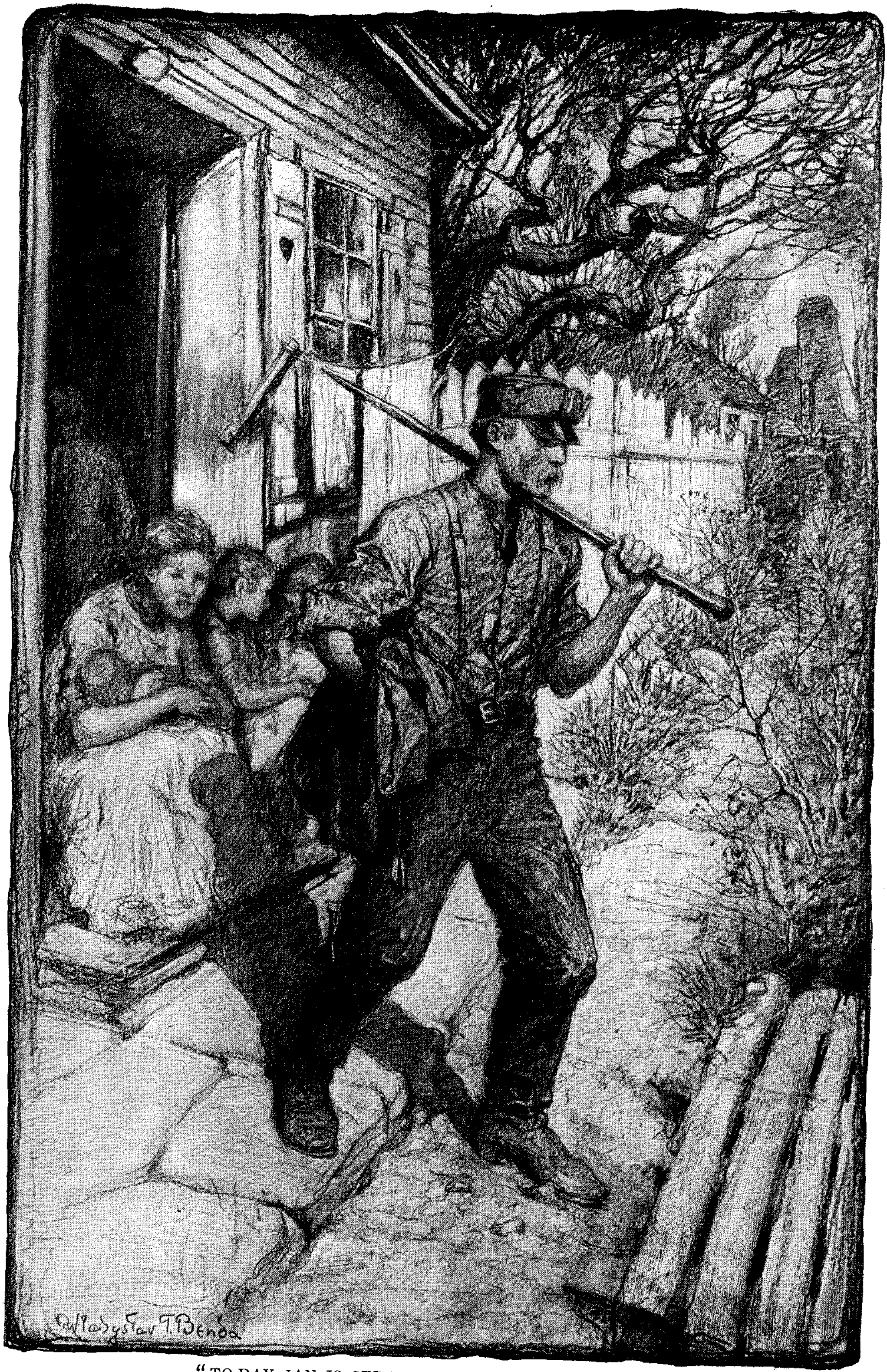
The labor through which Jan earned the money to buy all these luxuries was by no means to the immigrant's liking. It was very hard work in the close little mine chamber, and Jan, who was only a miner's laborer, envied the full-fledged miner with whom he worked, and who for less labor got more pay. Besides, it was dangerous. The very first day of his work Jan saw a Polish mine laborer in an adjoining chamber carried out senseless, and before the man reached the upper air he was already dead. There were many widows in the Polish district of Shenandoah.

Then the Union came. Jan had known nothing of unions, and after he had asked the priest he knew little more. But soon he noticed that a change had come over the stolid mine-workers, a strange excitement filled them, and new words, like "grievance," "wage-scale," "powder-charge," came to him in mutilated and unintelligible forms. The English-speaking men were friendlier, and one day an Irish miner met Jan in the up-going cage, and, putting his hand upon the immigrant's shoulder, said, "Hullo." Thenceforth Jan was an ardent unionist.

The strike came. Ostentatiously and with an almost reverent enthusiasm Jan quit work. He did not quite understand the intricacies of the situation. He did not know of the impending Presidential election or of the financial and political problems involved, but he was unreservedly for the strike. A great new feeling of brotherhood with all these men of all these nations filled the heart of Jan, and when the strike ended in a victory, the immigrant almost forgot the higher wages and the better conditions in the glorious sense of a great vague destiny fulfilled. For the first time since landing in this country Jan felt himself to be an American.

Before the next strike came Jan was a full-fledged miner and an ardent and devoted unionist. He was now earning better wages, but his standard of living had risen and his horizon widened. A carpet had come into the little house, a baby had followed, and a second was on the way. Jan now read not only the Polish but even the English papers, and when one day he was elected as a delegate from his local, his pride knew no bounds. On the very day he bought the piano Jan heard that the convention had declared for a suspension, and within a short time, after many abortive conferences, the final clash came, and the great strike of 1902 was on.

Striking is very slow, very undramatic work. When you are sweating in the bowels of the earth you like to think of the green fields above, but during the long, dull, strike-enforced vacations you almost wish yourself back in the mines with your pick in your hand. There were picnics and baseball games and other diversions for the striking mine-workers, and there was always work to be done in your house and in your garden. Then there were strike meetings, when the crowds of many-tongued miners standing under the cool green trees listened for


Władysław T. Benda

"TO-DAY JAN IS STILL A MINER, AND TO THE END OF HIS DAYS HE IS LIKELY TO REMAIN A MINER" hours to the harangues of English, Polish, Italian, and Hungarian orators. Jan attended all of these meetings and spoke at many, but he avoided saloons where the more turbulent unionists gathered, and when a bloody affray broke out between strikers and imported strike-breakers, Jan was away and took no part.

The time had come for the immigrant to maintain the foothold that he had gained. The foreign-speaking mine-workers, with their greater economy and their lower standard of living, were in a good position to fight out the battle of starvation, and long after the English-speaking miners were in receipt of relief the Poles and Italians and Hungarians were cheerfully drawing upon their past savings. But Jan was less fortunate. He cursed the wretched piano which he had bought to mock his distress, and he almost deplored the advent of the new baby, which added to the expenses of the household. Stanislaus had his own children to look after. To cap the climax, Marya was ill, and sometimes the querulous wife upbraided Jan for all these strikes, for which she seemed to hold him uniquely responsible. But Jan, despite subtle suggestions, refused to return to work. The piano was sold for a fifth of what it had cost, other articles of less value went to the pawnshop, and finally the family came down to a diet of potatoes and coffee. But still Jan refused either to give in or to accept aid from the Union.

At last the strike was over and the victory won. It had been a dearly fought battle, and there were blanched cheeks when the struggle was over. But the conditions against which the men had fought were at least improved, and, more than all, there was born in the hearts of many thousands of men a new sense of brotherhood and a new feeling of solidarity.

To-day Jan is still a miner, and to the end of his days he is likely to remain a miner. "There is no life," he thinks, "like the life underground, where it is warm in winter and cool in summer." True, men are killed every day, and others are maimed, but is life aught but the readiness to die? To-day Jan earns more wages than he did before the strike, but his struggle is harder. He has now six children, besides the four that Stanislaus left when the mine explosion occurred. There is less space in the six-roomed house than formerly there was in the two-roomed cabin.

For another eight or ten years Jan's life is likely to be hard. He has become imbued with the American idea of educational opportunity, and his children will not be sent to work until they are sixteen. Though enthusiastically a miner, and loving his *métier*, Jan intends all his children for more genteel occupations, perhaps as clerks or stenographers or school-teachers, or perhaps—perhaps even as lawyers.

Sometimes poor Jan is troubled by the recognized superiority of his children to himself. He will never speak English fluently, though every evening he religiously reads his newspaper; but for his children English is as natural as is praying to a priest. The children do not seem to be as obedient or respectful as Jan remembers his own brothers to have been, and they do not seem interested in the least in the woes of Poland or in the dream of that great country's future rehabilitation. "America is a wonderful land," thinks Jan, "but it is a land of forgetfulness. My children are not my children, for my children have forgotten that they are Poles."

Jan has never forgotten. Ten years in America, ten thousand thousand æons in America, would never efface from his mind the doleful memories of his native land, the persecutions of the Russian or the petty tyrannies of the Prussian. Even his Union card and his certificate of citizenship are less cherished by Jan than is his membership card in the Polish National Union, which exists for its tens of thousands of members in America and for the greater glory and profit of the future republic in Poland.

The Poles in America are excellent citizens of the land of their adoption, but they would be unworthy of their glorious national heritage if their hearts did not throb with the wild hope of a regenerated Poland. And wherever you find Poles—in the steel mills of Ohio, in the mines of Pennsylvania, in the congested sections of Chicago and New York City, in the country districts of Wisconsin and Michigan, on farms, in factories, in labor camps, in little villages which bear such historic names as Pulaski, Sobieski, Krakow, Wilno, and Tarnow—you find always the high aspiration of a Free Poland. The Poles gain their foothold in America, but they do not, in the first generation, lose their love for their native distressful country.

It is because the children are less Polish than their fathers that many far-seeing, patriotic Poles regret the enormous immigration to America. "The Poles are gaining their foothold," a Polish intellectual recently said; "but what will it profit the nation if it loses itself in the millions of America? Already you have over two millions of our citizens; already Chicago has a quarter of a million of Poles, and Buffalo, Milwaukee, Detroit, and Pittsburgh more Poles than any city in Russia except Warsaw and Lodz. These people, when they are not exploited and plundered, and when they have a job, are doing well—but their children?

It is the penalty of gaining a foothold. America is the great melting-pot of the world, the solvent of races, the mitigator of national jealousies and hatreds. Even the Pole or the Bohemian hates the German a little less cordially in America. As for the children or the grandchildren, who can tell one race from another among the knickerbockered youngsters, with their foreign names abraded and their language standardized?

Had the Poles settled extensively on the land and gained their foothold in compact, indissoluble agricultural groups, like the Germans of Pennsylvania or the French of Quebec, they might perhaps have had more chance of maintaining their national identity. But insuperable obstacles prevented the Poles from going on the land *en masse*. At home the peasant either owned no land at all or merely a tiny strip, and he arrived with insufficient means to purchase a one-hundred-and-sixty-acre farm. The life of a farm laborer did not attract him. He did not and still does not wish to go out alone among an alien people whom he cannot understand. He does not understand the large, extensive ultivation of American farms, and he misses the traditional feasts, holidays, processions, national music and pastimes that make the hard life in Poland so cheerful. Better one's native tongue and friendship and companionship than any number of dollars. And, finally, it doesn't pay. Farm work is for only a part of the year, and the wages of the hired man cannot compete with the wages of the mine or the foundry, or even of the slaughter-house. By the time the Pole has saved enough to go to the country he no longer feels the desire. He has already gained in the city his foothold.

Nevertheless, despite our congested districts, a surprising number of our Polish immigrants have actually found their way to the land. Father Kruska, in a voluminous work upon the subject, estimates that there are seven hundred Polish settlements in America, containing seventy thousand Polish farm-owners. It is estimated that these farms comprise a total of over five million acres, or the combined areas of New Jersey and Rhode Island, and that the whole Polish population on this tract, including hired laborers and women and children, is no less than five hundred thousand.

In the early days before our Civil War the first Polish immigrants traversed without stopping the Atlantic and North Central States and settled on the wide prairies of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and later in Iowa, Nebraska, and the Dakotas, while other Poles, arriving at New Orleans, made themselves farms in the vast domains of Texas. Even to-day there is a stream of hardy Polish immigrants from New York City to the decaying farms of New England, and where once the early settlers were concealing fugitive regicides there now live and work hundreds of plodding Polish peasants, whose little boys and girls attend the same village school to which in former days the old New England families sent their children.

These little schools form the second step in the gaining of a foothold. The immigrant must struggle against great odds, he is despoiled and cheated and insulted, but he gains a foothold. In the public schools, which are open to all, in the other public and private institutions which seek to improve the hard conditions of industrial life, the child of the immigrant is prepared for a newer struggle on a higher plane.

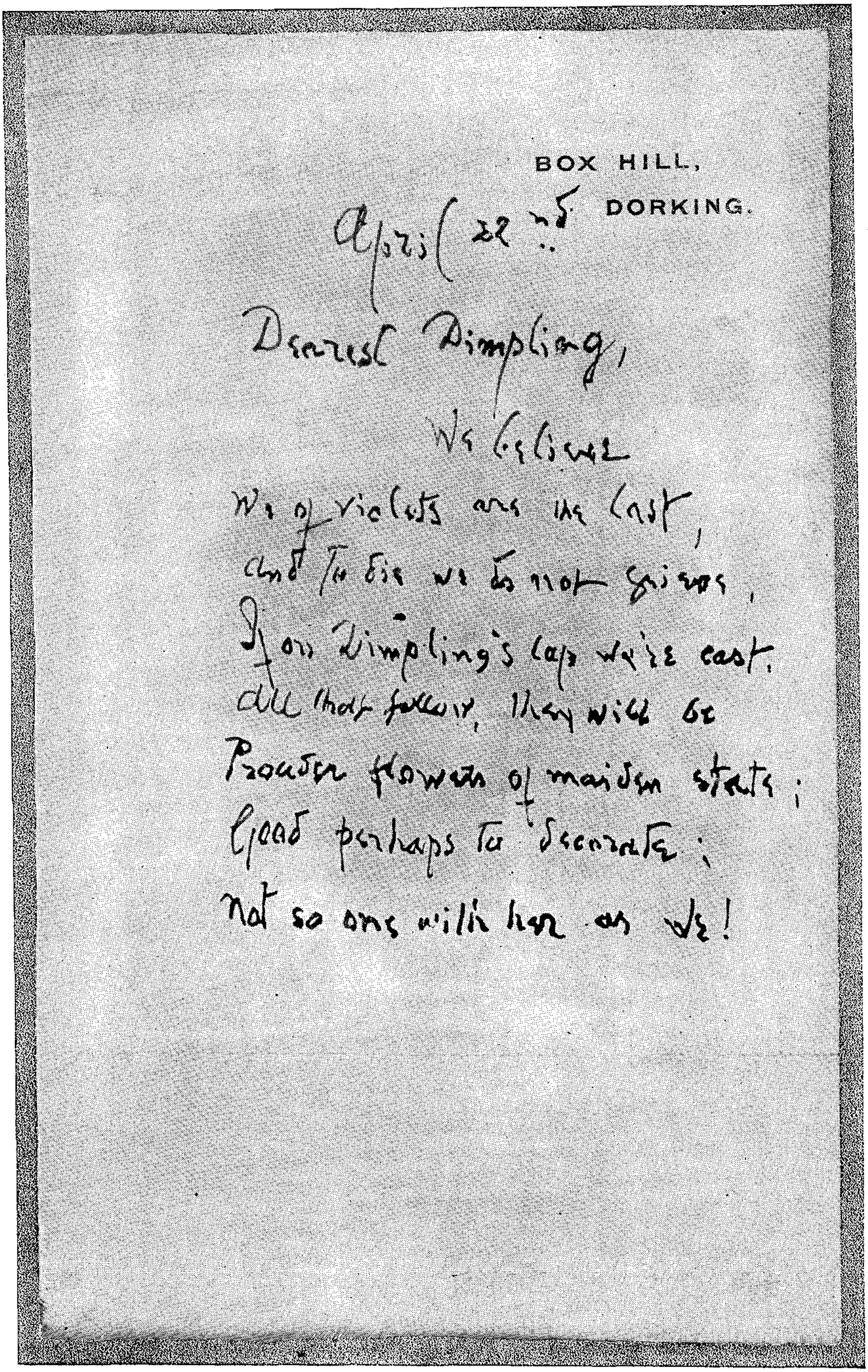
LOVERS of the work of George Meredith will be interested in the poem printed in facsimile on the opposite page, for which The Outlook is indebted to the courtesy of Mr. E. V. Lucas. Mr. Meredith sent the verses as a birthday greeting to Mr. Lucas's sister-in-law, Mrs. Perceval Lucas, when she was a child. Mrs. Perceval Lucas, whose familiar diminutive was "Dimpling," is the daughter of the well-known English essayist and writer Mrs. Alice Meynell, and the Sylvia of Francis Thompson's "Sister Songs." The fact that Mr. Meredith himself grew the violets which were sent with the poem adds to the interest of the incident that suggested the poem. There are those who find it difficult to decipher Mr. Meredith's writings sometimes even on the printed page. For their benefit, lest they shall feel that his handwriting adds to the difficulty which sometimes confronts them in his literary style, we make the following transcription of the poem in type:

Box Hill,
Dorking.
April 22nd

Dearest Dimpling,
We believe
We of violets are the last,
And to die we do not grieve,
If on Dimpling's lap we're cast.
All that follow, they will be
Prouder flowers of maiden state;
Good perhaps to decorate;
Not so one with her as we!

At the time these lines were written Meredith was living in a vine-covered cottage of typical English charm at Box Hill, Surrey. In front was a small but well-kept lawn with flower-beds; back of it rose a steep hill surmounted by a dense forest growth of pine trees. In his Box Hill home the novelist and poet did not confine himself to the intricate psychology of human life that characterizes his written work. He was also a lover and student of nature, especially interested in the life of flowers and birds—and children. "Live in the open and study nature" was one of his favorite maxims. Meredith's intimate understanding of Nature, as Wordsworth understood her, is delightfully disclosed in the following passage from some reminiscences of his friend the late William Sharp:

> After luncheon Grant Allen said he would accompany me back to Box Hill; as, apart from the pleasure of seeing Mr. Meredith, he particularly wanted to ask him about some disputed points in natural history (a botanical point of some kind, in connection, I think, with that lovely spring flower "Love-in-a-Mist," for which Mr. Meredith had a special affection, and had fine slips of it in his garden) which he had not been able to observe satisfactorily for himself. I frankly expressed my surprise that a specialist such as my host [Grant Allen was a scientist diverted into literature] should wish to consult any other than a colleague on a matter of intimate knowledge and observation; but was assured that there were "not half a dozen men living to whom I would go in preference to Meredith on a point of this kind. He knows the intimate facts of countryside life as very few of us do after the most specific training. I don't know whether he could describe that greenfinch in the wild cherry yonder in the terms of an ornithologist and botanist—in fact, I'm very sure he couldn't. But you may rest assured there is no ornithologist living who knows more about the finch of real life than George Meredith does—its appearance, male and female, its songs, its habits, its dates of coming and going, the places where it builds, how its nest is made, how many eggs it lays and what-like they are, what it feeds on, and what its song is like before and after mating, and when and where it may best be heard, and so forth. As for the wild cherry—perhaps he doesn't know much about it technically—but if any one could say when the first blossoms will appear and how long they will last, how many petals each blossom has, what variations in color, and what kind of smell they have, then it's he, and no other better."



BOX HILL,
DORKING.

April 22nd

Dearest Dimpling,

We believe

We of violets are the last,
And to die we do not grieve,
If on Dimpling's lap we're cast.
All that follow, they will be
Prouder flowers of maiden state;
Good perhaps to decorate;
Not so one with her as we!

Miss Melissa's Miracle

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

MOONLIGHT gave the Deacon's wife such dreams and illusions that she shut it out of her bedroom, although she remembered summer nights when she was younger and had loved to see a great moon hanging on balanced wings, like some mother creature brooding over the earth. She was suddenly wide awake with surprise, then, to find the light pouring in, and the Deacon sitting in it, his gray hair erect and shining like a crown, as he went over some papers, trying to decipher them in the gleam, and also trying to understand how two and two should make three instead of five, and to make out if by possibility he did not owe the parish so much as he had feared.

At her startled exclamation he closed the shutter and crept back to his pillow.

To this wife her husband was not only the best and first of men, but with so much of the ethereal in his composition that he seemed not so entirely human as heavenly. And if miracles could be wrought in these latter days, she would have expected him to work them or to have them worked for him. She had felt a deep reverence for him since the days when she had seen heaven in the fair-haired boy's eyes and its love in his heart; she had preserved the unbounded pride in him that she felt when he asked her to marry him; and since the hour he became a deacon she had never called him by his Christian name.

She was a little creature, but, as a diamond holds the concentration of light, she in her energy was like a flame of fire. And while the Deacon was turning over the Elder's text in his mind and extracting its last honey, she was seeing to the practical side of things and keeping the Deacon's hands busy, wherever his thoughts might wander. Yet there were times when she suffered a sad loneliness—in the sunshine of those chill April days that fill the atmosphere with hope, when the Deacon was up in the hills by himself clearing the springs, and with she knew not what communings; or in rich, odorous autumn days when he tramped the swamps, elated with the colors and the balms, singing his thoughts out loud and clear—the loneliness any woman marrying an angel might feel. She did not know how to express her blind sensation of being left outside her husband's inner life. And nothing quite atoned for that. But now and then she hid her few quick tears on the shaggy head of old Bose, and the dog looked at her afterwards with wistful eyes, as if wondering at her worry and assuring her he could keep a secret.

"What's troublin' ye now?" she asked, laying her arm over her husband, her voice as tender as a mother's—the wife in her long since become the mother.

"It's them accounts, Drusy. I can't make 'em gee."

"What accounts you mean?"

"W'y, there's on'y mine an' the perrish funds. And I can't make 'em come out to suit."

"S'pose *I* see."

"Now, Drusy, w'en *I* can't! I guess 'twould take one o' them that counted times and times in Dan'l ter make them two thin's square."

"Can't you count right, father?"

"'Taint countin'. I can count, same's a clock. It's just here. There's that yoke o' noxen I bought. An' the bit o' lan' ter round out the big rye-field, and one thin' and another. And o' course I paid for them out 'n my own money. And my money's all gone. An' where's the perrish money? That's gone, too."

"Deacon!"

"Yes. That's jes' w'at's occurred."

"Ain't you put it somewheers, an' forgot?"

"I've kep' it in the little right-han' dror of the sekertary this twenty year exceptin' for now and ag'in. 'Tain't likely I'd remove it. And I ain't!"

"What has come of it, then?"

"Wisht you could tell me, Drusy."

"W'y ain't you spoke of it?—I thinked you was spendin' more'n was likely."

"I couldn't spen' more'n I hed."

"S'pose ye sell the steers—"

"Sell them steers? W'y, I need 'em! I've needed 'em like sixty this ten year, an' you gimme no peace till I got 'em. They're my properly, 'lowin' ther's any sech thin' as property, seein' the 'arth is the Lord's."

"There's a mistake been made, father. P'r'aps you thought 'twas your money—"

"You s'pose I'm a fool, Drusilla? Or a thief?" And he sat up in his righteous indignation.

His wife drew him gently down again, and held him in her arms, laying her head beside his own. "There, there," she said, "you go to sleep. Mebbe you'll dream it out. Anyway, you kin see things clearer by day."

"There ain't nothin' ter see clear. It's jist here. I kind o' rekelek I put the perrish money away, I do' 'no' where. And, anyway, it ain't there. I was in hopes I could make it out from what I had, till it turned up. But I can't. An' now all to wunst Elder an' Deacon Hardin' an' them wants it for the bell they're ben lottin' on, an' the fence roun' the buryin'-groun'—"

"There ain't no need of a fence there. Nobody can't get out; an' there ain't nobody wants ter get in, as I've heerd say."

"Cows," said the Deacon.

"You jest go ter perrish meetin' an' fight that fence!"

"I have."

"Father, how long's this ben goin' on?"

"Fer quite some w'ile, Drusy."

"An' ye never told me." And she rose and opened the shutters. There was no more sleep for her.

"W'at's the use?" he said, on her return. "I was heckled enough for two. Anybody that didn't know me 'd say I'd spent the perrish money. But I couldn't 'a' done that no ways in the worl', ye see."

"I see," said his wife.

"But Hardin' won't see."

If the Deacon was unable to command ready money, it was because he never could put anything by while others were in want, and his family felt his least wish must be gratified—certainly so righteous a wish. And so his wife turned her decent gown and returned it, and ripped and dyed his coat, which he wore with a consciousness of being clothed fit for the society of skyey beings; and Judith trimmed her bonnet over with ribbons the neighbors had had time to forget, and Lauretta cobbled her shoes for Sunday, and John gathered birds' eggs which he sold to bad boys down in Salt Water.

"I'd ben meanin'," said the Deacon, sadly, "ter git ye a summer bunnit, Drusy. But now, 'ith Hardin' a-doubtin' my word—"

"Now, Deacon Wabbles, there ain't nobody a-doubtin' your word!"

"'Tain't jes' my word. It's trust funds, Drusy. An' they're gone. And I ain't got enough o' my own to square up. If I can't find 'em—w'y, mother, them childern o' ourn 'll come to disgrace! Folks 'll p'int to 'em an' say their father—mother, I ain't took any o' that money! Don't you believe me, Drusy?" And he sat up in the bed again, his gray hair making a halo round his head and his tears streaming.

"Believe ye?" she said. "Ye poor angel, don't I know ye couldn't do wrong no more'n a saint! You never said what warn't true in your life. You never did a thing 'twarn't straight. If the Lord loves a righteous man, he loves you."

"An' whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. P'r'aps I was feelin' 's if I couldn't fall. Yes, Drusy."

"An' ye won't fall. You'll be took care on, father. The Lord can't spare you an' your example that way."

"Mother, mother, what a comfort you are!" And he lay back exhausted, and was asleep in a twinkling. And old Bose, on his mat beside the bed, beat taps with his tail, as if satisfied that all was right, even through a little sob which he rose to inquire into.

"Now you look cheerful," said their mother to the girls, as they made breakfast ready, by the candle-light. They had waked in the night and had heard enough to make it necessary to tell them more, and their pretty faces were swollen with crying. "You put hot tea on your eyes. Father'd be distressed ter see ye a-feelin' so."

"Oh, poor father, poor father!" Judith sobbed. "The saint alive, the old saint!"

"It's dretfle!" cried Lauretta. "An'

he the best man in meetin'!" And her tears were like sparks of fire.

"It's jest goin' to shame us every one!" said Johnny. "'Tain't no use bein' honest w'en folks suspicions ye that way!" And, trying to be calm, he broke out crying aloud.

"Folks ain't God," said his mother. "And God knows your father's honest down to the ground."

"He's honest up to the sky!" said Judith.

"There," said the mother, "the cakes are a lovely brown. You'd better call father, Laurie."

The Deacon ate his breakfast in silence when he came. As he finished, he pushed back his chair and stood up. "Lord," he said, lifting his wide-open eyes to the window, where the sunrise flame still lingered, "thou art our refuge in all generations. Thou hast said, Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I come. I leave this trouble here. Let me feel that an honest man stands before Thee." And his wife and his children sobbed, "Amen."

As for the Deacon, there was only perfect peace on his white face. He went round and kissed his wife, a rare ceremony. "Now," he said brightly, "it's a good day for planting the corn, John, my son. It's no use a-talking—in this here climate the Lord won't bless the corn that's planted afore the apple blossoms sheds inter the hills." And he went out blithely as if he had not a care in the world.

"It's up to God," said Johnny, who was reactionary and had been in Salt Water.

Across the woods the Elder was putting up his rails that a deer had disturbed. He had thought, as he saw the sunrise while coming along, that David first sang the twenty-fourth Psalm when a boy keeping his flocks on the hill at some splendid break of day, and he was singing to a tune of his own, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in," for in this remote settlement, apart from the stir of the world, its complexities and distractions, the thought still concerned itself, as in days past, with the mighty things of the unseen. He was brought back to earth by Deacon Harding's and the tax-collector's approach, doubtless to talk concerning the missing parish funds. Well, if he could give them a kindlier feeling, he would be helping to lift those gates.

"There ain't no good o' hushin' it up," said Deacon Harding, after the preliminary conversation; "truth will out. The money was trusted to Deacon Wabbles, and if he can't perduce it, where is it?"

"Oh, he will produce it in time, I am sure," replied the Elder. "The Deacon may be a little confused. And he's slow. He'll clear it all up."

"So you said, Elder, three months ago. He's had time."

"Eyther he's got the money, or he's spent it," said Cyrus Thomas, rattling the pennies in his pockets. "'T seems ter me somethin' 'd orter be done. It's bringin' reproach upon the meetin'."

"Summer's coming," said Deacon Harding, "and we need that bell. You can see for yourself, 'twould soun' pleasant summer evenin's, callin' ter the house o' prayer an' biddin' in them that wouldn't 'a' come otherways."

"But that's hypothetical. And it isn't to be thought of—is it now?—beside the blasting of a good man's name," said the Elder.

"I ain't denyin' he's led a toler'ble good life—so fur," said the tax-collector, somewhat awed by the long word. "But tentations comes to all of us. He got his gels a seraphine last winter. I ain't ever felt called to git Sadie an organ."

"But he bought it that Judith might better sing her hymns. And don't you think Judith's voice in the singing seats is almost as well worth while as the sort of bell we would be able to buy?"

"'Tain't the question," said Deacon Harding. "An' 'tain't the bell. It's the principle. If Deacon Wabbles has made away with our trust money, we'd orter know it, and have him dealt 'ith in meetin'."

"The Lord loves a merciful man," said the Elder. "If the case were reversed, and either of us in straits, Deacon Wabbles would be long-suffering. I think we'd better wait."

"Wal," said Deacon Harding, "mebbe you're right, Elder. You'd orter be, havin' studied inter sech thin's more'n us.

Deacon is slow, 's you say. P'r'aps he ain't took it all in yet. What say, Mr. Thomas?"

"We've got a duty ter the perrish," said Mr. Thomas, still rattling his pennies. "However, I'd hate ter hurt Mis' Wabbles's feelin's. An', 's you say, p'r'aps we—we—"

"Won't be too precipitate," said the Elder.

"Jes' so. But, Elder, sooner or later that money's gotter be 'counted for. Some on it's mine!"

The Elder was walking in his wife's little garden patch that evening while she sowed her mignonette seeds. "It is discouraging," he said. "It makes me feel my work idle and unblessed when two of my people are so ready to destroy another."

"For my strength is made perfect in weakness," said his wife, softly.

"It is not impossible," the Elder said presently, "that while the Deacon was walking with his head in the clouds he set his feet in the bog. He is so occupied in the courts of heaven that he forgets the things of earth." This from the Elder! thought his wife. "But he was very unhappy when I saw him last, the poor good man!" said the Elder. "Yet his wife hadn't the first doubt all would come right. That's a great help. What wonderful things wives are! And her price is above rubies."

It was quite dusk when the Elder's wife rose, dusting the earth from her fingers. "Well," she said, "if that money has been spent, I don't see how anything but a miracle can replace it."

"What then?" said the Elder, gazing at the evening star, that through the gently swaying branches seemed like a great golden spirit winging its way towards earth. "What then? Can't we think there are laws that are deeper, swifter, subtler, mightier, than those we know, that can produce what we call the miraculous? Miracle or no miracle, it stands to reason that for a man who lives so near heaven the heavenly forces ought to be engaged." And the Elder's prayer that night dealt with the heavenly forces very pleadingly.

The buds on the orchard boughs were like points of light against the dark forest the next morning. The rosy snow of apple blossoms blew about; the world seemed full of hope and promise. The Elder's wife sat sewing on the porch with Miss Melissa. "Yes, it means a sight to me," Miss Melissa was saying. "It means longings. It means tears. Yes, Mis' Perry, tears," glancing about anxiously. "Elder ain't 'roun'—fixin' his remarks? Talks 'temp'ry, now I mind. Fetches ye nearer, mebbe. Though once in a w'ile a good thirteenthly stirs ye up. P'ints ter dispute."

Miss Melissa was a personage in the Settlement. She had bought her small place with what was left of her father's property, and she had sowed and threshed and grown brown as a berry and spare as a tree's stem. She sold eggs, herbs, snake-skins, curious fungi; she lived on next to nothing, and she saved now and then a dollar. When she should have saved a hundred dollars, she used to think, she would have a little all-sorts shop. She had kept her money about her, and in hot midsummer she talked of the deceitfulness of riches and longed to spend hers. "Yes, in them days I thought I'd like ter run down ter Salt Water an' see the stores," she said. "I thought I'd like some preachin', too—'twas afore Elder come. I thought I'd like to susscribe an' take the 'Farmer' all to myself, 'stid o' having it 'ith the neighbors, an' gittin' it worn an' crumpled, 'ith the news all read out of it. I thought, yes, I did, I'd go to the circus. Ever been? Script'ral an' Biblical show, ye know, camels an' cameleopards an' behemoths; an' if the women-folks rides pecooler, that ain't the fault o' the critters. I'm boun' ter say I like to see w'at's goin' on, so long as it's goin' on! Wunst—I'll tell the hull truth—I did think of a black silk gownd. I got so far as to hear myself a-rustlin' in it Sabbaths. But I didn't purchase. And at last I had a hunderd dollars. A hunderd dollars ain't much, prob'bly, ter the eyes that sees all the gold o' the 'arth, an' where the Queen o' Sheby got hern. But 'twas a sight to me. And then—that's the way thin's happens—to them that hath shall be given—my uncle over to Stowe up an'—passed away—an' lef' me—hm—hm—a comf'ble competency. An' there I was 'ith that an' the hunderd dollars too. I didn't feel, ye know, ter spend Uncle Jairus's money; but that hunderd dollars was mine, and I cast about ter see w'at I could do 'ith it. There's times w'en a trifle o' help means salvation to some folks. And I made up my mind ter lend it out, askin' no interes', to people a-strivin'. The fust one was—wal—never mind who. He was a carpent'rin'. An' he hed idees, he said, if he on'y hed money. An' w'at do ye think come to pass? He traded fer a lot o' furnitur' jest out the fact'ry, made like the ole-fashioned bureaus, ye know. An' there he was a-dentin' and a-bangin' of 'em, and a-rubbin' dust and oil inter the cracks, an' leavin' on 'em out in the rain till they looked as if they'd stood in the barn-chamber sence John Hancock come over. Mis' Beers said it went right to her heart ter see Ezra a-ruinin' them new thin's and her best room as bare's your hand. An' he set 'em round the house and up garret, two or three to a time. And then he sold 'em, reel artfle, to city folks a-travelin' roun', for prices big as Achan's wedge o' gold. I warn't goin' to stand that. Reg'lar swindle. And as he hedn't the money, I took the furnitur'; and then them city folks—sech fools folks be—come meechin' roun' ter me. They couldn't believe the truth; said 'twas plain impossible. There was the thin's! An' they carted off a clock or a sekertary, and lef' what they called an hones' price unner the door w'en I slammed it. Useter think I was feeble-minded. Then I had to wait for my cruse to fill, and I let Joel Bush—there, I didn't mean ter mention names! Wal, I lent to one and another, and ushully they didn't pay; they took it out in sayin' 'twarn't no use ter have dealin's with a woman. But I ain't ever spent my interes' money, and I've got it where I kin lay my hand on it any minute," suiting the action to the word. "An' now, Mis' Perry, you've hearn o' this trouble o' Deacon Wabbles?"

"Something of it."

"So. Now I know the Deacon, root and branch. He's as honest as sunlight. Ye kin see clear thru him. I'm thinkin' o' visitin' there bimeby and a-slipping that money unner some papers in his sekertary, or inter some book, and ast Miss Wabbles ef she's looked everywhere and in amongst them papers. Deacon won't never sense it. He'll think he left it there! You see he's all mixed. He doesn't know his'n fum theirn nor t'other fum w'ich. But he's allers right on the four points, let come what will. I guess his scan'alizers 'll be took aback w'en he comes out atop, 'ith that money."

"Miss Melissa, you're a genius!" cried Mrs. Perry, after an instant's gaze.

"I do' 'no' but w'at I be," said Miss Melissa, smoothing her gown, "and I do' 'no' *as* I be."

"But you'll lose it—all that money!"—the Elder's meager salary giving the sum a phenomenal weight.

"Cal'clate to. In a good cause. I can't hev such a scandle on the meetin'. I gotter save this perrish from reproach. But I come acrost lots ter see what ye'd say to it. Fer I don't want ter do anythin' ag'in lor and order."

"I think if they give the Deacon time—"

"He'd straighten out. Yes. I think jes' 's you do. But time kills, you know, in the waitin'. Wal. So I'm goin' over. I got the money here. And I can trust you and Elder not to tell on me. Fact is, I never ast a merried woman not to mention thin's to her husband, because 'tain't no use. I know she will. I expect the Deacon 'll be ter see the Elder afore nightfall. It 'll do my soul good ter see Mis' Wabbles find that money. An' them poor children, a-feeling disgrace a-hanging over 'em—their faces 'll be like beaming roses nex' Sabbath. I couldn't enjoy that money anything like if I kept it in my stockin'. Tell me now, could I?"

"How good you are, Miss Melissa!"

"No, I ain't. I'm jes' givin' Millissy Blunt a treat. I declare to man, 'twill be a joyous occasion w'en I see the Deacon, straight's a tall pine, stan'in' up nex' Sabbath and a-singin' as if he'd lead the hull flock on us up the heavenly heights! And I guess Mis' Wabbles won't be sorry that day she didn't take up 'ith Hardin' w'en he ast her. No, I ain't good. For I do' 'no' but I'll enj'y puttin' Deacon Hardin' an' Cy Thomas an' their folks ter confusion 'most as much as savin' the Deacon."

It was an hour or two afterward that Miss Melissa came light-footed to Mrs.

Perry's door again. It was joy and not the spring day's heat that flushed her face. "I'm beat out," she said, as she sat down and untied her bonnet-strings. "I'm beat. Now then. I made my call, Mis' Perry. And in the course o' talk I ses ter Drusilla, 'You looked everywhere?' ses I. 'Everywhere,' ses she. 'Looked thru all them books on the seketary shelves?' ses I. 'S'pose ye lemme look! I'm a master hand at findin' things,' ses I. And I didn't wait, but went inter the keepin'-room, and took down one book and another, and held 'em up by the covers an' didn't find nothin', and I'd jest slipped them bank-bills inter Scott's 'Commentaries' w'en the Deacon come in himself. 'Deacon Wabbles,' ses I, 'I don't believe ye ever thought o' lookin' in them 'are books fer that money.' I'd thought he'd be dretfle disconsolate; but he warn't; he was all up in the air. 'W'y, no, I ain't,' ses he. 'I ain't in the way o' puttin' money inter books,' ses he. ''Twon't do no harm ter see,' ses I. 'Folks doos lots o' thin's absent-minded like. There, you take this pile, and I'll run thru this. There ain't a dozen on 'em, hymn-books and all.' An' jes' 's I was a-slammin' down 'Hobbs on Reverlations,' the Deacon cried out. An' he was like some one jes' raised from the dead—stiff's a piller o' salt. An' there was my money unner his hand. 'My dear Lord! My dear Lord!' he was a-sayin'. 'Drusilla! Here! I never—yet p'r'aps I may—I do' 'no'—I kind o' remember— Yes, yes!' he ses quick. ''Twas the day I was near stunned a-fallin' off the load o' salt hay we fetched in over the ice from the medder,' he ses. 'Yes, now I remember puffickly. Oh, thank God, thank God!' An' thinks I, 'Wal, he remembers, does he? All right, then.' But Mis' Wabbles warn't noways supprised; she was as calm's a clock; 'twarn't nothin' beyond her expectations that meracles should come to pass for the Deacon; but her tears was a-pourin'—tears o' triumph. An' Judith stood as if she was turned to stone 'ith joy. An' John came a-bustin' in to the top o' his voice, an' Bose he begun yelpin' an' jumpin' 's if he'd knowed it all along, an' Lauretty plumped right down on the floor off'rin' thanks. If they ain't all sick a-bed to-morrow, I miss my guess! An' the Deacon happened ter run his fingers over the leaves 'ithout thinkin', and there, if you'll believe it, was another set o' bills—the very bills, I s'pose, he'd put in there an' forgot where, thru that fall o' his'n. He was whiter'n a sheet of paper. 'It's a meracle!' ses he. 'It's a meracle!' And he was gladder ter think the Lord 'd worked a wonder for him than he was to find the money. So I come away—"

"And left your money! And said nothing!" exclaimed Mrs. Perry.

"Certain. Jes' that. S'pose I'd take his meracle away from him? Mis' Perry, you have the Elder give out the las' varse o' the hymn—

"'Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save,
Here for grief reward thee double.'

I see the twinkle in Elder's eye w'en he reads out that 'ar' third line. He can't help it, Elder can't; he may be a saint, but he's a man first. I do' 'no'—w'at d'ye think?—p'r'aps Deacon Hardin' an' Cy Thomas and the others 'll be moved ter go up and take Deacon Wabbles's han'. He won't hold no grudge; they was in the way o' their duty. And if you feel the leastestest mite like chucklin', you'll jes' chuckle ter yourself, won't ye?"

"The Elder 'll be afraid I'm losing my head."

"The Elder 'll never be afeared o' anythin' exceptin' that you'll git to heaven afore him. If ye do, jes' reach down a han' ter help me w'en I come climbin', won't ye?"

The Ethical Teachings of Jesus

IV.—The Blessed Hope

By Lyman Abbott

The hope of Jesus

Jesus assumed that the men to whom he addressed himself were children of God and shared their Father's immortality. He spoke to them as immortals; not as machines, not as a mere higher type of animals. But he said very little about a celestial life hereafter. In one parable he described Lazarus as in Abraham's bosom, using a common figure of his time. In his picture of the Judgment Day he portrayed those who had given themselves to the service of their less fortunate brethren as inheriting a kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world. In his last words to his disciples he comforted them with the assurance that this world is not God's only world; that there are other dwelling-places; and that he was going to prepare a place for his followers. On the cross he promised the repentant brigand, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise." But he furnished no picture of a future celestial existence. Our imagined scenes of Elysian fields, of a holy city, of a temple with white-robed choirs chanting their chorals or playing orchestra-like on harps, are not derived from the teachings of Jesus. In so far as they are Biblical at all, they are derived from the Book of Revelation. The hope which Jesus put before his disciples was that of a kingdom of God on the earth. For this he bade them pray: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." This he promised to them as the Father's gift: "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

The hope of the Hebrew people

The Hebrews were a peculiar people in more respects than one. They were peculiar in their conception of God; peculiar in their ideas of what was acceptable to him; peculiar in their ethical ideals; peculiar in their expectations. The people of antiquity generally looked backward for their Golden Age; the Hebrews looked forward; their Golden Age was yet to come. Their prophets told them of a good time coming, a new social order in which the authority of Jehovah would be universally recognized and his just and humane laws would be universally obeyed. There would be no war: the implements of war would be beaten into implements of agriculture. There would be no despotism: law would go out of Zion, the only enforcement of duty needed would be the religious consciousness of mankind. There would be an equable distribution of property: every man would sit under his own vine and fig tree. There would be universal education: no man would need to teach his neighbor. There would be no harsh fathers, no heart-breaking, disobedient children: the hearts of the fathers would be turned to the children and the hearts of the children to the fathers. They foretold a Coming One who would bring in this kingdom of righteousness, peace, and universal welfare. This Coming One was termed in the Hebrew tongue the Messiah, in the Greek tongue the Christ. It is true that sometimes the language of the prophet seems to imply that Israel was itself the Messiah; but generally he is personified—sometimes as a Leader, sometimes as a Prophet, sometimes as a King, sometimes as a Sufferer, but always as the One who brings in a new era to the nation, and often, through the nation, to the world.

"Jesus or Christ"

That after the resurrection the disciples believed that Jesus of Nazareth was this long-foretold and long-expected Messiah I should have thought unquestionable did not experience demonstrate that erudite theologians are able to question anything. The "Hibbert Journal" has recently published a series of papers entitled "Jesus or Christ?" the object of which is to show the different conceptions which different schools of thought attach to the word Christ. Father Tyrrell assures us that “ ‘ Christ ’ now means the Second Person of the Trinity made man.” To the Rev. R. Roberts Christ “ means an enriching and expanding ideal.” I do not deny the right of disputants to use words in any sense they choose so long as they define the sense in which they use them. My object in these papers is to interpret words as they were used by the disciples of Jesus in the first century, and it is quite clear that the word Christ was not used by them to mean what either Father Tyrrell or what Mr. Roberts means by it.

When the angel told the shepherds, “Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord,” the shepherds neither understood him to mean that “ the Second Person of the Trinity made man ” was born, nor that “ an enriching and expanding ideal ” was born; they understood him to mean that the promised Messiah was born. When Peter, replying to the question of Jesus, “ Whom say ye that I am ?” answered, “ Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,” he did not mean, Thou art “ the Second Person of the Trinity made man,” nor, Thou art “ an enriching and expanding ideal.” He meant, Thou art the promised Messiah. When Jesus met the disciples after the resurrection, on the way to Emmaus, and asked them, “ Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory ?” he did not mean, and they did not understand him to mean, Ought not “ the Second Person of the Trinity made man ” to suffer these things and enter into his glory ? nor, Ought not “ an enriching and expanding ideal ” to suffer these things and enter into his glory ? but, Do not this suffering and this glorification fulfill what the Old Testament prophets had foretold of the Coming Messiah ? When Saul, after his conversion, began his ministry in Damascus by proving that Jesus is Christ, he did not prove, or attempt to prove, that Jesus is “ the Second Person of the Trinity made man,” nor that he is “ an enriching and expanding ideal ;” he attempted to prove that Jesus fulfilled the conditions of ancient prophecy and was the long-expected Messiah.

Christ’s teaching concerning the kingdom of God

This was difficult to prove. For the people wanted both meager and immediate results. They wanted, not the redemption of the world, but the redemption of Israel; they wanted their nation to become a world power, as Babylon had been and as Rome was ; they wanted Jerusalem to be a world capital and their rulers to be world rulers. When Jesus told them that the kingdom was for pagans as well as for Jews, they mobbed him. And they wanted this kingdom brought to them, not wrought by them. They had no idea that it would require time and patience and costly endeavor. They looked for it to be brought about by a miraculous divine intervention—a Messiah coming in clouds and power and great glory, and his holy angels with him. Their expectation was like that of Moses at the Red Sea : “ Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord. The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.” And they had no liking for the reply of Jesus to this expectation, like the reply of Jehovah to Moses: “Wherefore criest thou unto me ? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.”

But this was the burden of his teaching. You think, he said, that the kingdom of heaven will come suddenly. No! It will come up like a great tree which grows gradually out of a little seed. You think it will be brought to the earth by a supernatural power. No! It will grow like seed cast into the ground, which grows the sower knows not how; for the earth brings forth fruit of herself. You think it will come simply to Israel. No! It will come to any people who will receive it, and to no people who will not receive it. For the hearts of the children of men are like soil, and if the seed falls on good soil it brings forth fruit, and if it falls on stony soil, which does not open to receive it, it brings forth no fruit. You think it will be done *to* you. No! It must be wrought *by* you. It is like an estate left by an absentee landlord to be managed for him. God will often seem to you to be afar off, for he will put the responsibility of bringing about this kingdom upon you. You think it will come with great pomp and glory. No! It will come without observation; it will be here and you will not know it. You think it will be given to you without cost, as a great gift. No! It will be purchased by you at a great sacrifice; like a pearl which, when one has found, he sells all that he has in order to get means wherewith to buy it. You think it will be rapturously welcomed. No! When it is offered to you, you will all, with one consent, excuse yourself from accepting it. You think of it as something external, bestowed upon you. No! The kingdom of heaven is within you.

It is true that Jesus sometimes seems to teach that before his generation would pass he would come again clothed with power and great glory to establish his kingdom, not without but with observation. Are we to suppose that this was what Jesus really taught, and that the burden of the teachings attributed to him only give the current impression of the disciples; or are we to suppose that the burden of the teachings attributed to him constitute his real teaching, and that the millennial prophecies represent the prepossessions of his disciples? I cannot doubt that the latter is the fact; and this opinion is confirmed by the consideration that some of these prophecies of an immediate second coming are clearly capable of a different interpretation than that which has been put upon them.[1] And it is certain that the burden of his ministry was what I have indicated above: that the kingdom of God is dependent on individual character, and can only grow up gradually as individual character becomes conformed to the character of God.

Christ's four great sermons

In his first sermon at Nazareth Jesus depicted the object of his coming: it was to initiate this kingdom; to bring glad tidings to the poor, healing to the broken-hearted, deliverance to the captive, sight to the blind, liberty to the oppressed. In this sermon nothing is said, and nothing is implied, about a celestial kingdom hereafter. In his second sermon, preached at the time of the ordination of his twelve special helpers, Jesus made it clear that this glad tidings—healing, deliverance, liberty—could come only by the development of character. Happiness cannot be conferred upon mankind, it must be developed in mankind. We are blessed if we are poor in spirit, meek, aspiring, full of mercy, pure in heart, peace-possessing and peace-giving. No mere obedience to law will give us these qualities. No mere doing things for reward will give them to us. We receive them when we are the children of our Father in heaven, and devote our lives to acquiring these qualities ourselves by our fellowship with him and to imparting them to others by our fellowship with them. In the third great sermon, or series of sermons, the parable by the seashore, Jesus traced in a series of pictured symbols the gradual development of this new social order, based on personal character conformed to the character of the Great Father. And in the fourth great sermon, that on the Bread of Life, preached at Capernaum, Jesus declared that the secret of such a character is to be found in an intimate personal companionship with the Father, a spiritual living in him and by him through fellowship with his Son, the world's Messiah.

The great hope which Jesus put before his disciples, and which he puts before us and would have us make the motive of our lives, is the kingdom of God on the earth.

Paul's definition of the kingdom of God

This kingdom of God, as Paul defines it, is a new social order pervaded by the spirit of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost: righteousness, or the spirit of the Golden Rule, which inspires every man to put himself in his neighbor's place and to treat him as he would wish to be treated if they could change places; peace and good will, or the spirit of coöperation and mutual service, in lieu of that of strife and envying; and joy or universal welfare, founded on the spirit of righteousness and peace; the whole growing out of fellowship with God and participation in his life with him. This is what Jesus meant when he said, Be not divided in your mind, saying, "What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? . . . Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Jesus never said

---

[1] For example: "This *generation* shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled." Matt. xxiv. 34. The word here rendered *generation* is equally capable of being rendered *race* or *nation*. See Alford's note on the passage. And the continuance of the Jewish people as a race or nation, without territory, capital, or government, would serve to confirm, not to negative, the prophecy here attributed to Jesus.

"Take no thought for the morrow," nor even, Be not anxious about the morrow; he said, Be not divided in your mind; give yourself with singleness of purpose to the service of life, and be content with what life brings you in return, whether it be riches or poverty, praise or blame, reward or persecution.

There is only one thing worth living for; namely, to make this world better worth living in. Impracticable? Not at all. Practicable; and often practiced. Practiced by Dwight L. Moody, who gave himself to the preaching of Glad Tidings and asked for nothing, but took what was given to him. Practiced by General Armstrong, who gave his life to the education and elevation of an outcast race, and never asked anything for himself, yet did not starve. Practiced by Dr. Grenfell, who sought out a people least known and cared for, that he might know them and care for them.

Nor need one devote himself to a missionary life to realize this ideal. Of all the thousands who heard Jesus preach, he called only twelve to leave their business and accept an apostolate. The rest he sent back into their life, inspired with a new understanding of life, a new hope for their fellow-men, a new faith in God. Nor did he merely preach; he fed the hungry, healed the sick, comforted the sorrowing, cheered the discouraged, taught the ignorant, lifted off the burden of the past from the despairing and sent them on their way rejoicing. Every railway man who helps to bind the country together by iron bands, every manufacturer who helps to make shoes or clothing and distribute them far and wide for the benefit of mankind, every cook in the kitchen who makes the body a better servant and better minister to the spiritual nature, is doing Christ's work. To be a follower of Christ is not to do great things; it is to do all things in a great spirit, the spirit of unselfish service.

The four philosophies of life

There is a theory that life is wholly evil, that the only escape from it is into a Nirvana of unconscious existence. This is Buddhism, the philosophy of suicide. This was not the teaching of Jesus.

There is a theory that the world is wholly evil; but that for a few there is escape into a future celestial happiness, while for the many there awaits a hopeless doom of oblivion or the still more hopeless doom of endless misery. This is mediævalism, the philosophy of an eternal battle between good and evil. This was not the teaching of Jesus.

There is a philosophy that human nature is essentially good, that the evils of life are due to defective social organization, that if we reform that all will be well. This is Socialism. This was not the teaching of Jesus. He was not a Socialist; he was not even a reformer. He did almost nothing to re-form the forms of social organism, political or individual, of his day.

There is a faith that God is in his world making it better, making out of the common men and women, such as we are, beings worthy to be called the children of the Most High. This was the teaching of Jesus.

To work with the Father in making this world a better world to live in, he taught was the only life worth living. To give one's self wholly and without reserve to such a life he taught was religion. To live soberly is to take all material things which will help such a life and to reject all things which will hinder it. To live righteously is to do unto others as we would have others do unto us, and to love one another as Christ loved us. To live godly is to give our whole life, all that we have and all that we are, to working with our Father that we may fulfill our Father's will. To be inspired by the great hope is to live in the assurance that at last our Father will accomplish his purpose in bringing about among men a social order of righteousness, peace, and universal welfare founded on fellowship with him. So to live, inspired by this hope and in comradeship with our Father, as to make this world, and each of us our little world, a better and a happier world for our having lived in it—this is the religion of Jesus the Christ.

THE NEW BOOKS

The finest photographs we have ever seen of wild animals in their native surroundings have been made by A. Radclyffe Dugmore, who has recently returned from a four months' expedition in East Africa. Readers of Mr. Roosevelt's stories of his hunting trip in "Scribner's Magazine" know what hosts of animal life throng the plains of British East Africa, and what an exciting and eventful life a hunter may lead in those regions. Mr. Dugmore went there primarily to photograph the animals, and killed only when it was necessary for protection or for food. His book "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds" combines fine reproductions of well over a hundred remarkable photographs with a simple, straightforward account of his adventures in making them. The frontispiece, for instance, is a wonderful portrait of a lion taken by flashlight at a distance of twelve paces. Other pictures show zebra, hartebeests, rhinosceroses (one photographed in full charge at the camera while only fifteen yards away), gazelles, giraffes, buffalo, hyenas, jackals, hippopotami, crocodiles, impala, eland, lions, and lionesses. Several years ago Mr. C. G. Schilling, a German explorer and naturalist, brought out of Africa a remarkable collection of animal photographs, unexcelled up to that time. But Mr. Dugmore has gone several steps farther along this line of the "new hunting," and has, in fact, made one of the most important achievements in the history not only of the photographic art but also of zoölogical investigation. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $6, net.)

"The New Socialism: An Impartial Inquiry," is, we think, what its sub-title claims for it, "an impartial inquiry." Its prefatory bibliography indicates a wide acquaintance with the literature of the subject, especially the modern literature. The body of the book indicates both a judicial and a critical temper in the writer, Jane T. Stoddart. It is impossible—and that fact this book makes very clear—to find any definition of Socialism which will even moderately satisfy the various Socialistic schools. The differences in schools are as much emphasized as are the sectarian differences in the Protestant Church, and they are much more fundamental. There is, so far as we can see, only one principle which all Socialists hold in common, namely, that the present industrial system is wrong and should be and must be radically changed, not merely ameliorated or incidentally reformed. In this sense Henry George was a Socialist, though nothing made him more indignant than to call him one. In this sense, too, the communist is a Socialist, though the Socialist generally indignantly disclaims being a communist. The unprejudiced reader of this book will find some popular misconceptions corrected by it. He will find, for example, that the most radical Socialist does not deny the right of private property, but only the right of private capital. He will find that some men who are called Socialists wish only for the nationalization of land, others wish for the nationalization of all means of production, and still others wish not for the nationalization of capital but for a somewhat vaguely or at least variously defined voluntary co-operation and combination in all organized industry. Some want "equal pay for equal work," and all work measured by the time it requires. Others affirm with great positiveness that "Socialism proposes to establish no state of equality." One Socialist frankly concedes that "Socialistic production is incompatible with full freedom of work, *i.e.*, with the freedom of the laborer to work where and when and as he wills;" while another is equally certain that Socialism will pre-eminently protect the inviolable liberty of the individual. All this the author makes clear by ample and adequate quotations. If she leaves the reader still puzzled as to what Socialism really means, this is as it should be, for the Socialists themselves are equally puzzled. (George H. Doran & Co., New York. $1.75.)

"What is Socialism?" by Reginald Wright Kaufman, is a very lucid exposition of one form of Socialism, that which issues in "the co-operative commonwealth." Mr. Kaufman believes that this co-operative commonwealth is coming, not by a destructive revolution, but by a gradual, orderly, yet irresistible evolution. What is coming is a commonwealth which will own all lands, water powers, etc., control and conduct all railways, transportation lines, etc., and operate all industrial production and distribution excepting certain specified private industries (pp. 193, 194). He traces the process which he thinks is leading in this direction, and he evidently regards the co-operative commonwealth as the only alternative to capitalism or the wages system. We have in our study of Socialism come across no book which puts this doctrine more clearly or presents more forcibly the steps which lead up to it. But the reader of this volume would get no hint that there are other thinkers who agree with Mr. Kaufman that capitalism or the wages system is not the ultimate form of industry, and yet believe that a co-operative commonwealth as he describes it is never to be. The reader would never learn from this book of that type of Socialism which Mr. Kirkup thus defines: "Whereas industry is at present carried on by private capitalists served by wage-labor, it must in the future be conducted by associated or co-operating workmen jointly owning the means of production. We believe, on grounds both of theory and history, that this must be accepted as the cardinal principle of Socialism." Between a condition of society in, say, the State of Pennsylvania in which the State owned all the mines, the mills, the factories, and the railways, not to say the farms also, and employed the people as wage-earners, and a condition in which the farmers owned and operated the farms, the operators of the railways owned the railways, the operators of the mines owned the mines, the operators of the mills owned the mills, etc., and government confined itself to the task of protecting persons and property and doing such public service as could not be carried on by private associations—carriage of mails, for example—there is as wide a difference as between capitalism and either form of Socialism. Of this alternative proposition to State or political Socialism—co-operative industry, not a co-operative commonwealth—Mr. Kaufman appears to be ignorant. But the real issue to-day among advanced industrial thinkers is not between capitalism and Socialism, but between State Socialism and voluntary Socialism, or what The Outlook has preferred to call industrial democracy. (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.25.)

Quite a different book on a cognate theme is Dr. Thomas C. Hall's " Social Solutions in the Light of Christian Ethics." It is to be commended especially for the use of clergymen and of teachers of social and ethical problems in church classes. It is founded on a large study of the literature of the subject, and is pervaded by the Christian and, we might say, the Church spirit. It is sympathetic with social reform, but does not advocate any one specific remedy for social evils. Its object appears to be, its effect certainly will be, not so much to make Christian men advocates or opponents of any special school of Socialism as to make them interested in and open-minded toward all who are sincerely and genuinely engaged in an endeavor to promote a better social order. As a study of social solutions " in the light of Christian ethics," it appears to us defective in giving so cursory a view of Christ's social teachings, all compressed in nine pages, and in giving no consideration to either the social and political principles embodied in the Hebraic Commonwealth or to the social and semi-political teachings of the Hebrew prophets, which underlie the teachings of Christ and were in a large measure assumed by him. (Eaton & Mains, New York. $1.50.)

We are in hearty sympathy with the aim of " Modern Religious Problems " as defined by the editor, the Rev. Ambrose White Vernon: " This series of books is written for the sake of those men who are sensitive to the prevailing atmosphere of their time, and who are at the same time desirous of conserving the great moral and religious values that have been wrought out by the Christian centuries, and of partaking of that strength and peace which are the peculiar effects of Christian faith." There are two difficulties inherent in such a series: the one, the different values of the different volumes written by different authors; the other, the extreme difficulty which experts invariably find in writing so that non-experts will be interested or even can clearly understand what they write. Of the four volumes of this series before us, the two on theological topics seem to us, for the layman's use, much the best. Dr. Hyde's on " Sin and its Forgiveness " and Dr. Knox's on " The Gospel of Jesus " are simple in structure and clear in style, and at the same time deal with the profound spiritual truths involved in their respective themes. Dr. Bacon's book on " The Founding of the Church " will leave the lay reader somewhat confused unless he studies as well as reads the book, using it as a guide to a comparative study of the Gospel account of the Resurrection. And Dr. Scott's book on " The Fourth Gospel " would not give the lay reader an accurate account of the conclusion of modern scholarship by his statement that " the tradition that John wrote one Gospel has therefore little evidence to support it." The truth is that the best scholars are not agreed on the question of the authorship of the Fourth Gospel. A judicial summing up of the question in the light of modern scholarship would have better served the purpose of such a series as this. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 50 cents.)

A distinguished teacher of the Lutheran Church in America, Dr. J. B. Remensnyder, protests against the present reconstruction of theology. His book on " The Post-Apostolic Age " refers to the great men who came next after the Apostles as sponsors for his conception of a supernatural revelation. It is not continuous, but " exceptional." Until God spoke to his people in the days of Jesus he had been " silent for four centuries." It is essentially miraculous; otherwise it could not be supernatural. The terms natural and supernatural " do not supplement, but exclude each other." The " new theology," which insists that the supernatural is the spiritual, and manifests itself through the natural, " has detached its roots from the Christian past." The old theology for which he contends is " cautious not to identify God with those impersonal forces and principles which were the secondary causes by which he wrought." This is not the theistic, but characteristically the deistic, way of thinking, which only since the time of Horace Bushnell has been slowly dying out of the American churches. (Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia. $1.25.)

Two fresh volumes of the Crown Theological Library invite and reward reading. Professor Harnack's popular monographs on " Monasticism " and " The Confessions of Augustine " constitute the first. In each an oft-told tale is invested with fresh interest for thoughtful readers. The " Confessions " are presented in the unfamiliar aspect of an " unparalleled literary achievement." Monasticism, at least in its rise, appears as a moral and religious heroism protesting against a secularized and irreformable Church. The second, Professor Édouard

Naville's little book "The Old Egyptian Faith," presents some new ideas and principles by which one of the foremost investigators has illuminated the origin and growth of Egyptian religious beliefs during many centuries. Here the Egyptians are allowed, as far as possible, to speak for themselves. An amorphous religion was theirs, a motley of conceptions varying from mystic pantheism to gross nature cults. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50 each.)

Any book on the history of mathematics which bears on its title-page the name of David Eugene Smith demands careful consideration from all those who are interested in the development of that science. For several years Dr. Smith has devoted himself assiduously to collecting books on mathematics, and during this period has gathered information from every available source which would have a direct bearing on the subject. In this humbler field of mathematics no serious attempt has ever been made by bibliophiles either to preserve original material or to catalogue. The self-imposed task of the author of "Rara Arithmetica" has been in no sense an easy one, for it must be borne in mind that the very commonness of such a simple text as an arithmetic has oftentimes caused its destruction. Of some editions not a single copy remains to-day of a text once in general use. It is a narrow field which Dr. Smith has taken, but the work has been thoroughly done, and the student or collector who reads the book carefully will find that it gives a fairly complete history of Renaissance arithmetic. The work is more than a catalogue in the accepted sense, for it gives not only a detailed description of the texts published before the year 1601, but in many cases their history and cuts of the title-pages. The list of "Arithmetica" is taken largely from the private library of Mr. George A. Plimpton, of New York City, who has the most complete collection ever made. That his has been a labor of love is clearly demonstrated on every page of the catalogue. Dr. Smith has gone about his work in the spirit of a true book-lover, and in the selection and organization of his material gives constant evidence of the true scholar. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

Principal Fairbairn's "Studies in Religion and Theology" is a work to which the ancient motto on the seal of Harvard, "*Christo et Ecclesiæ*" ("For Christ and the Church") might well be prefixed. Its principal sections are given to Christianity and the churches, to the founding of the Church and the teaching of Jesus in the successive periods of his ministry, and to the Apostles Paul and John with their distinctive experiences and doctrines. The strong impress of a master mind is on the whole in a wide range of thoughtful observation, discriminating reflection, dignified and often eloquent expression. Vigorous emphasis is put on the prophetic type of religion in contrast with the priestly, on Jesus' conception of religion as opposed to sacerdotalism, on a Free as more evangelical than an Established Church. The British Free Churches have here a vindication Miltonic in its grandeur. This volume of "Studies" is composed of papers written at various times within the last quarter-century, all expressive of the ideas to which Dr. Fairbairn's Oxford pulpit in Mansfield College is dedicated. Their strength is in the philosophic grasp and keenness with which the great themes of religious history and religious thought are handled, rather than in contribution to critical investigation of the early Christian writings. In this point Dr. Fairbairn stands apparently content with beliefs now widely questioned. But as to the social problems confronting the churches he sounds a ringing note for progress. "The Gospel is full of a large economical spirit, and it was never so needed to be heard as at this hour." The churches are called "to translate the principles of Christ into the creation of a new order." A noble and inspiring volume this is throughout. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.)

The first of the usual spring group of gardening books concerns itself with "Indoor Gardening." In it Eben E. Rexford, a practiced writer on such subjects, tells about everything that any one would need to know about growing plants in pots and saucers, window and veranda boxes. The points on which information is given range from soil, fertilizers, and the use of water to "the resting-spell of plants," "the summer care of house plants," and "palm-culture." An admirable handbook, especially for those whose "bit of ground" must be reduced to the lowest terms of pot, tomato-can, saucer, or window-box. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.50.)

The problem of transportation by water, on natural and artificial watercourses, is a very important one, and one of vital import to further industrial and commercial development of the United States. We are far behind many European countries in this regard, although almost from the beginning of our National history the building of canals and the improvement of rivers and lakes as channels of communication have been matters of National and State action. To the student of this subject the volume on "Waterways and Canal Construction in New York State," prepared by Henry Wayland Hill, a prominent member of the New York State Senate, will be a valuable work of reference. The book is a comprehensive, detailed, and accurate historical account of the State's waterway policies and accomplishments from the very earliest days of the Dutch traders down to the campaign for the reconstruction of the Erie Canal into a barge canal—a work which is now going on. (Buffalo Historical Society. $4.)

For the baby who cannot be nursed.

On what are you going to feed your baby?

Cow's milk?

Yes, but not cow's milk alone. That is too strong for your baby, he cannot digest it.

Add Mellin's Food to the milk and then you can give it to him.

Such food has all the life-giving principle of vitality, because the milk used is not cooked but fresh. It is easily digested because the tough curd of the cow's milk is broken up by the Mellin's Food and made light and flocculent like that in mother's milk.

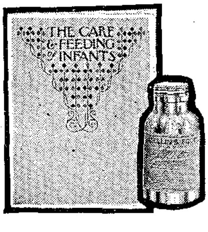
It is all nourishing because the Mellin's Food supplies the food elements that cow's milk lacks to make it perfectly suited for baby's development.

When you feed your baby on fresh milk prepared with Mellin's Food you are not experimenting, you are giving him the most practical and at the same time the most scientific food that has yet been devised for the baby who cannot be nursed.

Send to us for a Trial Size Bottle of *Mellin's Food. It will be sent you, free,* together with some helpful literature. Please use the coupon.

Mellin's Food Company,
Boston, Mass.

CUT OUT



MELLIN'S FOOD CO., 77
Boston, Mass.

Please send me a copy of "The Care and Feeding of Infants," and a Trial Size Bottle of Mellin's Food.

My baby is——months old.

Plain Words
From a Painter
To a House-Owner

"YOU would think that painters averaged better than bankers, lawyers or merchants, the way people trust them," said an old painter to a property-owner who had called him in to tell him why his painting had gone wrong.

¶ "Painters will average just as high in skill and honesty as any class, perhaps," he continued, "but don't think that good painters have no unworthy competitors. We have fakirs to contend with in our trade as much as you do in yours. And you property-owners make it hard for those of us who try to do the right thing. You leave everything to the painter.

¶ "But what painter? The one who bids lowest. What do you expect the cheapest man in the bunch will do to you when you leave it all to him? Of course you get stung sometimes.

¶ "There is nothing much wrong with this job except that the painter used a substitute for pure white lead and did his work too hurriedly. I suppose he had to do it in order to make anything on what you paid him."

¶ The old painter was right. Specify pure white lead guaranteed by the "Dutch Boy Painter" for all your painting and give the good painters in your community an even chance. Then allow them time to do the work right. It pays in the end.

¶ Take a step toward being paint-wise (and money-wise) by asking us for "Dutch Boy Paint Adviser No. G." Includes information on painting, decoration (in the house and out) flower and shrubbery arrangement, etc., a most valuable collection of booklets—free.

Our Pure White Lead ("Dutch Boy Painter" trademark) is now packed in steel kegs, dark gun-metal finish, instead of in oak kegs as heretofore. Ask your dealer.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

An office in each of the following cities:

New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati Chicago Cleveland St. Louis
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)
(National Lead and Oil Company, Pittsburgh)

Warm as the summer beach

If anybody needs or deserves rooms just right to live in, to play in, to sleep in, it is the little folks. In spite of all precautions, the old-fashioned heating methods soon begin to leak or force ash-dust and coal-gases into the living rooms, and the loved ones are made to breathe burned, devitalized air, totally unfit for the lungs. Whereas Hot Water or Low Pressure Steam heating with

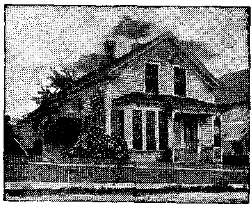
AMERICAN & IDEAL
RADIATORS BOILERS

will supply pure, warm air to every room in the house in all kinds of weather. These outfits are used exclusively in hospitals, sanitariums, laboratories, colleges, greenhouses, etc., where correct heating and ventilation are an absolute necessity. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are made in such small sizes, yet with equal completeness, that they are now put into thousands of cottages, houses, stores, etc., at prices easily within reach of all. These outfits soon save their cost by cutting down the fuel bills and absence of repairs; while their cleanliness halves the housework and saves much wear on carpets and furnishings.

Do not wait until you build that new house which you may have in mind. See that your present home is warmed as you know it should be, and it will rent for 10% to 15% more, or sell quickly at a higher price when you leave it. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are a high-paying investment—not an expense.

Prices are now most favorable, and you get the services of the most skillful fitters. Don't put it off till the soon-coming Fall—write us to-day for free valuable book which tells fully all the hows and whys of IDEAL-AMERICAN heating.

A No. C-241 IDEAL Boiler and 555 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $250, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.



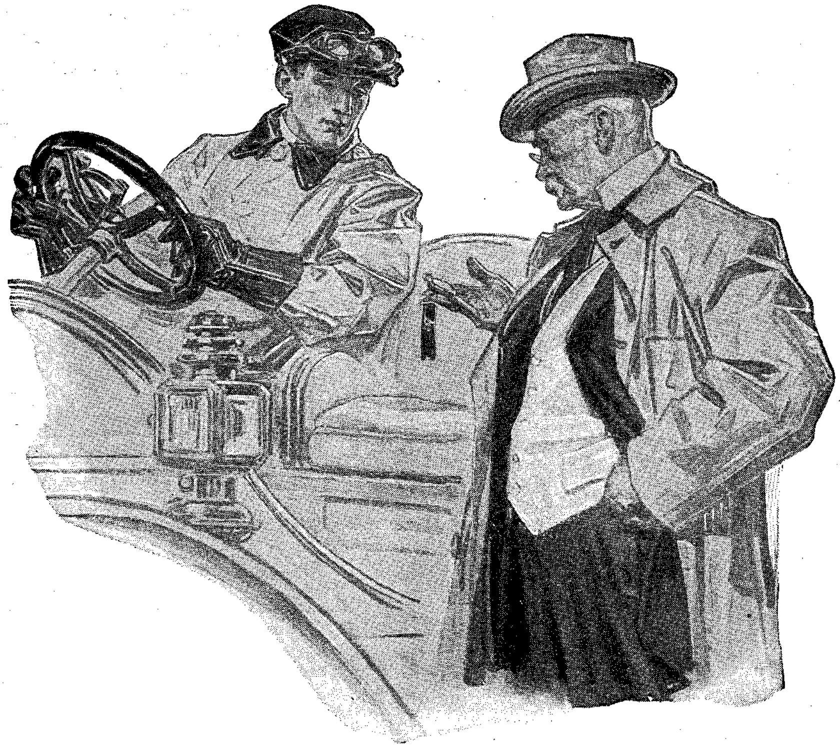
A No. 3-22 IDEAL Boiler and 400 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $195, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to *climatic* and *other conditions.*

Public Showrooms
all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. 40
CHICAGO



The Howard Watch

AS SOON as a man owns a motor car he begins to take a new account of time. And as soon as a man appreciates precision in a timepiece he is in line for a Howard Watch.

There are 450,000 automobile owners in the United States and they are rapidly learning that there is no watch for their use like a Howard.

Its hard-tempered balance will not knock out of true with the jar and jolt of travel. It is unhurt by changes of temperature or the vibration of the machine. Its adjustment is permanent. Englishmen say it's the most sporting watch in the world.

A Howard Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

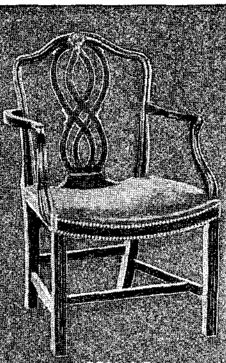
The price of each Howard is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (double-roller escapement) in a "Jas. Boss" or "Crescent" gold-filled case at $40 to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid gold case at $150.

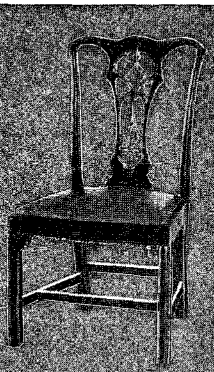
Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD Jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.
Drop us a postal card, Dept. X, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS
BOSTON, MASS.

MAYHEW
MILWAUKEE

This Mark Identifies Mayhew Furniture


5814 A.C.
THE DONCASTER

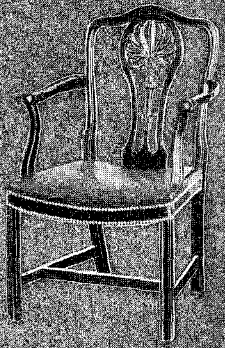

6752 S.C.
THE JAMES ORROCK

Chippendale Furniture

is looked upon now, as it has been since first designed and made by Thomas Chippendale in the 18th Century, as an epitome of all that furniture should be both in beauty and usefulness.

This illustration is suggestive of the fidelity with which the designs of Chippendale are carried out in

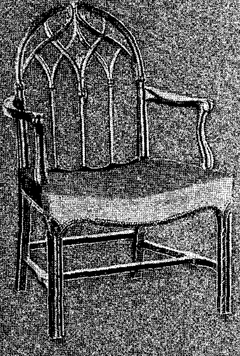
6398 A.C.
THE HUNGERFORDE

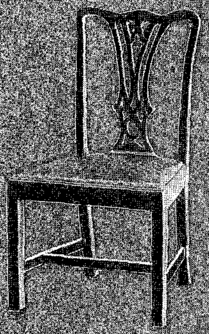

7348 A.C.
THE MAINWARING

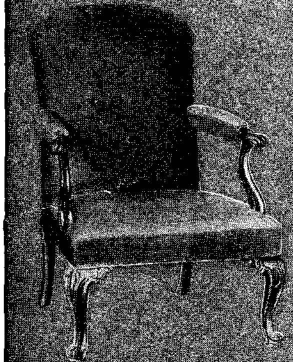
Mayhew Furniture

Dealers in all important American cities will take pleasure in showing you these and other types of Mayhew Period Furniture, and in demonstrating to you the reasons for its general acceptance as a standard of furniture excellence. Names of dealers will be furnished upon request.

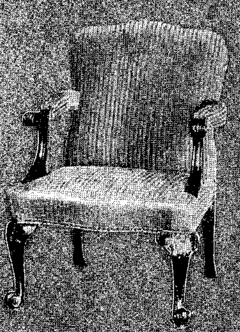
MAYHEW COMPANY
MILWAUKEE


7777 A.C.
THE SIR DUDLEY CARLETON


6724 S.C.
THE LORD MIDDLETON

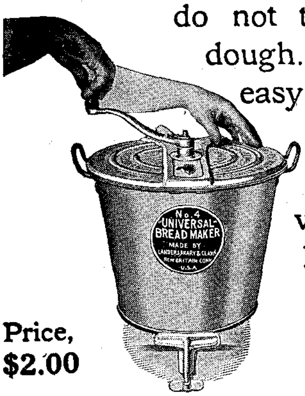

7392 A.C.
THE CHILLINGWORTH

8542 S.
THE DYNEVOR


5871 A.C.
THE BRAYBROOKE

The "Universal" Bread Maker

Mixes and kneads bread in three minutes. The hands do not touch the dough. Simple, easy, sanitary.



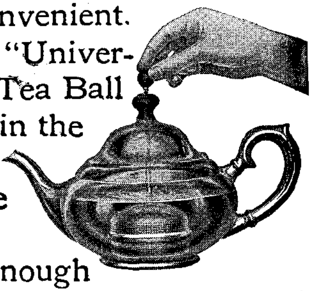
Does away with hand kneading.

Makes perfect bread.

Price, $2.00

The "Universal" Tea Ball Tea Pot

Every woman knows Tea leaves should not steep too long, that Tea Balls are drippy and inconvenient.

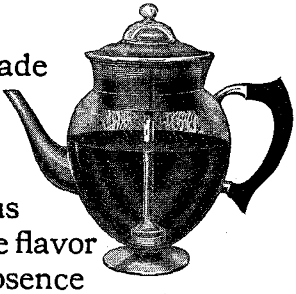


In the "Universal" the Tea Ball remains in the pot and, when the tea has steeped enough is raised from the water and suspended above it, inside the cover.

The last cup is just the strength of the first—and every cup Perfect Tea.

The "Universal" Coffee Percolator

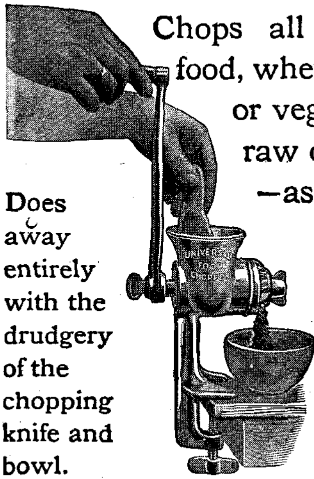
Excels other ways of making coffee, because the percolation is completed before the water boils.



Coffee made in it is easily known by its delicious aroma, fine flavor and the absence of the bitter taste caused by boiling.

If you want to know what perfect coffee is like, try the "Universal."

The "Universal" Food Chopper



Chops all kinds of food, whether meat or vegetables—raw or cooked—as coarse or fine as wanted—rapidly and easily.

Does away entirely with the drudgery of the chopping knife and bowl.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLETS ABOUT ALL THESE ARTICLES.

Landers, Frary & Clark, 123 Commercial Street, **New Britain, Conn., U. S. A.**

Some Spring Publications of Importance

The Indian and His Problem

By FRANCIS E. LEUPP

Mr. Leupp, who was Commissioner of Indian Affairs for four years, dedicates his book to Theodore Roosevelt, "the President whose unwavering confidence and support enabled me to put into practical operation most of the policies advocated in the following pages."

Because of his life-long interest in the Indian and his experience of Indian affairs, there is probably no man better equipped than Mr. Leupp to write on this subject. But with this knowledge he combines a quality less common—a talent of easy, vivid, entertaining writing. The book has plenty of action and incident, for the writer points his argument and explanation with illustration and example.

$2.00 Net, Postpaid $2.20

Privilege and Democracy

By FREDERIC C. HOWE

In this book Mr. Howe takes up the problems which now chiefly oppress this nation—those of monopoly and conservation. He shows how this country, like Rome and other empires now dead, has spread over all available lands; how these lands and resources once annexed are accumulating into the hands of a few, and how, there being no more territory for the overflow, the classes that have and have not are coming into critical opposition.

His exposition of conditions will shock many. The remedies he suggests through his lucid cogency of reasoning will convince many. The spirited style of his writing will interest all.

$1.50 net. Postpaid $1.65

Promenades of an Impressionist

By JAMES HUNEKER

A volume of brilliant, sparkling criticisms.

Every one knows that Mr. Huneker is equally at home in the field of Art and in the field of Letters. The delicate and suggestive qualities of his style enable him to express ideas of singular subtlety.

"The Promenades of an Impressionist" is as authoritative exposition and comment as its immediate predecessor, "Egoists."

The field of the writer's "Promenades" is for the most part a modern field. Mainly he flashes upon the screen such figures as Cezanne, Rops, Monticelli, Rodin, Carrière, Degas, and Sorolla.

If he turns back as far as Greco, Velasquez, and even Botticelli, it is because they are, in a sense, modern discoveries.

His pages are alive with color and anecdote.

$1.50 net. Postpaid $1.65

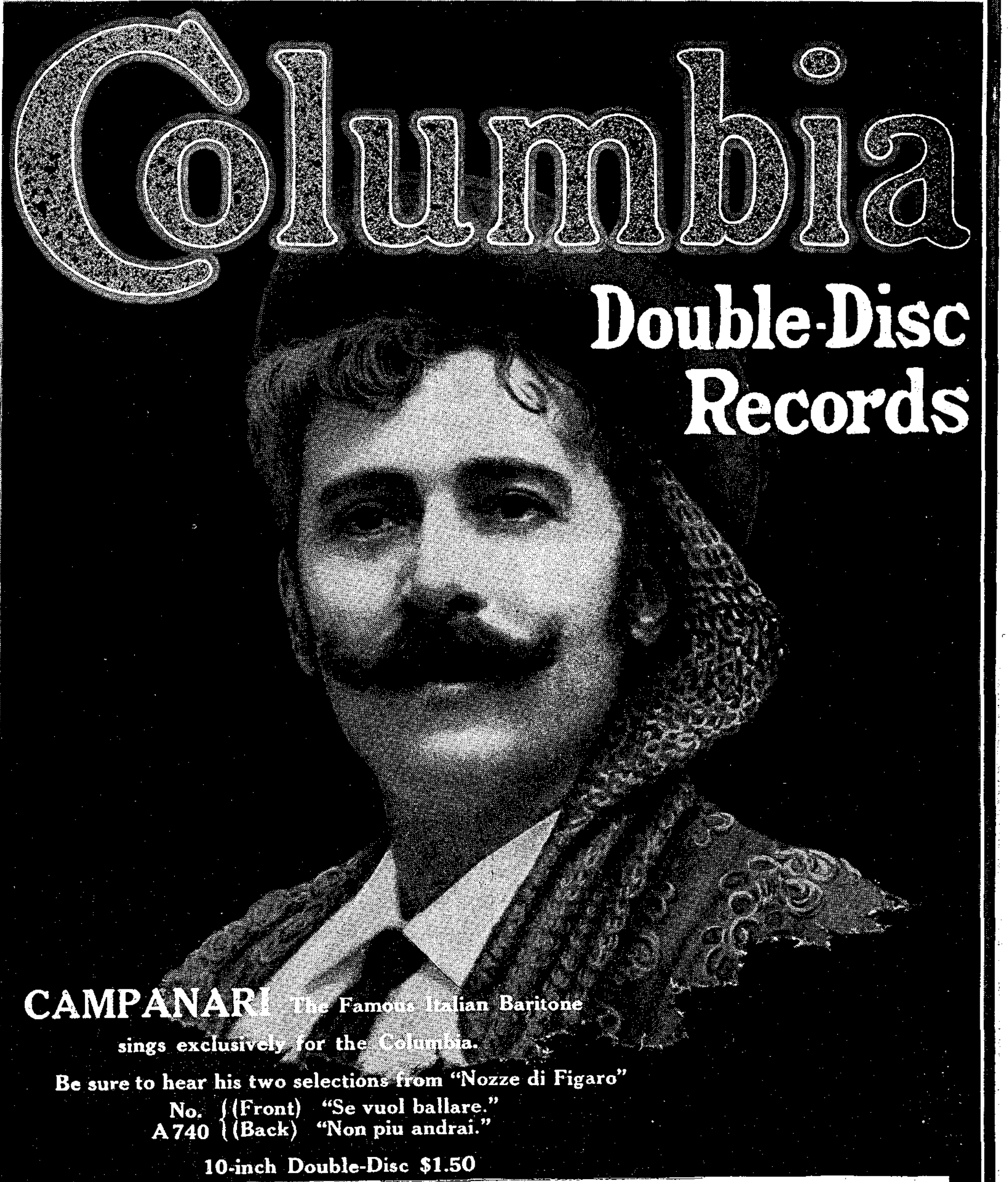
Some Musical Recollections of Fifty Years

By RICHARD HOFFMAN. With Memoir by MRS. HOFFMAN

Illustrated. $1.50 net. Postpaid $1.65

Delightful memories of musicians and musical affairs here and in England, containing accounts of Mendelssohn's leading of the "Elijah" at Manchester; of Jenny Lind and her appearance at Castle Garden and her tour of this country under P. T. Barnum, etc.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



CAMPANARI The Famous Italian Baritone
sings exclusively for the Columbia.

Be sure to hear his two selections from "Nozze di Figaro"
No. A740 (Front) "Se vuol ballare."
(Back) "Non piu andrai."

10-inch Double-Disc $1.50

If you haven't heard a Columbia record made during the last few months, you cannot know what the modern graphophone can do. *Your* machine (Columbia or other make) will play Columbia Double-Disc Records—music on *both* sides—one selection on the front, another on the back. 65 cents will bring you a sample and the name of a nearby dealer. Catalog free.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, GEN'L, Dept. L, Tribune Building, N. Y.
Prices in Canada plus duty. Address 264 Yonge Street, Toronto.

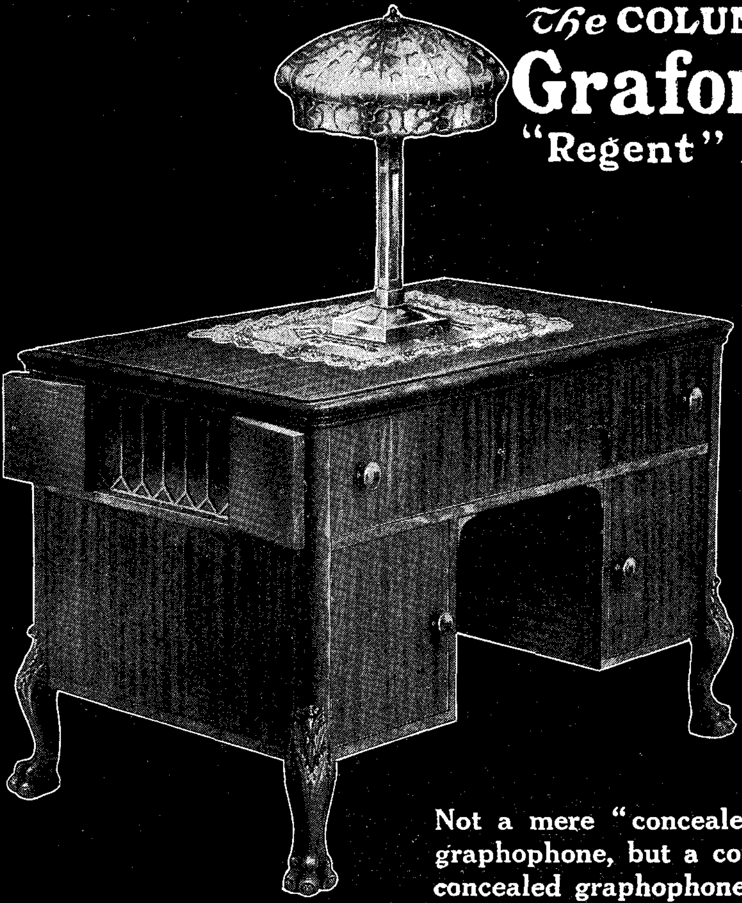
Photo Copyright
Dupont N. Y.

Grafonola

The COLUMBIA

Grafonola

"Regent" $200



Not a mere "concealed-horn" graphophone, but a completely concealed graphophone.

The Columbia GRAFONOLA is the one incomparable musical instrument. Wherever people of refinement congregate, the field of entertainment and utility of the GRAFONOLA "Regent" is practically unlimited—in the living-room, the music-room, the library, and the rooms of clubs and lodges. Catalog free.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, GEN'L, Dept. L, Tribune Building, N. Y.

DEALERS WANTED—Exclusive selling rights given where we are not properly represented.

Prices in Canada plus duty. Address 264 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES

The Pratt Teachers Agency

70 Fifth Ave. New York

Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools. Advise parents about schools. **Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.**

TEACHERS' AGENCY

Bureau of Social Requirements

603 Boylston St., Boston. Tel. B.B. 409. Recommends teachers to schools and colleges. Advises parents about schools.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

CALIFORNIA

California, Los Angeles. 19th year begins Sept. 23d to Sept. 29th.

GIRLS' COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, Adams and Hoover Streets

"An ideal school amid ideal surroundings."

UPPER SCHOOL Girls over thirteen years of age	Certificate admits to leading colleges. Domestic Science, Music, Art, Gymnasium. Limited number of resident pupils.

MISS PARSONS and MISS DENNEN, Principals.

LOWER SCHOOL Girls under thirteen years of age	Thoroughly graded school, beginning with Kindergarten, fitting girls for the "Upper School." Music, Art, Gymnasium. Children admitted to home department.

MISS THOMAS and MISS MOSGROVE, Associate Principals.

COLORADO

ST. STEPHEN'S SCHOOL

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Will open on Wednesday, September 21, 1910

Apply to the Headmaster, the Rev. Gibson Bell, A.B. Harvard, B.D., Colorado Springs, Colo., for prospectus and further information.

THE WOLCOTT SCHOOL, DENVER

Superior climate. Accredited with Eastern Colleges for girls. Fine music advantages. Gymnasium, dancing, sports.

GEORGIA

Sylvan Terrace School

A Country School for Girls. 11 miles from Atlanta, Ga. Spacious grounds, healthful location, gymnasium. Home school for individual training of girls 6 to 14. Music, languages, tennis, nature study. Limited to 15. Spring term begins March 30, 1910. Summer Outdoor School begins June 20. Full particulars in catalogue. BERTHA LADD HOSKINS, M.D., Supervisor, Clarkston, Ga.

ILLINOIS

HOME STUDY

THE

UNIVERSITY of CHICAGO

offers

350 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Bankers, Accountants, Business Men, Ministers, Parents, and many in other vocations.

The U. of C., Div. E, Chicago, Ill.

"Home-Making, the New Profession"

Is a 70-page hand-book—it's FREE. Home-study *domestic science* courses. For home-makers, teachers, and for well-paid positions. Bulletins: **"Free-Hand Cooking,"** *10 cts.* **"Food Values,"** *10 cts.* **American School of Home Economics, 521 W. 69th St., Chicago, Ill.**

PENNSYLVANIA

The Thurston-Gleim Home School for Girls

825-827 Negley Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

For particulars address Miss ALICE M. THURSTON, Director.

MASSACHUSETTS

Mr. Field

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

A Civil Service Manual by Ewart, Field and Morrison prepares for the examinations.

Adopted by over 500 Business Colleges, Y. M. C. A.'s, and Public Evening Schools.

Three volumes with maps, $2.50 postpaid

250 page Home Study catalog free. Write to-day.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

Dept. 28, Springfield, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS

LASELL SEMINARY

Auburndale, Mass. College preparation. Household Arts and Sciences. Ten miles from Boston. Address

G. M. Winslow, Ph.D., Principal

The Mary A. Burnham School For Girls

Founded by Miss Burnham in 1877. Special and College Preparatory courses. Correspondence should be addressed to Miss Helen E. Thompson, Headmistress. Martha Chamberlain Burnham.

Northampton, Massachusetts.

NEW YORK

Briarcliff Manor, New York

Mrs. Dow's School for Girls

For circular address Mrs. Mary E. Dow, Principal.

Rye Seminary,

Rye, New York.
For particulars address
Mrs. S. J. LIFE, The Misses STOWE

250,000

COPIES ALREADY SOLD

HALLOWED HYMNS NEW and OLD

By I. ALLAN SANKEY, son of IRA D. SANKEY

OVER 1000 CHURCHES USING IT

256 Pages, 100 New Songs, Responsive Readings

$25. per 100, not prepaid. 35¢ per copy by mail

Returnable samples mailed to "earnest inquirers"

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York or Chicago

STUDY LAW AT HOME

The oldest and best school. Instruction by mail adapted to everyone. Recognized by courts and educators. Experienced and competent instructors. Takes spare time only. Three courses—Preparatory, Business, College. Prepares for practice. Will better your condition and prospects in business. Students and graduates everywhere. Full particulars and **Easy Payment Plan Free.**

The Sprague Correspondence School of Law,
825 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package

CRESCO FLOUR DIET FOR DYSPEPTICS

And Mild Cases of

KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES AND OBESITY

Makes delicious foods for everybody.

Unlike other goods. Ask your physician.

Leading grocers. For book or sample, write

FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.

ARE YOU DEAF?

FREE TRIAL The AUROPHONE will make you hear normally and without strain or effort. It is **fitted** to the **individual ear** just as eyeglasses are to defective eyes, and can be tested free of charge in any of our offices located in all leading cities of the U. S. If it doesn't make you hear, you will not be asked to purchase. Write to-day for booklets, references, and **Free Trial Offer.**

MEARS EAR PHONE COMPANY

387 Monolith Bldg., 45 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

REAL ESTATE TITLE BONDS earning

6% PLUS 1/2 OF EXCESS PROFITS

on a centrally located fireproof business property in SEATTLE. Write for Folder "K."

AMERICAN CITIES REALTY CORPORATION

312-318 Leary Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

GUARANTEED MORTGAGES
FOR
LARGE AND SMALL
INVESTORS

The New York Mortgage Company has devised a plan whereby you may now secure for your capital, whether it amounts to $10 or $10,000, all the advantages of the most solid and conservative form of profitable investment—that of bonds and mortgages on Improved New York City and Suburban Real Estate.

OUR FIRST MORTGAGE TRUST BONDS YIELD

5% to 5½% Net

and have an absolute guarantee from this Company as to payment of both interest and principal when due.

These bonds are secured by first mortgages deposited with the Windsor Trust Company of New York and held in trust by them for the protection of bond-holders.

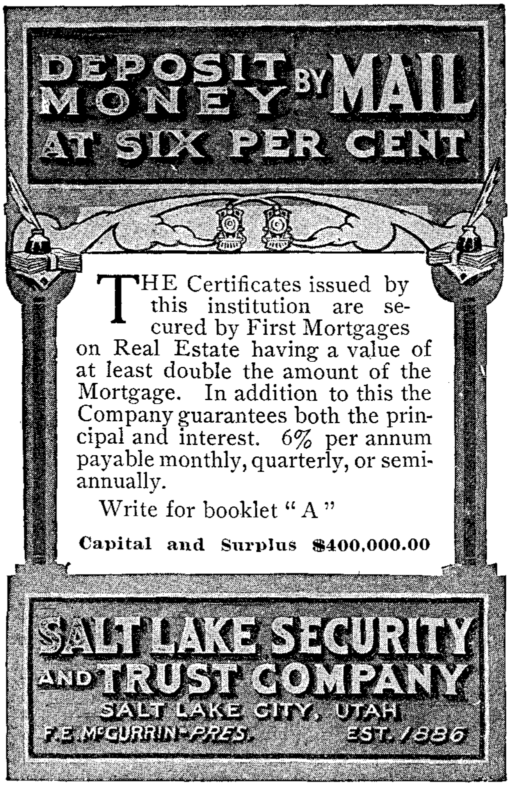
Issued in amounts of $100 and multiples thereof. Payments of $10 and upwards will be received by the Company at any time to suit convenience of investors. Interest begins at once and payable semi-annually.

You have the advantage of withdrawing your investment on short notice, if you should require your money for other purposes, without loss of a single day's interest.

Under Supervision of New York Banking Dept.

Free booklet with full particulars on request. One of our several plans may be exactly what you are looking for. Address

NEW YORK MORTGAGE CO.
Dept. B, 1475 Broadway, New York City


DEPOSIT MONEY BY MAIL AT SIX PER CENT

THE Certificates issued by this institution are secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate having a value of at least double the amount of the Mortgage. In addition to this the Company guarantees both the principal and interest. 6% per annum payable monthly, quarterly, or semi-annually.

Write for booklet "A"

Capital and Surplus $400,000.00

SALT LAKE SECURITY AND TRUST COMPANY
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
F. E. McGURRIN, PRES. EST. 1886

Spokane International
First 5s
DUE JULY 1, 1955

Secured by a first mortgage on 142 miles of road (about $30,000 per mile) and on valuable terminal property and equipment.

The mileage covered forms an essential link in an important trans-continental system.

The earnings from this property are now about double interest charges.

Yielding about 4.65%

Send for circular No. 931 descriptive of the above issue.

Guaranty Trust Company
of New York
ESTABLISHED 1864

Capital........$5,000,000	28 Nassau Street, - New York
Surplus.......$18,000,000	33 Lombard Street, London, E.C.
	514 Fifth Avenue, - New York

Banking Department
Bond Department
Trust Department
Transfer Department
Foreign Department

$50 DEPOSITED at 5% per annum compounded semi-annually at the birth of your boy, and **$25** on each of his birthdays thereafter, will enable you to start him in life when twenty-one with a cash capital of over **$1000**

5%

Your total investment will be only $550. Your deposits working at 5% compound interest every year and month and day, while your boy is growing up, make up the difference.

The Industrial Savings and Loan Company, established 17 years, has never paid less than

FIVE PER CENT

on money entrusted to its care.

Remember: You have the management of the fund always in your own hands. You may draw out all or any part of your money upon any date. You get full earnings for every day it is in our care.

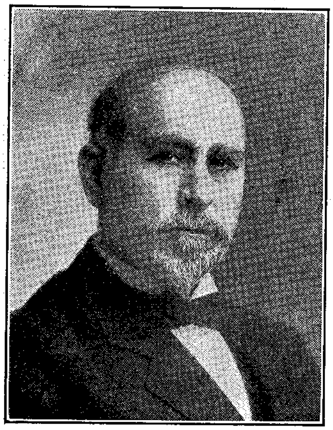
Our Business is conducted under the supervision of the New York Banking Department. Assets over $2,000,000.

Write for booklet giving full particulars.

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY
10 Times Bldg., Broadway and 42d St., New York

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS and LOAN CO. NEW YORK CITY

$20,000 A YEAR



This is Tompkins

For Another Man Like Tompkins

Tompkins is an up-State New Yorker—manufactured paper-making machinery many years, without setting the world on fire, and took up the sale of our New York City real estate in his own community, just to give his active brain exercise. He entered our School of Salesmanship, and is now making $20,000 a year.

Mr. Tompkins is a quiet man of few words, but he knows his facts, and drives them home in short sledge-hammer sentences. This accounts for one-third his success. Then, he delivers the goods—this accounts for the other two-thirds. We have got the goods—in the best real estate bargains on earth. Within the past two years competition has disappeared in the dusty distance. That's what makes it easy to sell our New York City real estate.

There is a Tompkins in every county in the land, but we do not know him—the chances are he doesn't even know himself. Our School of Salesmanship brings him out. It introduces brains and the man to each other, and both to us. $1.00 entrance just to show good faith. Send the dollar and get instruction and a high class position, or the dollar back if you want it.

WOOD, HARMON & CO.

Dept. D9, School of Salesmanship **261 BROADWAY, NEW YORK**

This should appeal especially to men now doing high-class work, such as bank cashiers, clergymen, lawyers and merchants. Knowledge of the Art of Salesmanship acquired, new business developed, without any disturbance of present relationships.

---

vose

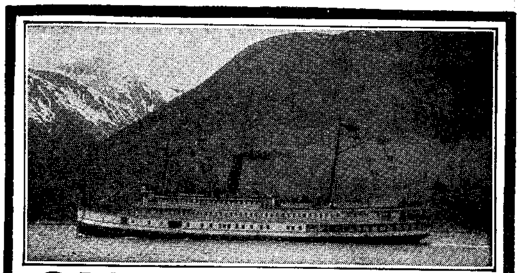
vose PIANOS

The **tone, touch** and **magnificent wearing** qualities of the **vose** Piano are only explained by the exclusive patented features and the **high-grade material and superb workmanship** that enter into their construction. The **vose** is an ideal piano for the home. Over 65,000 sold. Delivered in the United States free of charge. **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted.

FREE—If you are interested in pianos, let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalog, that gives full information.

vose & SONS PIANO CO.

157 Boylston St., **Boston, Mass.**



SEE ALASKA

No cruise equals in scenic interest that along the shores of Alaska. But to know this wonderful Northland and appreciate its

INEXPRESSIBLE SCENIC GRANDEUR

its ideal summer climate and nightless days, you must see the land beyond the shores.

At Skaguay, end of the North-bound voyage, you have the only opportunity of seeing the interior in absolute comfort by rail and connecting steamers.

Write for our descriptive booklets and information regarding special round trip rates, etc., before you decide on your steamer reservations.

Herman Weig, Gen'l Agt.	**Traffic Department**
White Pass & Yukon Route	**White Pass & Yukon Route**
136 Washington St., Chicago	**Vancouver, B. C.**

WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE